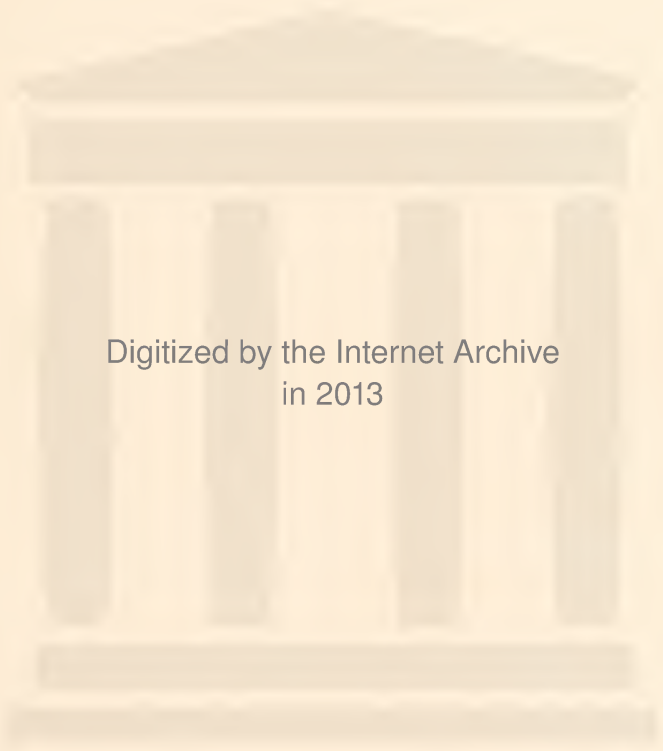


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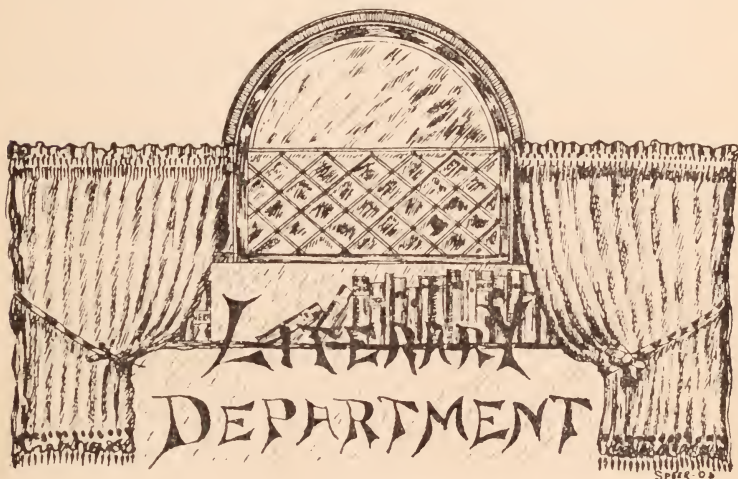
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VOL. VIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1904 No. 1



H. W. BARRE }
J. A. BRICE } - - - EDITORS

Lines Written at Fort Prince George

As I sit beside the waters of the limpid Keowee,
Gliding through the mountain shadows as it hastens to the
sea,

Seems to me I hear the voices of the vanquished Cherokee.

Softly now the liquid language lulls me into pleasant dreams,
And I see again the redman fishing in his fastness streams,
While his hills and valleys echo—savage beasts his forest
teems.

1700

Just across the gentle waters play the children in the shade—
Some upon the ground, some swinging in their cradles rudely
made,

Some engaged in minnic warfare—scalping victims newly
slayed.

How the waters seem to loiter as they pass the children by!
How they gurgle, gleam, and murmur, clear and limpid as
the sky—

And I dream they've lost their brightness, and I think I
wonder why.

Keowee, the children's playmate, seeks the children yet, they
say,

And it murmurs through the valleys many a lonely night and
day,

Pleading for the long-lost playmates whom the paleface
drove away.

And I sit beside the waters of the limpid Keowee,
As it hastens through the valleys to its home far out at sea,
And I know now why its brightness has been lost to you and
me.

R. E. M., '04.

Our College Course

ADDRESS BEFORE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904.

Some one has said that the most sublime sight in the world is that of a young man or a young woman fighting his or her way up from the pit of ignorance to the heights of knowledge. That was a beautiful thought, and, if it is worth anything, what a grand spectacle must we have presented, when, a few days ago, we assembled here, seven hundred strong, to again resume that arduous fight—to again marshal our

forces and renew for the ensuing session the hard fought battles of those of the past.

But before we begin the *forward march* in this new line of battle, may we not with profit pause and consider why it is that we have returned here? May we not with profit pause and consider what will be our gain after we shall have fought a good fight and won the victory? Is there anything to make us hesitate or doubtful of the results? I should say, no! It means toil, but toilsome culture is the price of all great success. It requires thought, but great men have ever been thinkers as well as men of action. Yes, it requires toil and thought, but it will give us a perspective by enabling us to estimate the present in the light of the past. It will strengthen our minds by exercising and disciplining our powers; it will broaden our outlook by enabling us to know something at least of many branches of knowledge; and it will make us capable of filling larger places in the world, in any walk in life for which our talents may fit us, than we otherwise could fill.

Let us for a moment consider relatively the value of what we are to gain and that of money. In so doing, it is necessary for me to appeal to a higher authority on the subject than myself, and I know of no one who has had a better field of observation or is better prepared to venture an opinion on the subject than Chauncey M. Depew, who in an address once said: "It has been my fortune for twenty-five years, as attorney, as counsel, as business associate in many enterprises, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men, who without any equipment of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I never met with any one of them who did not lament either the neglect of his parents or his own poor opportunities that failed to give him the equipment. I never met with any one of them whose regret was not profound and deep that he had not an education. I never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured

people a certain sense of mortification which no money paid for. I never met one who was not prepared to sacrifice his whole fortune that his boy should never feel that mortification." Such testimony from such an authority leads me to characterize education as a priceless possession and to declare that, "The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

With many of us, the novelty of college life has been spent, and it cannot rightly be supposed that we are here merely to be in college, but our coming here argues that we realize that we are lacking in something—that we feel an inward thirst for knowledge. It argues that we realize the truth of Pope, when he says that "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and that we have resolved to "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

However, not all of you have yet been fully initiated into college life. There are some among us who are here for the first time, and who are now standing on the threshold of a college career, with its obligations and opportunities open to them. And, I want to say to you, who are thus with us to-night, that here you have every means necessary for procuring and retaining the adjuncts of a scholarly education, and you can offer no excuse if you fail to take advantage of these assistants, unless, perhaps, you lack the mental calibre to assimilate them. And, further, let me urge upon you a full discharge of every obligation and a proper utilization of every opportunity, however small, that presents itself to you, for that is what will determine the value of your college course. There is no duty or opportunity ever so small but what deserves the most careful attention. It is the little thoughts and deeds, as well as the big ones, which unite to form the great aggregation of character and ability that distinguishes a man. As the magnificent river, rolling on in the pride of its majestic waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs and rivulets of the mountain nook, so does the

widespread influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy diligently devoted to efforts at self-improvement.

And, now, again, to you who are with us to-night for the first time, I wish to say, that you are entering upon a period in your life which may properly be called your renaissance. You are entering upon the period of your intellectual awakening. You will soon begin to experience a period of mental expansion as the great secrets of science, and literature, and history are revealed to you. From being a little man in a little world, with little to know, there will suddenly dawn upon you the possibility of becoming a great factor in a great world, with more to know than one head can contain. And you will realize that there is no truer maxim than that of Deisterweg, that "Education is liberation."

All of this, however, will be presented to you by members of the faculty, as you meet them in the various departments of the college, in a manner that will appeal to you more forcibly than I can possibly make it appeal to you. But there is another and a greater avenue of intellectual development at your disposal, and one than which no other should appeal to you more forcibly. I refer to the literary societies.

In direct education for the real work of life, no influences of your college days will exceed those of the literary society. Here you are taught to think, to write, to investigate, and to speak. You are taught parliamentary usages, and how to take care of yourself in parliamentary tangles. Many a great public speaker has won his spurs in the college literary society, and many a successful statesman has had his first training in political combat at the same forum. There is no other place in college that will more fully evince your capacities as a mental man; there is no other place that will better illustrate your ability as a scholar; and there is no other place wherein you are called upon or have the opportunity to go

before an audience and present the substance of what you have learned by your associations.

We are all in the period of our youth. Youth, the period when we own the world and the fullness thereof. Youth, that builds castles in the air and soars up to them on radiant wings. Youth, that here at the beginning of the twentieth century has all history and all lands for its demesne; and for its birthright, every discovery, every invention, every conquest, and every sacrifice since the world began. Youth, that, like Napoleon, sees the world, and proceeds to conquer it. And, let me ask, what one thing can be of greater aid to you in your efforts to conquer the world, than the training furnished by a literary society? You may say that you will read, and that you will thus gain from books all that it is necessary for you to know. But, I want to tell you, that books are very good for the storage of proper knowledge in the recesses of the brain, but they fail to give that education in mental gymnastics furnished by the properly conducted exercises of a literary society. They do not give that roundness of development, that complete perfection received in wordy warfare with the fellow-members of one's society. They do not develop that ability to apply the store of mental material in the erection of the intellectual structure, that is developed by one's having to stand before an audience and think and express his thoughts on the most burning questions of the day.

It is left entirely to your option as to whether or not you shall join any one of the three societies here. There is no rule of the college that requires you to join. But, in your efforts to equip yourselves to meet the problems of life, can you afford not to become a member with us? Can you afford to neglect this feature of your college course, which, though optional, is second to none in importance? Can you afford not to give yourself that training which the literary society alone affords, and which will be of such inestimable

value to you in testing the questions of life that are sure to come to you for discussion? These are questions which each one of you must answer for yourself.

And, now, in conclusion, let me say for the literary societies, that they will call into use and fasten in your memories what you learn from text-books and in lecture-rooms; they will prompt you to make inquiries and investigations that otherwise would never be made; they will stimulate the exercise of all your intellectual faculties as the set tasks of professors never can; and they will afford you an opportunity of experiencing the pleasures and displeasures of meeting your fellow-students in friendly battle in a world in miniature of the great arena upon which you must appear when you go forth to fight the battles of life with your fellow-men. And I extend to you a most cordial invitation to join one of our societies, each of which was organized for cultivating a taste for literary pursuits, for encouraging independent investigation of truth, for improvement in public speaking, for acquiring a knowledge of parliamentary usages, and for the profit and pleasure of social and intellectual intercourse.

L. E. BOYKIN.

From an Old Graduate

EDITOR CHRONICLE: Some time since I saw an account of the death of Gen. Stonewall Jackson—just a brief sketch—in one of our Southern papers. The writer of the sketch said she was the daughter of the man who gave the command that sealed Jackson's fate. Anxious to learn the particulars from one who was there, I wrote him, and begged for his account of it. The following letter was received:

DEAR MR. MILLER: Your letter to my daughter was received in due time, and should have been answered sooner. You asked that I give you a description of the wounds, etc., of Gen. Jackson.

Early in the fore part of the day, May 2d, Gen. Jackson's corps left the front of the enemy, and we were on a forced march until late in the afternoon, when we fell on the rear of the enemy. They were taken by surprise, and were totally unprepared for an attack on the rear. We had them completely surrounded, and, to all appearances, we were about to overpower the whole Northern army in their discouraging condition, for we were carrying everything before us without any resistance.

Night overtook us before the victory was complete, and we had to halt. This gave the enemy time to reorganize to some extent. Gen. Jackson determined to follow up his victory, so decided on a night attack. We were formed in line of battle and were told that *only the enemy* were in front. I suppose it was a little after 8 o'clock at night. Gen. Jackson and Gen. A. P. Hill, with their staff officers, advanced some distance in front of our line of battle, without the knowledge of the 18th North Carolina troops. They expected to return in a short while at the point where they went out. It being dark, they got too near the enemy, who opened a heavy fire on them. As they were opposite the 18th North Carolina regiment, the shot came thick into our ranks. Generals Jackson and Hill and their attendants, finding that they had almost gotten into the lines of the enemy, made haste to escape to our lines. The enemy kept up a constant fire on them, and as they were in front of the 18th North Carolina troops, they made toward us to escape.

As they were all mounted, and their sidearms dangling in the bushes made quite a noise to the ears of the infantry, not being used to cavalry, and not able to see who was approaching, balls flying thick around us, and with instructions that *only the enemy* were in front, we had every reason to believe that the firing came from what we took to be a squad of cavalry firing on us; so we began firing on them, wounding

Generals Jackson and Hill. Gen. Jackson was shot down some distance in our front, and was carried to a place of safety until they could get an ambulance to carry him to the hospital. Gen. Hill and some others rode up to the centre of my company, and I had to get to one side to keep from being run over by Gen. Hill.

Just then, by the light of our guns, and by the cries of "Friends," "Friends," we discovered our mistake. With all the appearance of its being the enemy, I was filled with misgivings when I repeated orders from higher officers to "Fire."

Hoping you can get what information you desire from my letter, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. CORBETT, Keith, N. C.

To R. E. Miller. August 29, 1904.

A King in Bondage

It has ever been the lot of the South to have before it some special problem. Nullification, slavery, secession and reconstruction, in succession, have engaged the attention of her people. Some of these questions were settled by appeal to reason and justice, some by the power of political predominance, and some by the arbitrament of arms. Since the war the still unsettled race problem, made all the more difficult through the intermeddling of misguided philanthropists and unprincipled politicians, has been forced on the attention of Southern statesmen and Southern people. Another problem, not bounded by political lines or circumscribed by geographical divisions—a problem far-reaching in its results and world-wide in its influence—now challenges the attention of the South. It is the problem of the production, distribution and price of the South's great staple—cotton.

The production phase of this problem is, as yet, of small moment. It is controlled to such an extent by the South, that she has almost a monopoly. Of the total world's supply, she produces 80 per cent., and is likely to maintain her ascendancy. From 2,000,000 bales just after the war, the South's production has steadily increased, until now it is but little short of 11,000,000. But this production must be increased, and with unequaled climate and soil, the South is capable of increasing it. As civilization advances, the demand for cotton increases. Climate creates the supply, civilization the demand, and in these qualities the South is unsurpassed. If the whole world were raised to a standard of civilization equal to that of the South, it would take 50,000,000 bales to supply the requirements; and at the present increasing demand, in ten years the demand for Southern cotton will reach 15,000,000 bales. Hence we may yet see this princely plant crowned king in some foreign clime, and our now industriously growing land, bound in commercial chains, will pay tribute to an alien power and do homage to a distant king.

The distribution and uses of cotton are wide and varied. There is no part of the civilized world where it does not go. It is used as a luxury by millions, and as a necessity by all. Of the exports of the United States, only corn exceeds it in value. With the probable exception of the iron industry, it gives employment to more men than any other industry in the United States. Excepting food, it is used by more people than any other product. No other fibre can take its place, while it can supplement all others. Where cotton goods are best, they are used; where others serve best, they are imitated, and cotton is still used. Its three great competitors—linen, wool and silk—have seen cotton crowned king, and themselves pushed backward by this mighty prince. It is, indeed, a king—a mighty ruler, a despotic king—who

rules over all industry. Over producer, over tradesman, over consumer, over all—it rules and demands the attention and respect of every one.

This mighty King Cotton has ever had the seat of his throne in the Southern States. With the name cotton the South is associated, and the sound of the word calls up thoughts of Dixie.

The influence of cotton on the South has been wonderful. It has ruled over us as a benign monarch. After the war, when the soldiers returned from the army and found their houses burned, their farms grown up in weeds, their stock gone, their implements destroyed, it was to cotton that they looked for help. Then up through the charred ruins of the devastated land, instead of the weeds, the tender cotton plant sprung and gave to the soldier-farmer the means of regaining that which he had lost. Since then it has been cotton that has made the farmer prosperous and happy, and given an impetus to industry in the South. At the present time, it gives employment to our people and brings more wealth to our Southern coffers than any other product. It has annulled the force of the adage that "Westward the course of empire takes its way," for now the star of prosperity rests over our Southern clime, and King Cotton sits enthroned among his millions of willing worshippers.

But to-day, in spite of the fact that cotton is so important, so necessary, and has had and is having such a great influence on the South and on the world, the price at which it is bought and sold has become a matter of *barter and betting*, a matter of trickery and trading. The farmer plants his crop, gathers it, and carries it to market, before he knows the price for which it will sell. The price is unstable, and even in a single day it may vary several cents. Within the past few years we have seen it vary from 5 to 17 cents. All this time the relation of supply and demand has remained practi-

cally the same, and the real value of the product has been unchanged. Some unnatural hand has been at work in the market controlling the price of cotton. The price of the king's head has been set, and set by others than his own subjects. He has been most shamefully dealt with, he has been despoiled of his white sceptre, dragged from his throne, and bound in the chains of speculation; has been made to gratify the greed of gain, and to serve the whim of unscrupulous gamblers. He has been sold into bondage, and his former subjects—producer and consumer alike—bow to the behests of his captors.

This, my friends, is the problem which faces our people to-day—the problem of eliminating from the cotton market the gambling element. Cotton has a true value, which is almost fixed. The supply is steadily increasing, so is the demand, and their relation is the true measure of value. But the great law of supply and demand has been annulled by these gamblers and the price made to suit themselves. It is our duty—our duty to ourselves and to the world—to remove this unnatural agent and place the price under the proper control. No longer should it be fixed by a few gamblers on Wall street, but by the natural relations existing between the factors of production and consumption. Supply and demand must set the price.

In making this appeal, I do not condemn speculation. Speculation is not an undesirable trait in a people. It was speculation that caused Columbus to cross the Atlantic and discover the new world; it was the speculative mind of Edison that gave us the wonderful electrical appliances of to-day. Speculation is essential to the prosperity of a nation; but I wish to emphasize it, speculation is one thing, gambling another. To-day the price of cotton is fixed by a class of men who are actuated by no motive except their own greed for gain. They know nothing either of cotton or of

its culture. They simply bet on the price at some future date, and then try to make the price to suit.

Such wide fluctuations and unstable conditions in the cotton market have had no good effects on either production or manufacturing. Too many things enter into the production and manufacture of cotton, and the price of these have been unable to change with the price of cotton. Labor, rent, fertilizers on the one hand, and machinery, labor and finished products on the other, cannot fluctuate several times daily to keep pace with the cotton market. At one extreme the producer loses, at the other the manufacturer; and the true medium when cotton is at its real value is seldom reached. The effect goes further—if the price rises, the consumer thinks it artificial, and, expecting it to fall, refrains from buying. If the price is low, the producer acts in a like manner. The market is curtailed, and factories stop, either because they cannot get the raw material or can find no market for the finished products; wages are cut, men thrown out of employment, the industrial organism is disarranged, and the whole world suffers. A curtailment of only ten per cent. means that 1,000,000 bales must be thrown aside, and one-tenth of the proceeds deducted.

The problem which lies before us has been stated and its effects shown. The remedy lies with the Southern people; they are the producers, and to them we must look for the proper adjustment of the price of cotton. They produce 80 per cent. of the world's supply, and if they manufactured the same amount, it seems to me the problem would be settled. Then the cotton could pass directly from producer to consumer. The gamblers could no longer control the price, and the true value would be the price given everywhere to every one. Increase the mills of the South, disregard the gamblers and cotton exchanges, and once more shall we see cotton crowned king. No longer will the price fluctuate 10 cents

within a single season, no longer will the hand on the wall of the New York Cotton Exchange, swaying back and forth, carry with it ruin or the fortune, not only of the greedy gamblers, but of honest men all over the South.

It is to us young men, especially to us who have had the advantages of our industrial colleges, that the appeal for help comes long and loud. How long shall New England manufacture the bulk of our cotton goods? How long shall New York and Liverpool gamblers dictate the price at which we must sell our staple? How long is our king, under whose royal sway we have grown prosperous, to be a "King in Bondage?" This is the problem we must solve; and when it is solved aright, then will our Southland be restored to her rightful position of power and influence in commercial and industrial lines and in governmental affairs, and our king shall no longer be a "King in Bondage," but a "*King enthroned.*"

O. M. ROBERTS, '04.

"In the Shadow of the Pines"

Allen was already overdue at the little schoolhouse, but somehow he could not get accustomed to the habits of the thrifty mountaineers, whose sole injunction had been, "Begin school at eight and 'turn out' at six." He had started this morning at half-past seven, as usual, and here he was, late! Why his coach, Gregson, would turn him down if he heard of this!

Glancing uneasily at his watch, he saw that the minute hand had swung around between the 1 and the 2—it didn't make any difference what minute it was; he was late, and he knew that was the unpardonable sin in that country. He started to cover the remaining half mile at a "double time," but he didn't. Somewhere on the mountain side above him there was a girl singing. He knew it was a girl, for the

same reason he knew it wasn't a man—the sweet, clear, piercing tones flooded the little dale in which the road lay stretched, with glad melody. Slowing down to a fast walk, he lent his extra powers to listening:

“In life's dull pathway, the sun no longer shines.
Come back and meet me in the shadow of the pines.”

How fearlessly the songster uttered the words! Allen knew that the girl, whoever she was, thought herself unheard, and was pouring her soul into the sweet music and sad thoughts of some forgotten sweetheart. As he passed out of range of the singer's voice, he imagined he could hear it still pleading, “Come back and meet me in the shadow of the pines.”

When at last he pulled up before the schoolhouse door, he found the children waiting. And not only the children, but three men whom he recognized as trustees were seated on the schoolhouse steps. One of them drew his watch significantly, and Allen knew what was coming.

“Pears to me yer a leetle late this mornin', teacher,” said one.

“Hain't axed us to visit you yet,” another observed.

“Yer seem to be runnin' the school to suit yerself,” the third put in.

Having unlimbered their jargon, they waited for him to vindicate himself before beginning their verbal duel.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I am sorry you found me late—not at my post at this, your first visit. I am unable to tell whether you came to see what I have been doing, or tell me what I haven't been doing. At any rate, I am glad to see you. Come in.”

“No,” they said, “we must be knockin' along.”

“Well, I am fifteen minutes late this morning, all owing to—what do you suppose? Why, some one singing on the mountain side!”

"We'uns didn't hire yer to larn singin'," said one.

"Must a-been thet 'ar college miss," said another.

"Guess yer'd better turn in," the third suggested, and they departed, leaving Allen more disturbed than otherwise.

The cares of the day soon made him forget the incident—well, no, not exactly. He found himself wondering who "thet 'ar college miss" could be. His uncle, with whom he stayed, had never mentioned her—at least, he hadn't said anything about a "college miss" being in those wilds.

The last class was turned loose. Allen had made up the lost time by "keeping school" late, and now he was hurrying along the road. When he passed the scene of his morning's adventure—the mountain side whose spirit had detained him—he determined to find where the singer had concealed herself that morning. He left the road and followed a path up the valley. Tall chestnut trees grew on every side. Wild ferns carpeted the ground as far as he could see. "She would have no place to meet him," thought he, as he remembered the words of the song. Presently he saw differently. Three large balsams grew by the side of the swift mountain stream that ran dashing down the valley. Under the shadiest of these he found an armful of ferns which she had used as a couch.

"She must have meant it after all," was his mental comment. "Well, I wonder who she is," was what he said aloud. Hoping to find a scrap of paper, or an old envelope, something to help clear the mystery, he kicked the bed of ferns aside. Did he find anything? you ask. There under the ferns, under the "shadow of the pines," lay a tiny gold ring! Eagerly he snatched it up and examined it carefully. On the inside was engraved, "Allen and Jennie." His own name! He had never given such a present; besides, the ring was worn thin—evidently the wear of years. Turning his steps homeward, he determined to see if his uncle could

explain the mystery. "If she lives around here, Uncle Allen—by the way, I wonder if he knows anything about this ring," and he mused on: "Uncle never did marry, though pa has often told me Uncle Allen was the most popular man in the country when he was young."

You may be sure that Allen had something to tell that night.

"Any tales out of school?" queried his uncle.

"Oh, yes, uncle, I have something sure enough this time."

"Well, wait until I light my cigar. Now, lets have it," he said, when that duty was performed.

Like the precise man he was, Allen began at the first and related the day's adventures—his lateness at school, the trustees' visit, the finding of the ring, and then he produced it and gave it to his uncle to examine. The old man scrutinized the ring very closely. Allen noticed that he was considerably agitated. Finally he handed it back to Allen, but not until a tear had fallen on it. Neither spoke for awhile. Finally the old man said, brokenly:

"Allen, my boy, I can explain the mystery. I bought that ring nearly thirty years ago; yes, let me see, it will be thirty years in September." He sat a while lost in thought. "Yes, thirty years in September," he began again. "I bought it in Philadelphia for the girl whose name you see engraved there, Jennie Morris. We were engaged, and that was a sort of engagement ring." Again he sat lost in thought. "Poor little girl; maybe I did you wrong." Then turning to Allen, "Did your father ever tell you about it?"

"About what?"

"Oh, I see you have never heard it," said the old man.

He tossed the end of his cigar out in the grass and pushed his chair a little farther back; then, stroking his long white beard gently, he began the story of his early love—the love

that saddened and sweetened his life as only sadness can add sweetness.

He gave it to Allen because he thought he should know it, not because he wanted him to publish it to the world. For that reason I cannot give it to you. It was the same old story of a loving, trusting girl, and a jealous-hearted lover. The little golden band did not signify an endless love, as he said it did when he placed it on her finger. Well, perhaps it did, too; but the world thought differently. Allen, the senior, thought there was "some one else," so he told her, and because she wouldn't admit it, he accused her of duplicity. This was too much for the proud girl. She dismissed him upon the condition that he must apologize. He was too proud to apologize "for telling the truth," he flung at her, and that ended their relations. For years neither entertained a thought of marrying. After she had given him time to see that she was true to him, and still he wouldn't apologize, Jennie Morris married. Allen Bennett never married. If his heart had spoken, no doubt it would have plead for the girl whose image was engraved there. In giving birth to her first child, the sweet spirit of Jennie passed away. The broken-hearted father named the wee bit of humanity after the angel mother. And thus little Jennie inherited not only the sweetness but the name of her mother.

Jennie Morris never would part with the ring that Allen gave her. The dew of her soul, shed by her beautiful eyes, had kissed it many, many times, when Allen thought her soulless and incapable of love. After her marriage she still wore the ring. As she lay dying, she took it from her finger and gave it to her husband. He seemed to understand the mute appeal. The baby must have it. Thus Jennie Carew came into possession of her mother's ring.

The "college miss" referred to by the irate trustee was none other than Jennie Carew. She had recently been grad-

uated from one of the best colleges in the country, and was spending the summer at her home among the mountains, whose purity and grandeur so resembled her own character.

"Now, I must give you a letter of introduction," said the old man, "for you will carry the ring to her at once."

The next morning as Allen started to school, his uncle called him back and said, "My boy, if Jennie is anything like her mother, nothing would please me better than see 'Allen and Jennie' reunited under the shadow of the pines."

Allen was sure to be on time this morning. He started an hour before school time. Somehow he was eager to return the ring. He hoped to hear the sweet voice again, but did he think the girl could be happy and gay, after having lost her dear mother's treasure? He passed the entrance to the wood, but no voice was heard. With dragging steps he went on toward the school house. Suddenly he stopped as if he had forgotten something. Then he turned and started back.

"Of course, she is searching for it," he said, and right up the path he turned.

There, sure enough, he found her, down on her knees, turning the ferns over and over again.

Without giving her time to speak, he said, "Good morning; here it is," and handed her the ring. Looking up, he said, "We are under the shadow of the pines, I see." Then he gave her his uncle's letter.

She read it and said, "So you are the new teacher, are you? Well, sir, I sincerely thank you for restoring my ring. It was my mother's, and I prize it very highly indeed."

"Yes," said Allen; "my Uncle Allen gave it to your mother, Jennie Morris, and I, Allen, restore it to you, Jennie—may the two, 'Allen and Jennie,' be good friends for your mother's and my uncle's sake."

Allen was late at school again, but the trustees, confident

that their "warning" would work admirably, never knew it, and they did not bother Allen again.

The school was out at last. The genuine country "speaking" was the order for the last day. After the last recitation was finished, Allen added a few words, thanking the children for their good behavior, and the parents for their support. As he went down the road he turned off at the path again, and a few moments later was sitting by Jennie under the shadow of the pines. Since they had become fast friends they met there very often. She said that there must be something in the shadow of the pines that no other shadows hid, and Allen thought so, too, when she was there with him.

This evening she said: "Your uncle told me a strange thing to-day. He met me on the road down there and pointed out these pines, saying, 'Your mother and I separated under those pines nearly thirty years ago.'"

"Well," said Allen, "your singing 'The Shadow of the Pines' brought me here and reunited 'Allen and Jennie.' I love you as well as ever Uncle Allen loved your mother. Dear Jennie, accept the young Allen's love and heal the old Allen's broken heart. Will you?"

Had her heart been prompting her these happy days in vain? No. She said, "Allen, that was settled thirty years ago;" and taking off her mother's ring bade him put it on again. And thus he won his bride where his uncle lost his—under the shadow of the pines.

R. EARL MILLER, '04.

A Swamp Tale

Away down on the coast of X—— there occurred an incident which was never heard of outside of the adjoining counties, but which was as horrible in its terrors as any of the newspaper tales of the day.

It was in August, 1873, that Mr. Gustavus Smalls built a still—a turpentine still—on the river. The still was located on a ridge of high ground that ran from the highland through the bordering swamps to the river. It was a location similar to those of the many settlements along the river, the river itself being bordered on each side for a mile more or less inland with dark miry swamps. The swamp at this point was particularly dense and low. At all seasons there were only green tussocks here and there and sharp cypress knees between the tree growth. All were surrounded by a thickened muddy water. About a mile in was Indian Lake, and at its upper end was a bottomless quagmire of ooze which both animals and men alike dreaded to be near. No one had been known to cross it. A few flags grew on its edge with some marsh grass; and several logs lay nearly concealed by the green slimy water which sheathed the mud beneath.

To begin with, the place was unhealthy, and Smalls had a time getting any one to run the still. For all that, it was the most convenient place on the river, and for this reason he was loath to move it. The third man he succeeded in getting to run the still was a dark, heavy-built man from the settlement below. His eyes were counter-sunk beneath dark overhanging eyebrows and he wore a black beard. He arrived in a row-boat from the settlement below one Wednesday afternoon. Old Jim, a darkey who had been with Smalls ever since the still was started, was down with the boss to meet him. Timmons, for that was his name, was not at all pleasing to the sight. He wore an old grey hunting shirt, carried a long, shiny-barreled musket, while beside him trotted an ugly yellow cur. He and the boss had an interview, during which he intimated that he could not always get along with negroes. Smalls said that he would try him anyway, as the still could not be kept idle at this season of the year. Well, Timmons and old Jim got along very well to-

gether; but a third negro, who did all the odd jobs around, from rolling the barrels up the skids to glueing in the cooper shop, was somewhat lazy and insolent, and at once a dislike sprang up between him and the stiller. This dislike was markedly increased one afternoon, by a remark the negro made about 'Timmons' musket. He dearly loved to shoot, and that afternoon had found a squirrel on the edge of the swamp away up in the top of a tall poplar. "Tim." (that was what they called him) trained his gun upon him. "Pop," then "Bang." The old gun hung fire. At the first crack of the cap the squirrel had jumped to another tree and was gone. Timmons had missed, and this was not the first time. Every now and then "Jane" would hang fire, and "Tim." would always hold the gun leveled until she went off. Immediately after, as Mr. Timmons came up, a loud laugh came from John. "Say, Mr. Tim., if I could not do br-ar-bettah an dat, I wud sho quit der business." And again he laughed. "I jes wud'n have a gun like dat. No, sah!"

"What the—you got to do with it? She is guine off once too often some these days, if you do not keep your mouth closed, and tight, too; you hear me!"

At this John kept quiet, but kept grinning for some time.

All went well until some days after this, when old Jim was gone to town, and Tim. was left alone with John to help him. It was Saturday, and they had all but finished up the big run. John was working in the cooper shop, driving and glueing some barrels. It was growing dark, when John, having finished his task, came strolling out and over to the still where Tim. was at work doctoring a leaky barrel. He evidently was not in a good humor. The turpentine was leaking through a faulty crack and evidently had been for some time. It was not properly glued. Tim. saw John, and started.

"John, confound and——your pesky soul, why can't you calk these barrels tight?"

John cursed instantly, and in another instant Tim. was upon him. It needed only the spark to burst the charge. Back and forth they swayed. Timmons was the better man, and showed his Irish blood by overpowering the burly negro. Pinning him to the ground, he jumped up quickly and grabbed his musket, which he always kept near him. As John arose, he found the muzzle upon himself.

"Confound you," Tim. growled; "the boss would not discharge you when I asked him to, but I'll git rid of you. March," he directed, as he moved near him and cocked the piece.

The negro began to plead, but to no purpose. With a terrible oath, Tim. commanded him to move on and be lively about it. John sullenly obeyed. Straight to the dark path which led into the swamp on the right Tim. directed him. Here John stopped again, but to no purpose. He must move on into the swamp, and—where else? Into the quagmire of ooze at Indian Lake? John well knew the terrors of that place, having been in the swamp many times cutting cypress. It was now getting dark, and Tim. was afraid that the pale moon would not get up high enough for him to accomplish his plans.

"Faster," he roared. Round and over the old cypress knees, with an occasional fall of a few feet over a tangle of vines, Tim. forced him in between the black gum and cypress. They were on the line to Indian Lake and the negro knew it. Almost a mile they proceeded thus when they came to the slippery muds that marked its edge. John then knew he must go into the bog, perhaps never to get out. Again he stopped and looked to find a trace of hope in Timmons. There was none there. "If you do not turn this minute, I shoot," and John saw Tim's fore-arm draw up as he percepti-

bly tightened his pull on the trigger. Tim's eyes shown from their cavernous depths with a murderous gleam that meant something.

Slowly the negro turned and bogged into the slimy ooze. The mud sucked and belched under him as he made his steps. No other sound was to be heard.

"On," roared Tim., "on, to your doom."

When he sank in the mud to his waist, Tim.'s voice took on a change, as he directed him to stop. John's hopes rose, but soon to fall again. He turned around to see Tim. leaning against a cypress, with his musket trained upon him. He was slowly tightening his finger on the trigger. Was he going to shoot him without giving him a chance.

"Mr. Tim.," he plead. But Tim. would not answer. Giving a wild yell, the negro started to move, but sank deeper each trial. Seconds passed. The negro had stopped his frantic movements and was slowly swaying from side to side in agony.

"Pop," went the cap. The gun hung fire. Its muzzle followed the swaying head of the negro in the dim moonlight as if held there by some magnetic force. "Bang!" John's swaying form sank forward and down into the slimy ooze.

Timmons was a changed man. He stood aghast at what he had done. The report of the gun had waked him. A dark cloud obscured the sinking moon and a pale red light filled the sky. Tim. saw it and turned to retrace his steps. At his first step a dry branch cracked and he stopped suddenly. The moon was gone, and but for the red glare he could not proceed. He stumbled on rapidly, increasing his gait to a run, splashing through the mud and water. Whence that strange glare? Was it blood on his brain that caused it to seem so? Twice he fell, but went on, and kept the dim pathway but poorly. It was growing brighter. The glare

was increasing. What could it be? He neared the clearing and saw a burst of flame through the trees. Then it all flashed upon him. The still was on fire! In a few bounds he had crossed the remaining few yards, when the rattle of a wagon and the cries of men coming down the road stopped him. No, no, he could not go out there. He would be caught and held. Then he must tell. No. And he slunk back into the edge of the swamp.

The men and boys from the hill dashed into the clearing. Tim. was unthought of. They were trying to save the fifty barrels of spirits on the wharf. Twenty-five or thirty they rolled away, when the hot flame caught the rear end and the heat compelled them to stop. They gathered on the windward side to watch. Old Smalls was there, too, and was very much disturbed. The moon had gone down, but the clearing was as bright as day. Great volumes of dense black smoke rolled upward and over the swamp on the other side of the river.

"Where's Timmons?" some one asked. Until then they had not thought of him. Then some one found his hat on the edge of the woods, and they were after him.

"Kill him," and "Lynch him," cries were heard on all sides. But this was not necessary. A few rods in they found his musket, muzzle down in the mud, where he had thrown it in his flight, and only ten feet further was "Tim." He was flat on his face. They turned him over. Blood on his forehead, blood on the root nearby, and an entangled foot told the tale. "Tim." was gone.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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Contributions are solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

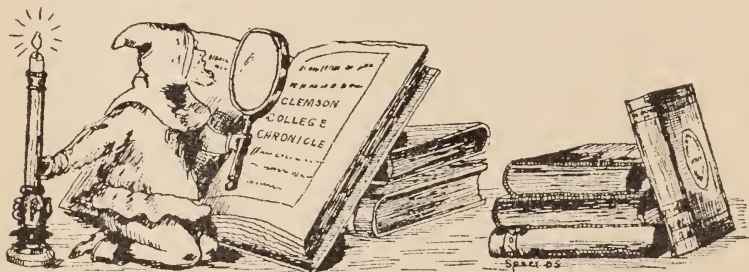
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Greeting

With this issue of THE CHRONICLE, a new staff presents the public with its maiden effort at journalism. We realize full well the labors and responsibilities bequeathed us by those who preceded us in this capacity, and it is with considerable delicacy that we undertake duties which they found arduous. Nevertheless, we will endeavor to inspire each other with self-confidence, and will go to work with stout hearts and willing hands.

In our efforts, even though we might desire it, we do not hope to improve upon the work of our predecessors, but earnestly wish to maintain THE CHRONICLE at the high standard at which it was left by them. We trust, however, that in trying to accomplish this, we shall not be left entirely alone, but that, from time to time, we shall be favored with words of help and encouragement from those who have gone before us as well as from those who are still with us.

The New Students

The enrollment of new students for this session is the largest ever known in the history of the College. There is hardly a section of the State that is not represented among them. And, in point of size, we have them from the wee little tots whom it would seem should, more properly, be at home with their mothers to those whose sturdy frames would indicate unlimited possibilities on the football field.

To every one of you, however, we wish to extend a cordial greeting and a hearty welcome to our ranks. You have seen fit to come and cast your lot with us, and we recognize you as one of us, and hope, that in all of our enterprises, your support and co-operation will be most cheerfully given.

Improvements

Although we never return to College after vacation is over without finding various improvements, we feel safe in saying, that never before have we noticed as many as were in evidence on our return this year. We cannot, however, go into a detailed account of all of these; nor can we even make passing mention of them all, but on behalf of the student body, we wish to say, that every improvement is hailed with delight by us all and regarded as an unfailing sign of advancement.

There is, however, one improvement, which, though important only in point of attractiveness, deserves special men-

tion. I refer to the matter of flowers on the campus. Heretofore, the campus has been almost devoid of flowers, but now, with here and there a little patch of the most select varieties of the landscape gardener, it presents quite an attractive appearance. This is an improvement that has been sought for the last several years. Very little, however, was accomplished until this year, which shows that the director of this department has put forth a stronger effort than ever before, which fact should appeal to the students and solicit their co-operation in protecting the good results already achieved, and thus promoting further efforts along this line.

The Fair It is the earnest desire of every member of the corps that we be allowed to attend the State Fair this fall. It is now two years since we were there, and we feel that it is time for us to go again. The fair is held by the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society, and it seems, that, this being the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, its students should be allowed to attend it every year. This, however, we do not hope nor expect to do; but it seems to us not at all unreasonable to expect to go every two years. Of course, we cannot go without losing some time from our studies, and when the question is brought before the Faculty, this will undoubtedly be urged as one of the chief objections to our going. But, if the relative value of staying here and spending the time in class room exercises, and of going to the fair and spending the same time in observing and inspecting the various products, both agricultural and mechanical, that will be on exhibition, be considered, it will very readily be conceded that this is not so much of an objection, after all. And, then, there are certain conditions that would necessarily have to be met before we could go. The new uniforms for the entire corps would have to come, and,

also, the recruits would have to be drilled sufficiently well to make a creditable show, before they could be taken off for a trip like this. However, we feel sure that everything necessary on the part of the student body can be accomplished, and that every member of the corps is desirous of going, and sincerely hope that the matter of our going may receive favorable consideration from the Faculty.

Literary Societies

There is no phase of college life that affords a student more pleasure, after he has once been initiated into its work, or that is of greater importance in point of educational value, than the literary society. If it were necessary, we could easily obtain testimony from unquestionable authorities, that would bear us out in this statement. Happily, though, it is a well recognized fact, and does not need to be proven. Yet, there are many students who fail to appreciate this fact, until their college course is well nigh spent, and it is not the most uncommon thing to hear some, on the eve of graduation, expressing regrets at not having joined and taken an active part in the literary societies throughout their entire college course.

It is unworthy of any one to let the best opportunities that are presented to them pass by unimproved, and most certainly the student who neglects the literary societies fails to grasp the golden opportunity of his college career. And we would urge, more especially upon the new students, the importance of joining one of the three societies here. There is no better time to begin than at the beginning. We know that there are some who will let timidity and want of courage keep them from joining—that there are some who will shrink from appearing on the rostrum even before their fellow-students. If it were possible, we would like to inspire these with a little more courage, and will suggest, for their benefit, that

there is no surer means of overcoming such difficulties than by becoming an active worker in the society, and we hope that many of the new students will join the societies.

**The
Y. M. C. A.**

Upon the new students especially, we desire to impress the importance of joining and taking an active part in the work of the Y. M. C. A.

A college course is supposed to produce a well-rounded, symmetrical man, and the course, which does not include some training in things spiritual, is weak to that extent. In the Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges, a course in Bible study is not provided, and it devolves upon the Y. M. C. A. to supply this training. The Association stands, not only for high manly, Christian living, but for the development of Christian leaders as well. It endeavors to do for the spiritual side of character what the literary society and the class-room does for the mental, and the gymnasium and athletic field for the physical. We believe that our Association has accomplished something along this line in the past, and that a brilliant future is before it. To every student, we say, the Association needs your best influence and you need the help which comes only from the Association.

**The New Agri-
cultural Hall**

Last year, the Trustees, realizing the need and importance of a building especially equipped for the teaching of agriculture, decided to construct what is known as "The Agricultural Hall." This year, the building has been completed and was ready for use at the opening of this session. The new building is of colonial style and makes a very stately appearance. It is furnished with a complete system of water works, electric lights and steam heaters. It contains class-rooms and laboratories for instruction in all the branches of agriculture, and an Experiment Station office. It also contains a natural history

museum and a gymnasium. The building cost sixty-five thousand dollars.

This building has the distinction of being the first of its kind in the South, and its erection marks an epoch in South Carolina agriculture. It shows that the demand for scientific agricultural knowledge is increasing in our State, and the State will be benefited in a material way; for the knowledge learned here, of the subjects which bear directly upon agriculture, will reappear in the form of a more intelligent system of farming and in an increased yield of farm products. The youth of our State who come here for instruction will have their respect for the farm increased. They will be made to see in the farm, a place where intelligence receives its highest reward. Not only this, but the distinct advantages of the farm will be emphasized, and in this way a halt will be called to the large number of young men who annually leave the farm for the city. Altogether Clemson, and the State at large, is to be congratulated.

Athletics

Already we begin to see omens of a prosperous football season. Practice has already begun, and every evening the athletic field is alive with those aspiring to make the team. Never before has as great interest in football been manifest as is this year, and, although Heissman is not with us, everything points to our having the best varsity team that Clemson has ever produced. Of the old players, however, only four—Derrick, Ellison, Furtick and Holland—have returned. But among the new students are to be seen many sturdy forms that indicate brilliant football possibilities, and it is gratifying to note that these are swelling the ranks of the scrub teams. There are four teams out, each doing its very best. The scrub teams this year are more promising

than ever before, and among some of the more prominent scrubs are Camp, Duckett, Goggans, Gooding, Jenkins, Keasler, McLaurin, Taylor, Sammon, Webb, Williams and others. The scrubs are being coached by Prof. Gantt and other old players. Dr. Shealey, the head coach, is coaching the line. John Maxwell, an old player (the star quarterback of the South), is coaching the back field. Both old and new men are striving for positions in the line, which creates a vigorous rivalry for that place. And, all in all, the outlook was never brighter for a successful season on the Gridiron.

Everything seems to conduce to a healthy athletic spirit, and never before has this spirit been more in evidence than now. Every solitary man of the corps seems to be interested in the prospects of the team and is willing to contribute in whatever manner he can to its success. Unfortunately Clemson is so situated that very few games can be arranged for the campus. However, the manager, Mr. Slattery, has arranged for two games to take place on the campus, and the entire student body will have the opportunity of witnessing these. The schedule for the season as it now stands is as follows:

October 8. University of Alabama, at Montgomery.

October 15. Auburn, at Clemson.

October 22. University of Georgia, at Clemson.

October 27. Sewanee, at Columbia.

November 5. Georgia Tech., at Atlanta.

November 19. (Open.)

November 24. A. & M. of N. C., at Raleigh.



C. W. MACK }
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

There being nothing to criticise in this issue, we are in somewhat of a dilemma as to what to write. However, we have undertaken the duties of exchange editors of THE CHRONICLE with a full realization of the attainments of those who preceded us in this capacity, and with a firm resolve to maintain the high standard set for us. We understand our duty to be that of *criticising*, and this we intend doing, but with a high sense of appreciation and with an eye single only to the good of those criticised. With cordial greetings, and best wishes for a prosperous year, we hope to have a full exchange list.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

The Local Editors realize that they have a hard task before them this year, and will appreciate any news-items or jokes handed them.

The session of 1904-5 opened with a larger attendance than any previous session in the history of the college. It was necessary to make a twenty-room increase in new barracks.

The immense mess hall, where every cadet in school seats at once, presents a crowded and inspiring scene at meals.

Major R. E. Lee is acting as Commandant. He is an experienced and efficient military man, and will manage the work ably and well until a United States officer can be secured to succeed Col. Sirmyer. It is probable that Capt. Clay, of the United States Army, retired, will be our next Commandant. Capt. Clay was on the campus recently.

Prof. M—: Indicate where the last battle of the far East was fought?

Rat W—: San Juan Hill.

Mrs. Jno. Slattery and daughter, Miss Mary, were on the campus, visiting Cadet Slattery.

The Misses Taylor, of Charleston, are visiting at the residence of Mr. G. E. Taylor.

Mr. Clarence Sullivan, a former cadet, has bought the store of I. H. Kellar, and now has a nice line of fancy groceries, candies, etc.

At a meeting of the "German Club," the following officers and committees were elected:

President: J. R. Siau.

Vice-President: J. G. Holland.

Secretary and Treasurer: C. Coles.

Committees.

Invitation: E. Kaminer, J. A. Gelzer, A. B. Means.

Floor: R. L. Riggs, A. S. Heyward, J. H. Barksdale.

Music: J. G. Holland, E. H. Jones, D. H. Hill.

Refreshment: J. McCrady, L. P. Slattery, C. P. Ballinger.

Rat. C—: "Say, Rick, all these special orders will be rebuked (revoked) at the end of the year, won't they?"

Prof. E—: "What two kinds of motion are there?"

Junior Wilbur: "Steady, and jerk" (rectilinear, and curvilinear).

Southard: "Rat, do you want to subscribe to THE CHRONICLE?"

Rat Williams: "No, I take the Yorkville paper."

Corporal Heyward, drilling recruits, gave the following command: "Everybody change step."

T. S. Perrin, '03, was on the campus recently.

R. E. Miller, I. H. Moorehead and W. F. Mauldin, of class '04, were recent visitors on the campus.

It is said that the sale of "laundry blanks" this year was immense. The sale of counter-signs was not so good.

The following changes have been made in the Faculty: Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun is Professor of Geology; Prof. F. T. Dargan takes the place of Prof. H. H. Kyser in Electricity—Prof. Kyser having a year's leave of absence; Mr. J. W. Gantt supplies Mr. Dargan's place in Drawing; Mr. S. T. Howard, of Kentucky, supplies Mr. Gantt's place in Woodwork and Forge and Foundry-work. Mr. Atkinson, of Alabama, has been added to Chemical Laboratory staff.

Prof. B. Moore Parker and his bride, formerly Miss Stamps, of Raleigh, N. C., have been warmly welcomed to the campus.

Prof. and Mrs. Riggs have just returned from St. Louis.

The Committee on Entertainment has secured the following attractions for the lyceum course this season: Miss Elizabeth de Barrie Gill, October 5; George Battell Loomis, humorist, October 12; Prof. S. H. Clark, University of Chicago, November 5; Siegel-Meyer-Dainty Company, December 3; Dr. Angelo Heilprin, F. R. G., January 11; Whitney Brothers' quartette, January 14; Lotus Glee Club, February 16; Hawthorne Musical Company, March 6; Dr. Russell Conwell, March 10; Houston Novelty Company, April 12. This is a strong array of fine talent, and the course will be the most successful the College has had.

Prof. P. T. Brodie and his corps of assistants have been very busy during the summer making a topographical contour map of the campus for the use of Mr. Parker, the expert in landscape gardening, looking to the improvement of the grounds.

The Committee on Chapel Service has secured the following preachers for the first term: September 11, Dr. A. J. Wardlaw, Union; September 18, Dr. John Kershaw, Charleston; September 25, Rev. E. O. Watson, Spartanburg; October 2, Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, Greenville; October 9, Rev. W. P. Witsell, Columbia; October 16, Rev. T. W. Sloan, Greenville; October 23, Dr. J. A. Clifton, Orangeburg; October 30, Rev. A. S. Rogers, Rock Hill; November 6, Rev. John T. Morrison, Peebles; November 13, Rev. J. C. Jeter, Anderson; November 20, Rev. W. L. Lingle, Rock Hill; November 27, Rev. M. B. Kelley, Anderson; December 4, Dr. B. D. Gray, Atlanta, Ga.; December 11, Rev. K. G. Finlay, Clemson College; December 18, Dr. J. S. Watkins, Spartanburg. These are well known ministers and Clemson is to be congratulated on securing their services.

Rat. Caughman wanted to know when it would be his time to go on as officer of the day.

Slattery: "Do you want this kind of liniment?"

Rat McC—: "That's what the coachman (coach) said to use."

The annual reception given by the Young Men's Christian Association to the new students was held Friday evening, September 16. Mrs. Mell and Miss Rosa Calhoun, accompanied by Mrs. F. S. Shiver, sang a duet; Mrs. R. N. Brackett, accompanied by Mrs. J. H. Hook, sang a solo. The addresses were as follows: T. W. Keitt, representing the

Sunday School; A. J. Speer, the Y. M. C. A.; B. H. Rawl, athletics, and D. W. Daniel, the literary societies. Beautifully decorated tables dotted the porches and the campus, from which the ladies served refreshments. Mrs. L. E. Boykin presided over the exercises.

Rat Gossett says, "that he doesn't like his coca-cola made without corrugated water."

"Play Ball"

There is nothing later than the latest, and one of the latest games out is "Play Ball," invented by Mr. Winslow Sloan, of Clemson. This is the most unique parlor game on the market, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by any one who likes baseball. For a really interesting game, purchase a set of "Play Ball" cards. It's the catchiest game on record and has completely captivated the entire Clemson corps.

Don't fail to visit the "Pike," something new.

Cadet Capt. Barre: "Major, must I cut the men in two and size off each end?"

The following officers of the three societies were elected to serve the first quarter:

Palmetto.

President: A. J. Speer.

Vice-President: E. H. Jones.

Secretary: L. S. Horton.

Treasurer: B. F. Lee.

Pros. Critic: D. H. Hill.

Literary Critic: W. S. Beaty.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. W. Duckett.

Columbian.

President: L. E. Boykin.
Vice-President: H. W. Barre.
Secretary: T. E. Stokes.
Treasurer: J. E. Johnson.
Pros. Critic: W. W. Blair.
Literary Critic: C. W. Mack.
Sergeant-at-Arms: A. V. Hooks.

Calhoun.

President: R. F. Gooding.
Vice-President: E. E. Porter.
Secretary: J. A. Brice.
Treasurer: A. R. McAliley.
Literary Critic: L. G. Southard.
Sergeant-at-Arms: A. F. Byars.

Corporal Moses (drilling recruits): "In executing right-face, turn on left heel of right toe."

Rat Weeks (looking at Indian clubs): "Say, what's them bats for?"

Senior T—: (Giving advice to small rat): "Well, rat, don't get 'fresh' and you will get along all-right."

Rat S—: "Why do you think it best to start in sub-fresh?"

Rat Hodges: "Are you an 'old boy?' "

Rat Shockley: "No, I am only 17."

Clemson College Directory

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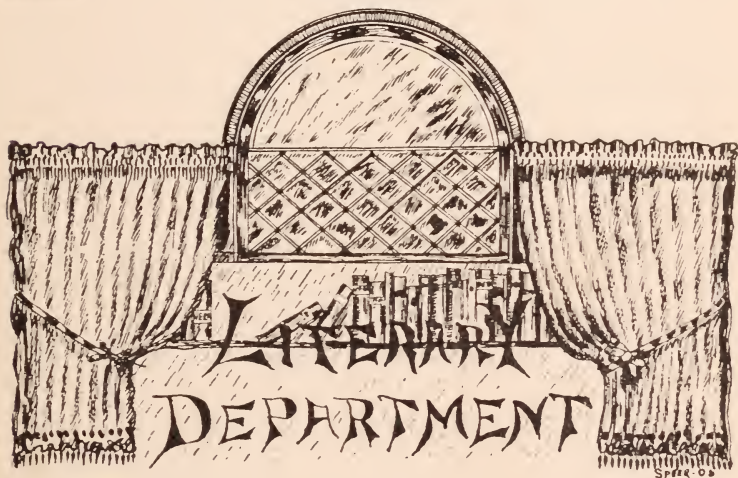
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H. W. BARRE }
J. A. BRICE }

EDITORS

Co-operation an Incentive to Industrial Democracy

Since the days when the Anglo-Saxons were merging from a state of savagery and barbarism problems—seemingly offering no solution, problems to which there was no solution—have faced this race. Yet, to-day there exists a problem confronting these rulers of the world on every side unsurpassed by any other in importance, unparalleled by any other in magnitude. This unsolved condition of a deep and intricate problem shows itself in the discontented faces of the great mass of men and women, who support themselves by hand labor. Discontent with the present lot is, indeed, no

new thing under the sun, and is in itself no proof of the wisdom of him who feels it. It is not confined to the so-called working classes; all conditions of modern life exhibit a pessimism, astonishing in an age which plumes itself upon its enlightened civilization. But the discontent of the great mass of hand workers is the most pronounced of existing discontents, and it forces itself upon public attention with increasing vigor. It has been truly said that the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are the age of the working man. In politics this fact has signified a steady advance of democracy. Passing into another sphere, the democratic feeling has at length asserted itself in a practical "revolt of the majority" against the aristocracy of the employing class. Working people to-day complain that the enormous gains in business, made since the introduction of machinery into industry, have not been equally divided among all classes of men.

That the increase of wealth in recent years is stupendous, and that the rich are growing richer, are undeniable facts. The workmen of to-day are profoundly disturbed because in reality their own condition has not been improved in the same ratio of progress as that enjoyed by the well-to-do classes.

The constant cry is for more pay and fewer hours of work. Masters, on their side, point to the steadily diminishing percentage of profits obtained in business, and declare that they cannot advance wages to meet the demands of the working class without running into bankruptcy. It is almost a daily occurrence to learn as we read our newspapers, that some part of the industrial world has been disturbed by strikes and lockouts, or some other trouble equally disastrous to commercial peace. The condition of our country represented by such facts gives pause to all thoughtful men. The gravity of the situation demands earnest and careful consideration of every possible means of relief for the great body of modern industry thus sadly diseased.

No reader of current literature needs to be informed that many remedies have been suggested by more or less enlightened writers on political economy.

If the way can be found by which the laborer and his employer can easily agree upon a fair share of the products of industry that shall go to each, then other phases of the labor question will lose much of their difficulty.

To most of them, the workingman who receives a due portion of the results of his labor and adequate reward for his toil, will do justice to himself and work out his own salvation.

If the two parties to the labor contract disagree, the appeal must be in the end to public opinion and the common sense of justice. In the case of a strike, public opinion may side with one party, or it may side with the other, but in a republic like America, it is apt to sympathize with the laborer, as the more numerous party and apparently in greater distress. It is needless to say, that neither public opinion, nor the opinion of the employing class, nor the opinion of the working class, is a standard satisfactory to the critical mind.

The system of poor wages supplies in itself no sufficient correction of errors or of offences committed in either of these two parties; if it did, we should not to-day perceive the many disorders that meet the eye in every direction. The wages system, that breeds these perpetual dissensions between employer and employee, must then be wrong.

Some advise the entire abandonment of the system and a substitution of productive co-operation in its place. An evolution, however, rather than a revolution, is the probable result of the immense friction in the labor world to-day. Mr. Carrol D. Wright (the eminent economist) himself does not advocate profit-sharing as a solution to whatever difficulties or weaknesses there is in the wages system, but only containing elements which ought to be incorporated in any future system.

Profit-sharing—the method of rewarding labor by assigning it a share in the realized profits of business, in addition to wages—retains the manager with full power of conducting the enterprise, it retains the wages system, so far as it goes, and proposes to remedy its deficiencies by a partial return to the more primitive method of product-sharing. Profit-sharing is a modification of the wages system, which removes the laborer from his present attitude of a simple earner of fixed wages, who has no further interest in the business beyond securing his regular pay, and makes of him a partner to a certain extent in the profits realized.

In agriculture, the oldest of industries, which (of all human occupations) even in this manufacturing age, employs by far the greatest number of workers, the labor contract causes less trouble than in any other quarter. . Barter and payment for services in products of the farm have long continued to be favorite methods with tillers of the soil. Under the system of product-sharing, the owner of the land enters into an agreement with the laborer to furnish all the necessaries in preparing the produce for the market, in return the laborer pays the half of the products realized by his toil. In this way these two parties enter into an industrial partnership, the principle of which is an equal division of the products, whether or not these products have realized a profit on the capital and the labor invested in the enterprise. Such partnership has been exceedingly common in all parts of the world, and its general use shows essential advantages, which the wages system does not show to the same degree.

The farm laborer the world over touches very little money from the beginning of the year to its end, in comparison with the laborer in handicrafts or manufactories. Agriculture, barter and product-sharing go hand in hand, while manufactures, the use of money in exchange, and the wages system are connected phenomena of the same progressive civiliza-

tion. A manufacturing age finds the system of paying wages in money simply indispensable.

The wages system, then, so far as substance of payment is concerned, finds no assailant in its general diffusion through human industries; but the declaration is frequently made, that it is fundamentally wrong in its partition of benefits.

It is said to be like slavery and serfdom, out of it we must advance with a new form of contract, for which, "*co-operation*" is the best name.

The advantages and virtues of the wages system are, indeed, very many. It is not a product of a transitory and past form of society, but is coeval with the existing personal freedom of the workingman. It is a simple consequence of the divisions of human functions. It is the most generally applicable of all methods of compensating personal service. Its essential qualities promise it duration so long as labor remains free, capital continues to accumulate, and differences of intellectual ability distinguish one man from another. But if it was not susceptible of improvement, it would, indeed, be a strange exception among human situations. The natural preservation of the business world demands that improvements shall be thoroughly tested before they are presented for general adoption, and it may well be excused for refusing long considerations to schemes which would essentially revolutionize the wages contract. Plainly, it can be seen that we cannot do without it; yet we cannot endure it as it is. The workingman's legitimate ambitions and just discontents demand some modification, which shall recognize in the world of work the growing equality of men.

The wages system, however, is inadequate from its very nature, since it strikes a *general average* of rewarding each man in strict accordance with the quality and quantity of his specific performance. A system which in fact offers the same reward to the active and to the lazy, to the efficient and inefficient, promotes idleness in the one class, and discontent

in the other. The commonest reproach made against hired labor is that the workman shows no interest in his work. But the wages system, viewed in its simplest form, does not supply the necessary motives for the workingman to do his best. The day laborer has no inducement from the system itself to be laborious overmuch or to be careful and economical. He has no reason to feel himself interested in his employer's welfare. Appeals to his sense of honor or to his ambition usually fall flat, if their object be to induce him to do more than average work for average wages.

Is not a step toward a practical partnership of employer and employee not only desirable to quiet all these dissensions in the labor world, but most feasible?

If some day we shall have arrived at the solution of this deep problem by granting, in just and legitimate proportions, a part of the profits to intelligence, a part to capital, and a part to labor, shall we not have put an end to the cause of these many labor troubles with which our daily newspapers are filled? There is but *one way*, and *this way* is *co-operation*. It advances the prosperity of our establishment by increasing the quantity of its product; by improving the quality; by promoting care of implements and economy of material; and by diminishing labor troubles and cost of superintendence.

From a purely financial standpoint, the human equipment of a factory is as important as the mechanical equipment. We are making enormous strides toward the perfection of machinery, and there is a greater reason why we should strive to place human equipment on an equal basis of perfection. The employer is made of the same common clay that constitute the make-up of his operative, and institutions for their welfare can hardly fail to bring the employer nearer, as time rolls on, into a living sympathy with these men and women of like passions as himself. An employer who concerns himself in the social, religious, and moral welfare of his

operatives may be unconscious that he is a social reformer. Nevertheless, though quite independent of legislators, he is doing more to establish democracy on a moral basis and bring in the kingdom of God than the social enthusiasts and many of our social and religious reformers in the pulpit.

The manufacturing aristocracy that is growing up under our eyes to-day, is the harshest that ever existed in the world, yet at the same time it is the most confined and least dangerous; but friends of democracy should keep their eyes fixed in this direction, for if ever a permanent inequality of condition and aristocracy again penetrate the world, it may be predicted that this is the gate through which it will enter. For political democracy is impossible with industrial aristocracy.

Last, by no means haste to consider the effect that the abandonment of the present form of the old wages system would bear upon the religious phase of this question. The paternity which participation promotes is thoroughly moral, is thoroughly Christian. Economic science is good, but economic science enlightened by the spirit of the Gospel, the spirit of enthusiasm for humanity, is better.

To you, the flower of South Carolina's manhood, the future of this now great and expanding republic, the right adjustment of this matter is in your own hands; if you will do justice now—*social justice now*—you shall be able for the first time to follow righteousness; and, instead of merely striving to live, you will live in the happy helpfulness of the world; but, if you do not, sirs, your blood is upon your own hands and upon your children's heads; for whatsoever a man soweth, that he shall also reap.

'04.

On the Step

It was Xmas eve, and the lights of the little railroad town of Seneca blinked cheerfully through the swiftly falling

flakes of snow, as No. 38, the Southern's fast through train, panted and steamed in front of the station. No. 38 had just come in; neither did she stand upon the order of her going, for she was three hours late, and, with the slippery track, had very little chance of making it up. So in a few moments two sharp hisses of the compressed air gave the signal, and, slowly at first, but with swiftly increasing puffs from the great engine, and much slipping of her huge drivers, she glided out from the bright lights of the little station. As the long train began rapidly increasing its speed, an alert, broad-shouldered young man, with a frank, open face, turned quickly from the group of three with which he had been in animated conversation, and with a hurried good-bye, sprang lightly upon the step of one of the Pullmans. Then, turning to wave a last farewell to the group, was immediately engulfed in the storm and darkness. With a half sigh of regret at only having caught a glimpse of two of his old college chums, followed instantly by a warm rush of feeling for the little brown-haired, brown-eyed woman waiting for him in the car, whom he had that very day made his wife in one of the great cities down the line, he turned and started into the car. To his surprise he found the door of the vestibule locked, and stepping across to the step of the next car, was met with the same reception. Then the extreme danger of his position became evident to him, and his heart sank with sickening fear. The bottom step of a fast train is not an enviable position at any time; but couple this with bare standing room, the obligation of holding on all the time, a bitter cold night, with the train running three hours late through a blinding snow storm, and you have a position which even a suicide might avoid.

As these thoughts, and the one that this train did not stop between Seneca and Greenville, a distance of forty miles, flashed across his mind, he almost gave up hope, and a desperate desire to leap entered his mind. But the train was

now running with dizzy speed, striking the sharp curves with swing enough to one moment flatten him against the door of the car, and the next almost tear his already swiftly numbing fingers from their hold, and he had not the nerve to try it. So setting his teeth, and taking a firmer grasp of the polished brass bar, upon retaining his hold of which his life depended, he nerved himself for his fearful ride. The cold was intense, his hat had blown off, and he was almost blinded by the stinging flakes of snow, which, from the speed of the train, seemed to be rushing at him in straight lines parallel to the ground. He was clad only in a light suit, and already he could feel a deadly numbness creeping over him from the cold. He could look through the heavy plate glass of the door of the vestibule into the brightly lighted interior, and he tried by shouting to arouse some of the occupants of either one of the cars. But the wind and noise of the train drowned his utmost efforts. Then, when the train swung around a curve so as to press him against the door, he released one half-frozen hand, and beat fiercely against the heavy glass; but all in vain—his hand was too soft to make any impression upon the thick plate glass. So, waiting until the next favorable curve was reached, he slipped his hand in his pocket, and, drawing out a tiny, pearl-handled knife, he was about to renew the attempt, when the knife slipped from his stiffened fingers, and, striking the step at his feet, bounded out into the darkness. Then the grim irony of his fate forced itself upon him, for not ten feet away his fellow-men were riding in ease and enjoyment, while here he was doomed to an awful fate, unless discovered, or enabled by some miracle of strength and endurance to hold himself in his place until the train should stop. As he hung, and gazed almost frenzied into the vestibule of the car, the conductor passed through on his round of the train. The young man called wildly to him, but he did not hear, and, with his eyes bent upon some papers in his hands, passed on. "How

many years," the young man vaguely wondered, had he been in this terrible position, and then, as if in answer to his question, the train crashed across switch points, and by the flashes of the switch lights he recognized Courtney's Junction—only four miles from Seneca. "And they were running fast, too, at least sixty miles an hour, and the wind was awfully strong." "What was Edith thinking of him now?" He had only left her for a moment to speak to his old friends, and she was no doubt already wondering what had become of him.

A vision of himself lying crushed and bleeding rose before him, and of the sorrow of his wife and family. And then it was Xmas eve, and they were on their way to spend the next day at his old home. "Confound it! why didn't some one come and open the door, and let him in to tell Edith what had kept him? And then they always had such good dinners at home, too. His mother could cook a turkey so well. Oh! thunder! he was losing his mind, but then what did it matter anyway? Didn't the electric headlight throw a bright light ahead? He could count the telegraph posts as they rushed to meet him. And what did they want to keep on blowing that blamed old whistle for when they knew it worried him so much?"

Just then, far ahead there appeared a second headlight, and as he approached it with tremendous speed, he saw that it was a south-bound train sidetracked to let them pass, and knew that it was No. 11, a local passenger. The sight brought back his failing senses, and he saw that he would pass so as to be between the trains. He nerved himself, and took a fresh grasp of the rod as the two trains came together. Blinded by the brilliant headlight, deafened by the noise, and almost torn from his hold by the confined air, he managed still to cling on while the two trains passed like a flash of steel. This was Keowee—two more miles.

"All this country was so familiar to him. He had tramped over all these hills when he was a student in the great college just a mile from the little station next ahead. Yes, the river was just ahead, and after crossing it he might, by looking over his shoulder, see the lights of his old school. That was so; he was captain of his team the last two years at college. He had forgotten it."

With a hollow rumble the long train struck the high trestle over the Seneca, and with a shock he half regained his senses, and tightened his hold. "It would never do for him to fall here, for his body might not be found for days, and what would his wife do? Yes, he would hold on until Calhoun was reached—it was only a mile—and then fall right in front of the station, where, at least, his body should be found."

He was not cold any longer, and a vision of Edith as he saw her for the first time rose before him. It was in the maze of the Commencement Hop, the year he graduated. The glamor of the music and the rhythm of the dance had thrown their spell over him, and, as he looked down into her face, he knew that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. And afterwards he had had no reason to change his opinion. "Yes, he was dancing with her again, and he was in full dress uniform, with the crimson sash and chevrons of a captain. He was looking into her eyes, and talking to her in low tones." And then, with a shock, he came again to his senses, and found himself gazing straight through the flying snow and plate glass into the face of his wife. There she stood, dressed in a close-fitting traveling suit of dark blue; but she was not looking at him. Instead, she was looking out through the glass and across the woods and fields to the place where they had first met. And he knew she was thinking of him, for in her face was that light which comes into the face of every true woman when she thinks of only one person in all the world. He saw that she

did not appear much worried, and he knew that she thought him in the smoker, and was glad. Then the thought came slowly to him that it had only been a few minutes, ten at the most, since he had left her side. But he was almost too weak to think, and so simply hung, and gazed upon her beauty.

As she half turned to go, his failing senses rallied with a flash, a wild cry escaped him, and he waved weakly with one hand. Just then the train swung sharply around a curve, and he was wrenched far out and against the side of the car. But she had seen the movement, and the next moment was gazing full into his haggard face. Then, as if through a glass darkly, he saw frenzied fear for him leap into her lovely face; saw her turn and cry out; saw the square of light filled with the blue uniform and brass buttons of the big conductor, and the door torn open. His head reeled, his hands relaxed their hold, and, just as he sank slowly back into the rush and roar of the storm, a strong hand grasped his shoulder; everything rushed together in a dazzling light, and all was dark.

TAYLOR, '05.

South Carolina Heroines of the American Revolution

It is to the women of South Carolina we will now pay tribute; we will honor those whose pious ministrations to the wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of many who died upon the gory field of battle, far from all who were nearest and dearest to them; we will stand in silent admiration of those whose zealous faith in their country's cause shone like a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war. We will bow in solemn reverence to those whose heroic deeds are truly the "mile stones of a nation's progress." and whose patriotism will shed its halo over coming generations." These heroines realized that within their hands was not "the destiny of nations and fate of many lands," but "the weal or woe of our own fair America."

In considering what constitutes true heroism, I will ask you to bear in mind not only the great deeds done and honors won, but also the circumstances under which those deeds were done and honors won, by the heroines I now present.

EMILY GEIGER.

Emily Geiger was the daughter of John Geiger, a German planter of Newberry District. He was an ardent patriot, but an invalid, and, therefore, unable to bear arms in behalf of his country. His daughter was as ardent a patriot as himself, and was often heard to murmur because she could not take up arms in her father's place. But when Emily was about eighteen years of age a great opportunity presented itself, which she was not slow to seize.

During Gen. Greene's retreat, it became necessary to send a message to Gen. Sumter, who was then on the Wateree, a hundred miles away, instructing him to join the commander-in-chief, that they might together attack Rawdon, whose forces had been divided. As the intervening country was infested with Tories, Gen. Greene was unable to find a man willing to undertake this dangerous journey. Emily Geiger, who lived a few miles from the camp, learning from a neighbor of the General's great perplexity, resolved to carry the message to Gen. Sumter, though she might be slain in the attempt. She went with all the earnestness of her woman's nature to the call of her country's aid and offered herself as a bearer of dispatches to Gen. Sumter. The General hesitated some time before allowing this defenseless girl to go alone on so dangerous a journey. But her whole bearing was so fearless, and the necessity of communicating with Gen. Sumter so urgent, that he finally accepted the proffered service. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to Gen. Sumter, which, before he handed to her, he was very careful to read aloud until she had completely memorized it, so that

in case of any accident she could repeat it verbally to Gen. Sumter. All things being in readiness, our heroine set out, mounted on a strong and fleet horse.

An active Tory named Lowery, who was very instrumental in obtaining useful information for the British, lived about five miles below Gen. Greene's camp. Emily had been on her journey about four hours when some one informed Lowery of the purpose of her mission. He immediately sent a man in pursuit, who should prevent the delivery of the message.

Our heroine, all unconscious of pursuit, continued her journey through dense forests and open fields. As night came on and she was still some distance from a friend's house, where she had intended spending the night, she asked and was granted permission to spend the night at a farm house close at hand. As she was very tired, after supper, she immediately went to her room and was soon in dream-land. But she was awakened in the night by the tramping of horse's feet and heard a man's voice inquiring of the farmer if he had seen anything of a young lady passing, asserting at the same time that he had orders to intercept her! When the farmer made it evident that he knew something of Emily's whereabouts, the pursuer dismounted from his horse and entered the house. As all became quiet once more, it seemed as if the capture would not be made that night, but next morning.

Emily's only thought now was the possibility of escape; so when all became very still, she dressed hastily and quietly, and sprang through the window out into the silent night. Going to the stable she led forth her horse, mounted very quickly and rode rapidly until daylight, when she found herself at her friend's house. Her friend, after hearing of the purpose of her mission, and how narrowly she had escaped, when she had taken some food, provided her with a fresh horse, and she continued her journey.

About noon the same day, as the heroic girl was passing through a swamp, her bridle was seized and she was a prisoner in the hands of three Tories, who carried her before Lord Rawdon. His lordship questioned her in regard to her destination and errand. Lord Rawdon, thinking her answers rather indirect and evasive, ordered her to be locked up and a careful search of her person to be made. While awaiting for the woman that would make the search, she took from her pocket the dispatch, tore it in small pieces, chewed and swallowed them. When the search was made, as nothing of a suspicious character was found, Lord Rawdon was in honor bound to permit her to pursue her journey unmolested. He provided her with an escort to the house of a friend some miles distant. After resting here for a short time and partaking of some refreshments, she was informed that a man had been seen riding in the direction of Rawdon's camp. Thinking him to be her pursuer, and fearful of further delay, with another horse and a guide that could show her a better and safer way, she set out, and by riding all night, at daybreak she was far from the British camp. At sunrise her guide left her to continue her journey alone. She rode on steadily, though the sun was very hot, until about 3 o'clock of the third day, when she came upon a file of soldiers, whom from their dress she knew to be her friends. By them she was conducted to Gen. Sumter; and hungry, weary and almost fainting, she clearly and briefly delivered her message to the astonished officer. Gen. Sumter was ready to march to the place designated in Greene's dispatch in a very short time. Emily did not return to her father until two weeks had elapsed. After the war she married a Mr. Threewits, and they chose Lexington District as her home. We cannot fully appreciate Emily's true heroism until we consider what might have been, had she failed in her mission and the junction of Greene's and Sumter's forces not been made. It is highly probable that the cause of

freedom would have been the "Lost Cause." Where we now have knowledge might still have been ignorance; where now is power would have been weakness; where we now have large cities might have been only a few scattered people; where we to-day have good government, whose end is public happiness, where religion is protected, and justice administered, might have been poor government and the people "guided by the leading strings of a distant land."

In 1824, when LaFayette paid his farewell visit to Charleston, a grand ball was given there in his honor, and at his request a coach "fit for a queen" was sent to Lexington to convey Emily Geiger, now a dignified matron, to the ball. LaFayette, himself, led her forth in the first minuet, "and thus," says a writer, "France and Carolina were truly represented by a noble son and a devoted daughter."

Our heroine is buried near Columbia, and her grave has no mark to distinguish it from the surrounding grassy mounds. If I mistake not, some years ago, when a revision of the coat of arms of our State was ordered by the Legislature, it was decided to have Emily Geiger's picture the image on the seal.

ANNE KENNEDY.

Another female courier whose name is kept alive in family tradition was Anne Kennedy, who lived in what is now Union County. As she was carrying a message to Gen. Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens, she had to pass through the camp of a band of Tories. Imagine our heroine's horror as she passed by this group of Tories, some of whom were her own neighbors and knew her well by sight. Fortunately, some of the men had just shot a wild turkey, and their minds were so diverted in quarreling over it that they did not notice her as she passed, and by riding slowly and quietly for about two hundred yards, then putting her horse to full speed, she was soon out of danger of pursuit.

RACHEL AND GRACE MARTIN.

The Misses Martin lived on a farm near Lexington. In 1781, a British Ensign put up with them for the night. He told them that he bore with him important dispatches from his chief to Major Cruger and his men, who were stationed at Ninety-Six. Next morning, before any one was astir, the young ladies dressed in male attire, hiding their faces by shaggy masks of beard, putting on wool hats, knives and pistols in their belts, they ran to the woods, where two servants, one with a horn, the other with a drum, were in waiting with horses. The Ensign rose early to pursue his journey with two dragoons, his body guard. He rode for hours, when all at once two uncouth men sprang in his way and seized his rein. "Hand over the papers that you have or else find here an unknown grave," they thundered, and aimed two pistols at his breast. While from the woods the clang of drum and bugle burst forth. The two dragoons thought they were in the midst of the enemy's camp, so they turned and fled, leaving the Ensign. He handed over the sealed instructions that he bore, which were dispatches to Gen. Greene that the British had captured. They were of the highest importance. The girls returned, reaching the house at noon, but it was evening when the Ensign came. His hostesses received him kindly, and asked, "How did you manage to make the trip to Ninety-Six so quickly?" He told them how a lot of Whigs had driven his dragoons to flight and he could do nothing but turn over the papers; but remember, 'twas only the two Misses Martin and two servants.

MARTHA BRATTON.

Martha Bratton was born near Yorkville, South Carolina. Her husband, William Bratton, was a Colonel in the Revolutionary War. In June, 1780, a party of British cavalry under Captain Huck called at her house and vainly, with

threats of death, tried to obtain information as to her husband's whereabouts. Even when a reaping hook was held to her throat, she was bold and fearless. Just before the fall of Charleston, Governor Rutledge intrusted to Mrs. Bratton's care a quantity of powder, and she blew it up when it was in danger of being captured by the British.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Auto Story

In the summer of 1902, I was running an automobile for hire in the city of R—. My headquarters were at Hegel's drug store, and I usually kept my auto somewhere near to be ready for orders.

One Wednesday night, about 11 o'clock, I received an order to come to No. 613 North Tenth street, at 12 o'clock, for three men. I knew the place well, for I had often seen it in passing.

The three men were ready and waiting at 12. As usual, I scanned them closely. One was a heavy, thick-set man, about thirty years of age, with dark, overhanging eyebrows, and a pointed, black beard. The second was tall, broad-shouldered, light-haired, clean-shaven, with gray eyes. The third one looked very much like the first, but seemed younger.

Each one carried a satchel, and the first, who seemed to be the leader of the party, had a queer looking bundle in his other hand. He climbed in beside me, while the other two got in the tonneau.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

"Towards P—," one answered. P— lay ten miles north-east of R—.

Accordingly, I swung my machine around, and started off at a fifteen-mile speed. We ran thus for nearly eight miles, none of us saying a word, till we came to a fork in the road.

"Which way?" I asked.

"Stop it," the first replied. He then turned to the youngest man and said, "All right."

I did not hear the rest, for I was suddenly struck from behind with some heavy article.

When I recovered consciousness, we were running smoothly along a level, sandy road. My hands were tied behind me, but otherwise I was all right. The tall, light-haired fellow now occupied my seat at the wheel, and seemed to be handling the machine with the skill of an expert. I was in the back of the car with the other man. I turned slowly around, and found that he held a revolver on his lap. I determined to pretend unconsciousness.

When we had gone probably twenty miles, the man suddenly stopped, turned to his companion, and said: "Hadn't we better stop now? We'll be waking some of these old farmers."

"Yes," he answered, with a Northern accent, "wake that fellow and blindfold him."

I felt some water dashed in my face, and with a snort, I opened my eyes. Two of them held me, while the third tied a handkerchief about my eyes. The two then caught my elbows, and we proceeded to walk through some woods. Gradually the handkerchief worked loose, till I could see easily enough over it. They had taken one of the auto lights off, and now had it covered with a black cloth.

After a while we came to a river, and the leader said: "Harvey, here's the river. Now let's follow it."

Presently a building loomed up in the darkness, and when we came nearer, we saw that it was an old mill

"Here it is, by Jove!" one of them exclaimed.

They quickly uncovered the lantern, and the leader pulled out a scrap of paper and read, "Southwest corner, one and a half feet under the big stone."

We went down under the mill, came up behind, and climbed up the embankment to the southwest corner. The whole south end was upheld by stone blocks, each about two feet square. With a chisel, one of the men tried the second stone from the corner. Suddenly it cracked and dropped loose. With a pole they pried it out and found a hollow space within about three feet square. One crawled inside, and drew out a heavy oaken box, about a foot long and ten inches wide. With feverish haste they broke it open, disclosing two leather bags. The first contained notes, bills, etc., amounting to about fifteen hundred dollars. They then opened the second. The sight of the gold made me forget myself. I stooped and reached forward.

"Look, Harvey; catch him!"

The next thing I knew I was sitting in the machine, while one of the men held a queer-smelling bottle to my nose. I felt weak and sick, and the gash in my head was bleeding.

When we came to the fork in the road where I first stopped, all three of the men got out, and the leader, coming up close to me and pressing a piece of gold into my hand, said, "If you ever mention to-night's work, you'll surely get killed." With that they disappeared.

I put my machine to full speed, and reached P— at 6 o'clock that morning. I went straight to police headquarters and told my story. Chief Ansell heard it quietly, then reached up and took the handkerchief off my head. In one corner was written, "Jos. H. Huntley, Akron, Ohio." The gold coin I had was a twenty, and bore the date 1850. Having done this, I went to see a doctor to dress my head.

A few days later, the police caught Huntley in Winston-Salem, but as he had only been hired by the other two men to run the machine, and had been innocent of the rest, they could find no reason to hold him.

His story was that these men came to him and told him that they knew where some money was hidden down in

Carolina, and offered him fifty dollars to help them get it. The older man told him that he had gotten the map of the vicinity where the gold was, from his father. His father was once connected with the so-called "Underground Railway," in helping Southern slaves to escape. And it was from an old slave, who had stolen it from his master, that the map had been secured.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto
Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

L. E. BOYKIN (Columbian)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
A. J. SPEER (Palmetto)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
L. G. SOUTHARD (Calhoun)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Assistant Business Manager
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W. D. ANDERSON (Calhoun)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Literary Department
C. W. MACK (Columbian)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Exchange Department
J. A. BRICE (Calhoun)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Exchange Department
E. H. JONES (Palmetto)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Local Department
L. S. HORTON (Palmetto)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Local Department

Contributions are solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

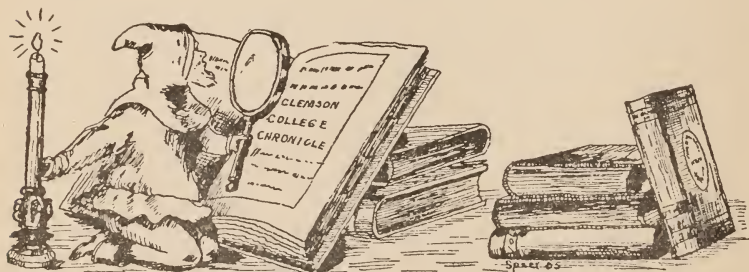
All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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One inch, per year..... 5 00



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Student Support

A college magazine is a student enterprise, and, hence, should command the support of every member of the student-body. It should be a matter of personal pride to every student for his college journal to be recognized as one of the best, and he should contribute in whatever manner possible towards winning for it such distinction. Unfortunately, however, such support

is sadly lacking in many colleges. The student-body usually step to the front and elect a Board of Editors, and then seemingly conclude that there is nothing more for them to do, and quietly retire into the background, leaving the entire work of getting out the journal to the editorial staff, and expecting every issue to measure up to the standard. But only a slight acquaintance with the labors of college journalism is sufficient to convince any one that this view is neither just nor reasonable.

This lack of student support has no doubt operated very materially to the discredit of some college magazines. It has been and is still felt by THE CHRONICLE, and the staff wishes to urge upon the students the necessity of their support in this work. THE CHRONICLE is not an enterprise of the staff, but of the student-body, while the staff is only a chosen medium through which it must come. Hence, it belongs as much to them as it does to the staff, and they should be as much interested in its success as the editors are. The staff intends to do its part, but the support of the student-body is a necessary supplement which can be given in two ways, namely: by subscribing for it, and writing for it. This every student is earnestly requested to do, in order that THE CHRONICLE may reach the highest degree of excellence and accomplish the greatest possible good.

Another year is rapidly drawing to a close, and we are again constrained to spend a day in thanksgiving for the many blessings which it has brought us. The Lord in his providence has given the majority of us something for which we should be thankful, and it is natural for us to desire to give thanks unto this Giver of all good gifts. The Presidents of the United States have set apart the last Thursday of each November as a day of general thanksgiving for all. For this year, that day will be the 24th of November. May we hope that on that

Thanksgiving

day all the people will assemble at their places of worship and make it truly a day of thanksgiving.

But, while we have much for which to be grateful, let us not forget that there are others who have not been so fortunate as we—some who have been visited by sorrow and disappointment, and who may feel that they have little for which to be thankful. Let us remember that we should not be content with returning thanks for our own good fortunes; but that we should also strive to make those who have been less fortunate feel that they too have something for which to return thanks. If we can and will do this, what a day of rejoicing will be the 24th of November!

**The Annual
of Class '06**

Recently it was decided by the Junior Class that they should get out an annual in their senior year. Accordingly, they have elected a staff and work has been begun. This may seem a little early to begin work on an annual that is to be issued nearly two years hence, but it shows, on the part of the class, a spirit of determination, and indicates that they mean to spare no time in their efforts to make their annual the best that has ever been gotten out at Clemson.

As yet, the only mentionable work done by this staff is that of the managers. The raising of funds is usually the most difficult question that confronts a class in getting out an annual; and, as this work devolves upon the managers, it is encouraging to note the signal success that has crowned their efforts so far. Almost every plan imaginable has been tried for this purpose before, but the plan of these managers at present is that of having occasional entertainments in the chapel.

The first of these entertainments was given on the evening of October the 14th, by Miss Helen Jean Reed, teacher of elocution at Converse College. Miss Reed is an accomplished elocutionist and certainly, consciously or uncon-

sciously, has the art of pleasing the Clemson boys. Her entertainment was superior to many of those we have on the regular lyceum course, and was thoroughly enjoyed by both students and faculty. We are in sympathy with every effort of this staff and wish to congratulate its managers on securing an entertainment by Miss Reed, and hope that they may again secure her, as well as others of equal merit.

Labor and Capital

When we come to consider economic questions, the first one that presents itself for consideration is that of labor. This question is one of vital concern to both laborer and capitalist, and, hence, involves very materially the industrial interests of our country. No industrial enterprise was ever established without capital, or operated without labor. Hence, it seems that these two factors of industry, being so essential to each other, would work together harmoniously. Yet, what a chasm divides them—what an antagonistic spirit the one seems to have for the other!

Can it be that this difference between these two rival but co-ordinate elements of industry is to exist always? Can it be that there is no common ground upon which labor and capital can meet and exchange mutual greetings, each recognizing the rights of the other while guarding its own? Is it possible that here in free America, where "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none" is supposed to be the guiding principle, labor must keep up an incessant clamor in order that it may receive a just portion of its products, while capital, securely established, holds undisturbed sway?

This is an age of great industrial activity, and in order that the greatest success may be achieved, all phases of it should work in harmony. But, so long as labor is in a state of dissatisfaction; so long as labor is victimized by the greed and tyrannized over by the relentless power of capital, will this condition be impossible. Not until a more righteous

understanding between labor and capital has been reached; not until a fuller realization of the mutual helpfulness of the one to the other has been attained, can we hope for this. And, then, shall we have a more perfect, a more stable, industrial system—one from which capital will derive only its just rewards and from which labor will receive its proper recognition while pursuing the even tenor of its way and enjoying the full benefits of its efforts.

**The Peace
Congress**

On the third of October, the thirteenth annual session of the International Peace Congress convened in Boston. To this congress were gathered delegates from all the great countries of the globe, all prominent in their home lands, and each representing a national sentiment for universal peace. From such a representative gathering, imbued with a spirit of peace and good will toward man, much good should result; and, most certainly, it should redound greatly to the establishment and advancement of universal concord.

One of the most notable incidents of this congress was the meeting and hand-shaking of two of the delegates from the belligerent nations of Japan and Russia. This may not be regarded as an extraordinary occurrence, but it shows that a feeling of good will, of peace, of justice, and of proper relationship is so strongly present, that, while the armies of two great nations are prosecuting, on Oriental soil, one of the bloodiest wars of history, delegates from these same nations, in a peace conference in America, can exchange friendly greetings and associate themselves together in promoting the cause of peace among all the nations of the world. Surely this is a good omen—one which shows that the regard of nation for nation was never greater than at present. It shows that, though nations may still sometimes go to war, all strife is confined to the battle field, and, without the hovering clouds of battle, peace and mutual fellowship reign supreme.



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

The first magazine to come to our table is the "*Red and White*," of A. & M. College of N. C. This magazine is neatly gotten up, and, considering that it is the first for this year, and that it was gotten out so soon, is very good. The stories on the whole are good. We are glad to see that it also has a good deal of poetry in it. The "Queen of the Moon-beams" is well written, but its tragic ending causes the reader an indescribable feeling of sadness. "Jack Dillon's Love" is so much like other stories that we have read, that we could almost tell the result as soon as we started reading it. Would it not be better in such stories to change the plot somewhat? The Local and Athletics Departments are well gotten up, and on the whole, as we said before, the magazine is very good.

Our next exchange is the "*Student Record*," from Nevada State University. "Joe, the Cabin Boy," gives us a good picture of a sailor's life, and is interesting, especially as it is a true experience. "The Thing Necessary" is fairly good. "A New Aspirant" is well written, and goes to show what a man can do when he tries. This paper, though, is sadly lacking in poetry. Have our Western friends no poets? The lack of poetry detracts very much from a college paper, and we think that this evil should be remedied at once.

The "*Crimson and White*" is not as good a paper as we think a university should get out. It has only one story, and that an essay on the World's Fair. It is true that this paper is a weekly, but it should contain more stories than one. Its Local Department, however, is very good.

Although the first part of the "*Trinity Archive*" is very weighty matter, we make no criticisms of it, knowing the circumstances under which it was put in. "Going West" is a good description and, while reading it, one can almost feel the prairie breezes in his face. The author treats the subject well, but he should take more pains with his English, as we find several small mistakes in it. The poem, "Life and Death," is very good. "The Undoing of Sophomore Jim" is a true picture of the college life of many boys. May they take warning from Jim's fate, and not have to go home "on account of their health." The editorials are good, and show that the editor has given some time to their preparation.

We regret very much that the "*Orange and Blue*" has been misplaced in some way, and assure its editors that it will not happen again.

The "*Central Collegian*" is not in an attractive cover, and is not well gotten up. The President's address was read with pleasure. This contains many good, wholesome thoughts for young people. Otherwise the "*Collegian*" is almost a failure.

The "*Wake Forest Student*," another of our exchanges, is full of interesting matter. "*The Student*" is holding her own as far as the short, snappy stories go. These are, or should be, appreciated, for it is not often that snappy stories can be written by college students.

"The Convict" and "To the Mountains of North Carolina" show that there are some poets in the school. "Byron's Place in Literature," and "George Peele—a Study of His Works," are not very interesting, but they show that the writers have the power of getting hold of facts. The short

stories, "A Leap Year Story," "the Initiation of Tom Wilkes," and a "Tragedy in One Act," are very pretty.

The editorial department is well gotten up, and shows that the Editor-in-Chief is well up on the improvements and needs of Wake Forest.

Our exchange list is not yet complete. We hope soon to have all the college magazines of this section of country on it. So far, the magazines we have criticised are the only ones which have come in. We can hardly afford to criticise the others for being late, as THE CHRONICLE itself is not on time, owing to the change made in the style of binding. We hope hereafter always to be on time.

Clippings

HER FIRST KISS.

A gushing young woman once said that her first kiss made her feel like a tub of butter swimming in honey, cologne, nutmeg and cranberries, and as though something was running down her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several Cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded with lilacs and honeysuckle, and the whole spread with melted rainbow and blue sky.

—*Ex.*

The latest military toast to the ladies—

Our arms your defence,
Your arms our recompense.
Fall in!

—Dedicated to the '05 Sponsors.—*Ex.*

"Darling, are you cold?" he asked.

"Indeed, I fear I shall freeze."

"Wouldn't a coat be comfortable, dear?"

"Thank you, I want just a sleeve." —*Ex.*

MILLENIUM.

Some day, when the negro no longer steals,
We'll ride in wagons without any wheels;
When the sun sets where now it rises,
And the poor man wins the lottery prizes;
Tramps will be delighted to work,
and dagos refuse to carry a dirk;
The automobile will be safe and sound,
And a dishonest man cannot be found.
We'll cross the ocean without any ships,
And Seniors will all be given "dips,"
Money will grow on all the trees,
And checks will float in every breeze. —*Ex.*

The clock struck nine, I looked at Kate,
Whose lips were luscious red;
"At quarter after nine I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.
She cast a roguish look at me,
And then she whispered low,
With just the sweetest smile:
"That clock is fifteen minutes slow." —*Ex.*

He—Don't you think this bench would be more comfortable if it had a back?

She—I think *arms* would make it just as comfortable.
—*Ex.*

Teacher—"What is an Indian wife called?"

Freshman—"A squaw."

Teacher—"Correct. Now, what is an Indian baby called?"

Freshman—"A squawker." —*Ex.*



E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

Clemson, 18; University of Alabama, 0.

The first game of the season resulted in a victory for Clemson at Birmingham, Ala. Fifteen and twenty minute halves were played. One touch-down in the first, and two in the second half. The features of the game were the superb kicking of Holland and the steady gains made by Furtick and Derrick.

Mr. E. H. Muller, a former cadet, and a member of the Class of '04, accidentally killed himself while hunting near Charleston.

Mr. A. E. Hollman, of '04, has accepted a position with the Piedmont Electric Co., of Anderson. Mr. Hollman was on the campus recently.

Misses Thatch and Green, two of Converse's most charming young ladies, were recent visitors at Mrs. P. H. Mell's.

Miss Elizabeth de Barrie Gill, contralto singer, reader and harpist, missed her train and failed to appear at Clemson, much to the sorrow of the disappointed cadets.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, a dancing club was organized to consist of Seniors only. The object of the club is to give a number of dances during the year. Mr. F. E. Cope was elected President of the club, and Mr. C. P. Ballinger, Secretary and Treasurer.

"All cadets having extras will commence waking (walking) 9 a. m., to-morrow morning."

"By order of

"By order of F. E. COPE, O. D."

Among the permits taken to the Commandant's office recently, appeared the following:

The Adjutant Clemson Corps Cadets—Sir: I have the honor to apply for a position as Corporal in Company "B."

Very respectfully,

W. M. GARLINGTON.

The following ministers have filled the Clemson pulpit since the opening of the college: Dr. A. J. Wardlaw, Dr. John Kershaw, Rev. E. O. Watson, Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, Rev. W. P. Witsell, and Dr. W. R. Richardson.

The many friends of Mr. Jas. A. Brice, of the Junior Class, were glad to hear of his success in winning the cadetship at West Point. Mr. Brice was a hard student, and will be greatly missed by his class. He has gone home to spend the winter, before going to the Academy, next June.

Cadet J. Knox Simpson, of the Senior Class, has obtained an honorable discharge. He will leave in a few days for Johns Hopkins, where he will study medicine. We wish Cadet Simpson much success in his new study.

The Junior Class, realizing the amount of work it will take to get out a first class Annual in 1906, have elected the staff officers. This class is a thriving class, and will no doubt get out the best Annual that Clemson has ever had. Manager Southard has arranged to have a number of entertainments during the year, the proceeds to go to the Annual.

Ask "Old man" Wise about compound interest.

Fred H. H. Calhoun is a native of New York State. After graduating at the Auburn, N. Y., High School in '94, he entered Chicago University. During the four years of his undergraduate life, he was prominent in athletics. In his Senior year he was captain of the track team. He was also a member of the Phi Delta Theta and the Alpha Nu fraternities.

In '98 he held the senior scholarship in Geology, and in '99 a graduate scholarship. From 1900-1902 he was a Fellow at the University. From his graduation until receiving his Ph. D., in 1902, he was on the University faculty and conducted field classes in Wisconsin and Montana. He still has charge of Physiography in the University of Chicago Correspondence School.

In 1900 Dr. Calhoun was appointed Assistant Geologist on the United States Geological Survey. The results of his research work on the glacial and drainage problems of Montana will be published shortly.

In 1902 he was called to the chair of Geology and Physics in Illinois College, which he held until his appointment at Clemson.

Professor : Mr. Means, what is the feminine of monk?

Pres. A. B. Means : Monkey, sir.

Keasler : I wonder if we have to stay up here till they send that basket (elevator) for us?

Mr. W. M. McWhorter, of '04, is now employed at Portman, with the Anderson Water, Light and Power Co. Mr. McWhorter was on the campus recently.

Auburn defeated Clemson by a score of 5 to 0. The touch-down was made in the first half in 9 1-2 minutes of play, but Auburn failed to kick goal. Some of the features were the long run of Foy for Auburn, and the good gains of Derrick, Furtick and Holland, of Clemson. The halves were twenty minutes each. Referee, Beaver; Umpire, Watkins; Timekeepers, Professor Henry, of Clemson, and Professor Hill, of Auburn.

The line-up was as follows :

Clemson.

Auburn.

Keasler.....	Center	Butler
McLaurin	Right Guard.....	Moon
Gooding.....	Left Guard	Rigney
Camp.....	Right Tackle.....	Jones
Derrick.....	Left Tackle	Streit
Williams.....	Right End.....	Wilkinson
Ellison	Left End	Patterson
Watkins	Right Half Back...	Reynolds (Capt.)
Furtick.....	Left Half Back.....	Foy
Holland (Capt.).....	Full Back	Lacey

"Rat" Crisp : Say, will they report a man for sleeping with his gun.

Ask "Cousin Tom" Williams how his "paper-weights" are getting on.

Mrs. Bonds, of Atlanta, has been visiting Mrs. Mell, the past month.

Professor Poats: Mr. Keel, how many feet are there in a rod?

Keel: 320, sir.

"Ruck" Taylor: I want to know what an exchange is.

An Agricultural Society has been organized to discuss agricultural subjects. Its members consist of agricultural students of the Junior and Senior Classes.

Ask McLaurin if he ever got any one to hold his mosquito net down.

Prof. D.: Mr. Williamson, what is the plural of rat?

"Sparrow" W.: Mice, sir.

Miss May Riggs, of Orangeburg, is visiting her brother, Prof. W. M. Riggs.

Adjutant McIver, reading orders: "Clemson College, South Carolina, S. C."

Styles Trenton Howard. Born in Breckinridge County, Ky., October 10, '77. Training in public schools until twenty. Taught three years in public schools. Entered class in Mechanical Engineering at State College of Kentucky, 1900. Graduated June, 1904, receiving B. M. E. degree. Instructor in Wood Work, Forge Work and Mechanical Drawing.

Misses Watkins, Prevost, Acker, Patrick, and O'Donnell were among the visitors who attended the Auburn-Clemson game.

"Rat" Blake, looking at the Parker-Davis pin: "Say, is that a firm in your town?"

"Polly," to what denomination do you belong?

Pollitzer: My people are Episcopal, but I am Agricultural.

The German Club gave its second dance of the year in the Agricultural Hall, on Friday, the 21st ult.

Miss Mary Orr, of Anderson, attended the Auburn-Clemson game.

The following are the appointments made in the corps of cadets for session 1904-05:

To be Lieutenant and Adjutant.....E. R. McIver.
 " " Lieutenant Quartermaster.....J. W. Ruff.
 " " Chief Musician.....L. P. Slattery.
 " " Sergeant Major.....I. W. Bull.
 " " Quartermaster Sergeant.....O. L. Derrick.
 " " Color Sergeant.....J. E. Johnson.
 " " Drum Major.....L. R. Hoyt.

To be Captains—

B. O. Kennedy,	C. J. Lemmon,
H. W. Barre,	C. P. Ballinger,
A. J. Speer,	J. M. Jenkins,
L. E. Boykin,	F. E. Cope.

To be Lieutenants—

F. M. Routh,	G. B. Holland,
R. L. Link,	M. L. Murph,
E. E. Porter,	R. P. Evans,
T. R. Elliott,	M. B. Sams,
E. B. Dibble,	J. C. Richardson,
W. S. Beaty,	J. C. Goggans,
S. Sorentine,	W. H. Taylor,
C. E. Lathrop,	F. W. Lachicotte.

To be 1st Sergeants—

F. T. Barton,	W. P. White,
W. A. Keenan,	C. W. Mack,
M. A. Savage,	A. G. Ellison,
J. A. Killian,	S. L. Johnson.

To be Sergeants—

C. B. Abell,	A. R. McAllily,
W. R. Smith,	W. J. Latimer,
W. A. Sanders,	A. P. DuBose,
J. M. Moss,	A. N. Whiteside,
S. P. Harper,	D. F. Cherry,
J. C. Boesch,	L. B. Jacobs,
T. E. Stokes,	J. H. McLain,
C. A. Granger,	C. McLaurin,
F. M. Dwight,	T. H. J. Williams,
J. C. Summers,	S. L. Webb,
C. Coles,	F. E. Thomas,
J. L. Woodruff,	W. C. Moore,
J. A. Geezer,	W. Beckett,
D. G. Adams,	J. J. Roach,
T. L. Goodwin,	S. W. Cannon,
H. W. Schumpert,	J. V. Philips,
J. A. Brice,	F. B. McLaurin,
L. G. Southard,	K. O. Rhinehart,
F. R. Sweeney,	J. N. Wright.

To be Corporals—

S. R. Perrin,	W. A. Latimer,
L. S. Horton,	L. Boggs,
C. E. Jones,	J. W. McLendon,
W. O. Scott,	H. P. Moses,
F. M. Furtick,	L. C. Boone,
A. B. Taylor,	C. W. Wannamaker,
F. M. Stephenson,	J. P. Corey,

To be Corporals—Concluded.

R. L. Scott,	E. O. McCreight,
L. W. Perrin,	R. E. Dolton,
D. S. Hollis,	E. D. McCutcheon,
E. V. Garrett,	A. V. Bethea,
F. C. Bryant,	H. C. Crum,
P. J. Quattlebaum,	L. B. Rogers,
E. A. Crawford,	A. B. Hooks,
G. D. Curtis,	E. H. Kinsler,
J. B. Duckett,	M. H. Banks,
C. T. Pottinger,	P. W. Spencer,
W. W. Webb,	M. T. Scruggs,
J. S. Darby,	E. M. Kaminer,
J. O. Freeman,	R. A. Easterling,
S. T. Zemp,	J. M. Bryan,
J. B. Borley,	S. M. Pennell,
A. S. Heyward.	

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

L. E. Boykin, Editor-in-Chief. A. J. Speer, Business Mgr.

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"HOMEWARD, HOMEWARD, THE WHEELS
SEEM TO SAY,
AS THEY STRIKE THE RAILS
UPON THEIR WAY."

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1904 No. 3



H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - EDITORS

"Going Home"

Homeward, homeward, the wheels seem to say,
As they strike the rails upon their way,
Oh, how sweet the chime;
Back to the ones we love so dear,
For the happy days at the close of the year,
For it is Christmas time.

Christmas

Gently glimmering through the night,
The Star of the East looked down
Upon the Manger of the Right,
Shedding on earth refulgent light,
Teaching wise men in worldly might,
That a child had been born to crown.

And the child grew to manly years,
Loving his Maker as he grew;
Teaching mankind to have no fears,
That He had come to bear their cares;
He died to save sorrowful tears
Of all mankind. Not a few.

And though this child lived and died
So many centuries ago,
His name to-day in love is cried,
And few would care that love to hide,
While His people have multiplied,
Because He willed and wished it so.

On Christmas Day each year we pray,
With praise and love from thine own word,
We bless the memory of that day
When Jesus came from the Heavenly way
And saved *us* from sin and decay,
That we might honor Thee, O Lord.

H. C. TILLMAN, '03.

South Carolina Heroines in the American Revolution

(CONCLUDED.)

MRS. JANE THOMAS.

Mrs. Jane Thomas was the wife of John Thomas, a brave patriot. After the fall of Charleston, he was taken to Ninety-Six as an outpost, but his wife soon followed him,

riding sixty miles a day to wait upon him. While at Ninety-Six she overheard a conversation that the Tories intended to surprise the Whigs at Cedar Springs on the next night. Her son, John Thomas, Jr., was in command there and had only sixty men. This brave heroine, knowing that there was no time to be lost, started at daybreak next morning, and after a long, fatiguing ride, reached Cedar Springs in time to give her son and his men warning of the coming danger. That night the enemy came, but instead of finding the Whigs asleep, they found them ready to meet them with a volley of balls. The enemy quickly retreated, leaving their dead on the battle field.

REBECCA MOTTE.

Rebecca Motte was the daughter of an Englishman who settled in South Carolina. She was born in 1739, and married Jacob Motte in 1758, who died during the Revolution. Her mansion was seized by the invaders, during the occupation of South Carolina by the British, who built a mound of earth around it, causing her to retire to a farm house on the plantation. Francis Marion and Henry Lee laid siege to Fort Motte, as the post was called, and when informed of the British reinforcements coming not twenty miles distant, thought of setting fire to the house, but were unwilling to destroy Mrs. Motte's property. She told them not to hesitate, and brought them an African bow and some arrows. With these they threw fire upon the house, causing the garrison to surrender immediately.

Hawthorne, the historian, says: "After the battle of Sullivan's Island, when the flag-staff was broken, Rebecca Motte and other fair women of Charleston prepared another set of colors, wrought in silk, and she, the fairest of them all, fair-haired and Juno-like, stepped forward and gave them to Moultrie and Motte, with those low-spoken words

that sink into brave men's hearts and make a glory there as long as they live. They do not need to give the promise; we know, beforehand, that those flags 'Shall be honorably supported and shall never be tarnished.' "

The country of lakes, the country of lands,
The country of States none can sever;
The country of hearts, the country of hands,
And the flags of our Country forever!

DICEY LANGSTON.

Still another heroine of South Carolina to whom the Americans were frequently indebted for important intelligence was Dickey, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Solomon Langston, of Laurens District. Dickey's brother, who was ardently devoted to the American cause, and living in Spartanburg District, could receive information from his sister without the discovery of her agency. As she was surrounded by Tories, some of whom were her own relatives, she found it easy to make herself acquainted with their schemes and movements, and did not hesitate to communicate what she learned to the Whigs on the other side of the Enoree River. After a while suspicion was aroused among the Tory neighbors, and Mr. Langston was informed that he would be held responsible for the conduct of his daughter. The girl was commanded by her father to cease from her patriotic treachery. This command she obeyed for a while; but having accidentally heard that a company of Tories, who had received the name of "Bloody Scout," were about to visit Elder Settlement, where her brother and his friends lived, she determined to inform them of the intended expedition. To keep her neighbors from knowing of her plans, she was obliged to leave home in the dead hour of the night. The road she had to travel crossed bogs and creeks, where there were no bridges or foot-logs. Her courage almost

failed when she came to the Tyger, a deep and rapid stream, for there was no possible way of crossing it except by wading through the ford, which she knew to be a dangerous one at ordinary times, but still more dangerous now on account of the late rains. The thought of personal danger weighed not with her in comparison to her duty to country and friends. So, to accomplish her project, she determined to brave everything or die in the attempt. The hand of Providence protected her while in the waters that reached to her neck, and, after wandering for some time, she reached the other side and found her way to her brother's. She informed him of the intended surprise, and urged him and his friends to depart instantly in different directions. Though weary, wet, and shivering with cold, she was ready to prepare something to eat for the soldiers that had just come in, and complained of being faint from want of food. After putting what she prepared for them in their shot pouches, they hurried off and alarmed their neighbors in time for all of them to escape.

At a late period in the Revolution, a party of Royalists came to Mr. Langston's house. One of the men drew his pistol and was about to shoot the old man, when Dicey sprang between her aged father and the weapon. She was ordered to get out of the way or the contents of the pistol would be lodged in her, but instead of obeying the orders, she threw her arms around her father's neck and declared that her own body should first receive the fatal bullet. The conduct of Dicey on this occasion filled the hearts of the scouts with so much admiration that they spared the father, and left the house with their hearts touched by her bravery and affection.

On another occasion a party of Whigs stopped at Mr. Langston's house to get something to eat for themselves and their horses, and informed Dicey that they were going to visit one of their Tory neighbors, a peaceful man, for

the purpose of seizing his horses. She, not wanting to see even an enemy wronged, started to warn the man of the danger of his horses. As she was about to return, she discovered that the man was not only making plans to save his horses, but was going to inform the Captain of a Tory band not far distant, so that he might capture the Liberty men before they were aware of it. She lost no time in informing her Whig friends, and thus saved their lives as well as her enemy's horses.

While returning home from a Whig settlement one day, Miss Langston met a company of Tories, who ordered her to give them some information they desired about those whom she had just left. She refused. The Captain of the band drew his pistol and ordered her to give the desired information or die in her tracks. Miss Langston replied, "Shoot if you dare, I will not tell you!" at the same time taking a large handkerchief from around her neck to make a place to receive the contents of the pistol. The man was about to fire, when a soldier knocked up the weapon and saved her life.

At one time her brother, James, left his gun with her to keep hid for him until he sent for it with his countersign. A company of Liberty men came to get James' gun and return her father's. When they asked for it, she immediately went and got it, but as she did so, she happened to think that she had neglected to ask for the countersign, and that after all they might be enemies, so she demanded the countersign. One of the men said, "It is too late for you to make conditions, for the gun and holder are in our possession." "Do you think so?" said the heroic girl, cocking the rifle and pointing it towards the speaker; "then take charge of it." The men laughed, gave the countersign, and pronounced her worthy of being the sister of the owner of the gun.

“ 'Tis beauty that doth make women proud.”

“ 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired.”

But, “ 'Tis heroism that makes them seem divine.”

KATE DILLARD.

Kate Dillard cannot be better described than by her famous ride.

One night, through the blast of the storm and the down-pour of rain, 'mid the peal of the thunder, the flashes of light, Kate Dillard rode swiftly through tempest and darkness. A woman! out such a night as this! Can her life be in danger to venture such ride? Still nobler a motive, still higher an aim, have counselled her action—to rescue her brethren from ruin and fall. At the risk of her welfare, at the risk of her health, at the risk of her fortune, did she ride.

She looked back in the direction she came, a dread conflagration reddened the firmament. “ 'Tis our cottage!” she mutters. “Well, let it burn! The safety of hundreds is greater concerned.” She escaped from her foes while they sat, at supper, at her house. Mounting a horse, she rode to the southward, to foil their pursuit, and returned by a round-about way to the road she wanted to go. She heard the foes plot to surprise Captain Clarke, and determined to warn him. Onward she galloped for many a mile, until she was stopped by a sentinel of Captain Clarke's command. Her message she told, then no time was lost to place dummies, well dressed and disposed like soldiers asleep and of life-like display, while the men hid in ambush. At the break of the day, Ferguson's band came up and charged on the sleeping dummies. “Surrender!” they shouted, but not a reply. “Surrender!” then thundered the Patriots. So the surprisers themselves were surprised, and it took only a few moments to rout and defeat them.

"And all through the battle, like another Joan of Arc,
Kate Dillard was leading with Colonel Frank Clark;
But an Angel of Mercy, when the fight was at end,
She attended the wounded of foe and of friend."

"Moonlight on the Hudson"

Miss Bessie Hudson, a beautiful North Carolina girl, was visiting at Boyd's home. Besides being beautiful, this young lady was accomplished. She used the very best of English, and was well read, for she could converse about all of the latest books; she could mount and ride the very wildest horse that could be found in the country; but what seemed best to Boyd was that she could sing well, and that she could play the piano. Time after time, Boyd would sit and listen to her music, and while listening to the melody, he would think that Paradise could be no better than this. And so every time that he heard her play he was more and more charmed with her.

As the days passed, Boyd's fondness for her grew. Every time that he saw her, he thought she was prettier and sweeter than she had seemed to be the time before. Truly, thought he, if there are angels on earth, certainly she must be one of them. Her soft, brown eyes charmed him; her kind disposition pleased him; and so he thought that he at last had met his ideal.

They were in the parlor alone; presently Boyd asked her if she wouldn't play "Moonlight on the Hudson" for him.

"I have never known any one to ask for that piece of music to be played for him, unless he was in love," said she. "Come now, be honest, tell me truly, who may the lucky maiden be?" "Why, such a thing," said Boyd; but he was thinking of how he would break the news to her. "Such a thing, you can't fool me; tell me, and then I'll play the piece of music for you." "Well, Bessie, if you just will

have it, I'll tell you—I love *you*, and you alone. Since I met you, I fully realize that I have never loved any one before. Every day that I see you, I feel it more and more. I have loved you since we first met; I love you now; I'll love you forever." "I was never so shocked before," said she; "this is all so sudden and unexpected." "Bessie, won't you love me? Please tell me yes. Soften your heart, won't you?" "Why, Boyd, do you mean to say that I have a steel heart?" "Tell me that you'll love me, that is all that I want," said Boyd, in a persuasive tone of voice. "I'll play 'Moonlight on the Hudson' for you." So she touched the keys of the piano, and the sweet strains of the music sank to the very depths of his soul. He thought of the future. He dreamed that, some night, he, with Bessie, would really see the moonlight on the Hudson. And so he stayed in this dreamlike stupor, which, perhaps, was caused by the sweet music, and by his daring courage also, until the time for retiring came; so they bade each other good night and went to their rooms, each thinking of what had happened.

Days passed, and it was now only two days until Miss Hudson would return to her home. Boyd thought that he must put in good time now. So, late that evening, he proposed to Miss Hudson to go driving. She was equally as anxious to go; for she now wanted to tell him just exactly how things were. "I'll again tell her how deeply, how devotedly, I love her, and maybe she will give me her promise this time," thought he, as he was driving up for her. They started off on this wished-for ride. Just as they drove by the railway station the operator ran out to the road and tossed into the buggy a telegram addressed to Miss Bessie Hudson. She opened it, and read it. It ran thus: "I'll reach J— to-night, at eight-forty. H. M. Steel." "Now, isn't he a darling to come all of the way from North Carolina just to see me?" Boyd did not speak; but he

drove on. "We are only friends, you know. I have known him for only five months." Again Boyd didn't speak. "He is just as cute as he can be—in fact, he is just one of the very nicest kind of boys—I like him so much." This time Boyd wouldn't speak. "Why don't you talk; what is wrong?" A long silence followed. Presently Boyd said: "I suppose that we had better go back home, so that you will have time to dress before 'the darling' comes." "That tone of voice hurts me. Mr. Steel and I are only friends." Again a long silence followed. Soon the house was reached, and Miss Hudson, thanking Boyd for the ride, and assuring him that she had enjoyed it, went into the house to prepare for "the darling's" coming. Just after the train came, Steel came up to Boyd's house to see Miss Hudson. He stayed rather late that night. The following evening, Miss Hudson and Mr. Steel left J— to go driving. About seven o'clock that evening the two drove by Boyd's house. But the news of their marriage, in a little town only five miles away, had already preceded them; so, when Boyd saw them coming, he went into the house to keep them from seeing him. They went to Hotel J— and registered as H. M. Steel and wife.

It was a moonlight night. Everything was glorious, and the whole heavens were studded with stars. Boyd was coming up street, pulling on his best friend—a Virginia Bright cigarette—he was crazy, delirious, bewildered, or something was wrong with him. Just as he was passing by the hotel he happened to glance upward, and there in the window, just where the rays of the moon fell directly on them, were two people. There, all gowned in white, with her hair hanging loosely down her back, and the garment gathered round her Grecian figure just tight enough to show its perfect contour, stood a woman, and on bended knees was a man, with his arms around her beautiful waist; he was looking up into her brown eyes; she was caressing

him with her hands; both were in paradise, and they were unconscious of their very existence.

Boyd saw at once that it was H. M. Steel and his wife; so he lowered his head and walked on home, carrying within him a broken heart. When he got into bed, he rolled and tossed; he thought of everything that had happened while they were together. He remembered having asked her to play for him "Moonlight on the Hudson;" but to-night it was not exactly "Moonlight on the Hudson," but rather it was "Moonlight on the Steels." L. G. SOUTHARD, '06.

A Soldier's Experience

There he lay, all but dead. With an effort that sent a paroxysm of pain through him, the man turned on his side and cast one long and hopeless glance up the mountain-side that afforded him no shelter or means of escape. Even this little exertion had caused the blood to trickle again from the ugly wound made by the bullet directed by the keen true eye of a Spanish scout. With a trembling hand he reached a handful of dew moist leaves, and placed them at his now aching side. This afforded him some momentary relief as it sent its cooling influence over his feverish body.

How he wished for a drink of cool water; his parched lips felt as though they would crack and his veins like they were on fire; yet he dared not move for fear of being detected by some scout, who would make short work of him. Thirst was fast driving him mad, he must have some relief. In desperation he filled his mouth with some leaves and grass in hopes of moistening his now burning lips, and turned over to bear his sufferings like a man and a soldier.

Thought upon thought, plan after plan, passed through his excited brain. How was he to make his escape? He thought of ways, but none of them seemed practicable or even possible in his case. Nothing but the arrival of friends could bear him safely from among his sneaking, hiding foes.

At last his thoughts turned to his old country home in the fair South-land. The neat cosy cottage at the end of an avenue of large majestic oaks had never meant to him just what it did now. He could see the face of his kind mother, as she had prayed God's deepest blessing upon him as he bade her farewell to answer the call of his country. The most beautiful of all pictures now came vividly before him. He could see her—the one for whom he would sacrifice all else; the one that made the hard duties and responsibilities of life a pleasure. There she stood in the twilight, lovelier than ever before, yet upon her face there was an expression of anxiety, as though she was longing for some one's return. Could he ever satisfy her desire, could he ever return to claim the hand that had been promised him a few months before; or was he to die alone, uncared for on the rugged mountain-side of a foreign land? The very idea sent a thrill of horror through his frame. Was she to wait in vain and probably never hear of him again? Could she think that he was false to his promise, and had been drawn from her by some city coquette; or would she think that he had died like a soldier should die—doing his duty? He had exhausted himself, his fever was fast running up, and he fainted away.

When he awoke all nature seemed to be at peace about him. The moon shone from a cloudless, tropical sky, and sent its beams of light dancing and skipping over the little stream not twenty feet away. The low breeze murmured through the tall majestic pines, and seemed to be mourning over just what he knew not; neither cared he to know, for a spell of despair had settled upon him. He drew his shining revolver from its leather case, and with trembling fingers took the last ball from his cartridge box and carefully arranged it in its proper place. Slowly he raised the weapon to his temple and tried to draw the trigger, but his trembling fingers failed him and he had time to think. What crime

was he about to commit? At the thought, the pistol dropped from his hand and he was saved.

Away on the mountain path he saw slowly advancing a column of cavalry; at first his heart sank within him, but as they rounded a sharp turn in the path, he saw his beloved Stars and Stripes floating proudly at the head of the column. New life seemed to come in his exhausted body, and with one desperate effort he raised himself and yelled aloud for help. They heard his faint cries, and the brave soldier boy was saved to his mother, his sweetheart, and his country.

F. T. BARTON, '06.

The Athens of the South

"Lexington—the finest mountain town—

Doubly loved by the South, art thee;

For from thee came Jackson superb,

And to thee came immortal Lee."

'Tis a strange coincidence that the lives of these greatest Southern chieftains should have been so closely connected with this little city in the mountains—the Athens of the South.

Jackson, loved and respected by all, lived here before the war, and taught in the Virginia Military Institute. The house in which he lived still stands opposite the court house square, and will eventually be turned into a Memorial Hospital by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Presbyterian Church which he attended is still spoken of in loving terms as "Jackson's church." "Uncle Jap," an old darkey, still lives to tell of his master's greatness and of the battles he fought and won. In the cemetery, a bronze statue marks the last resting place of the mortal remains of this man that the South loves so well.

After the war, the trustees of Washington College called Robert E. Lee to the President's chair, and he accepted.

Thus it was that he, too, came to live in Lexington. He lived here until his death, and during his presidency Washington College grew phenomenally. The name was changed to Washington and Lee University after him, and in honor of his unswerving devotion to duty. He is buried in the Memorial Chapel on the campus, and Valentine's reclining statue, which marks the spot, is a work of art worthy of its great subject.

This Athens of the South contains two of the best known of Southern schools. The Virginia Military Institute is far-famed as the West Point of the South, and its list of graduates show some of the South's bravest and best men. Washington and Lee University has stood for over a century and a half as academy, college and university. Its proud record, traditions, and general spirit can no better be shown than by the students' motto:

"Ye will not walk ignoble ways,
Ye dare not seek unworthy aims,
Ye cannot do a deed that shames
Those heroes of our holiest days!
Your oath a Roman oath must be,
Sworn with a faith that will not yield—
Sworn on the doubly sacred shield
Of Washington and Lee."

Thirteen miles from Lexington stands the Natural Bridge, one of the wonders of the world. All around are spots of more or less interest, and in the cemetery are the remains of some of Virginia's most honored sons.

The very air is charged with glorious history. A man cannot help but feel a noble spirit which comes to him from the days in the past. A glorious heritage has fallen to Lexington people, and they bear it in honor and reverence. Nothing more enduring to the South can be said of this mountain town than to say that it is the last resting place of Jackson and Lee.

Lexington, Va.

H. C. TILLMAN, '03.

A Mountain Tragedy

Up among the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the hills are so steep that the branches of the trees brush the sides, there lived a family named Hines, and it is with Sam— youngest son of “Old Man Hines”—that this story deals.

Sam was very fond of straying among the hills, in his blue calico shirt-waist and his long trousers rolled up half way to his knees. Although he was only twelve years old, he kept the family well supplied with berries and mild fruits, and, like the squirrel, he began hoarding nuts as soon as the frost had opened the burrs and shells. This was his only employment, for his father and two older brothers leisurely tended the few acres of rock-crowded cabbage that composed the farm. Sam's family was not what might be called enlightened people—never having even wished for an opportunity of attending school—“Whar,” in the Hines dialect, “they teach a fellow to live 'thout workin’.”

One November morning Sam took his flour sack, and calling Shem, the flea-bitten but faithful hound, set out for the old hickory-nut tree which was on the top of the mountain just above his home. He reached the top puffing, and found that he would have to climb the tree in order to fill his sack. So he swung his sack over his shoulder and climbed up.

“Purty cool day for climbin’,” he observed to the dog. Shem, however, not being acquainted with Seton Thompson, didn't appear to understand, but merely sniffed at an old squirrel track.

Sam went almost to the top of the tree, and there, swaying at every puff of wind, he pulled handfuls of nuts and dropped them into his sack. He had almost succeeded in filling it when he spied a big hoot-owl in the nearest tree.

“Great golly!” he yelled. “Ain't he a whopper! Guess he thinks I ain't wuth noticin’.” Just then he dropped his precious sack, and, swinging by his left hand, he tried to

catch the sack in his right, but his numbed fingers refused to support his weight and, after a scramble, he followed the sack.

He opened his eyes. What was that dull, aching pain in his head. Then he remembered. But he must get home. He had often heard of people fainting in the woods and not being found until it was too late.

He got up and tried to walk. His head swam. He found that his arm was bleeding profusely. Then he *knew* that he must go, and go quickly; so he mustered all his strength and forced himself along toward what he thought was home.

Just a little way from the top of the mountain, about a stone's throw from where he fell, was the shaft of an abandoned corundum mine, and it was toward this that Sam was unconsciously making his way. The bare bushes struck him as he passed, and overhead the birds that were late in returning south kept up their monotonous twittering.

Sam pushed on, until he was on the very edge of the yawning hole. There he suddenly became conscious that something was not exactly right, and turned to retreat, but the earth, which had been loosened by the autumn frosts, gave way beneath his feet. With a sharp cry and a desperate clutch at a twig, he shot downwards, to be tossed from side to side in the shaft and battered by the sharp rocks in the bottom.

Down in the cabin they waited for Sam until way in the night, but no Sam came. Then the father and brothers searched the woods. Away up on the mountain they heard the dismal cry of a dog in distress. They recognized Shem's voice, and hurrying up to where the dog had howled, they saw by the clear starlight the dog walking around uneasily, always peering into the darkness of the shaft. The oldest brother went for a lantern and reflected its light into the hole. Then they saw him.

They knew there was no way to draw the body out without a very long rope, which couldn't be found within miles; so they brought the mother up to take a last loving look at the son she had reared amid many troubles. Then they shoveled in dirt, thus removing all but the memory of the youngest of the Hines's.

A. A. M., '06.

The Problem of Lynching

To a close observer of history, there is a close and subtle relation between cause and effect, in their bearings upon the social problems of a period. Each generation has its own problems to solve, and in the solution of one problem is often set in motion forces that gain such momentum as to become a problem in themselves for the next generation. Such a case in this country is that of lynching.

Lynching, while excusable or perhaps necessary in certain cases, where justice would otherwise miscarry, is a species of authority that, with no excuse, is a disgrace to our people, and threatens the existence of our civil law. Time after time we hear of these outbreaks, until we begin to look upon lynching as a matter-of-fact, common-place occurrence, that is to be expected whenever any unusually brutal crime has been committed. Each one excuses the brutal mob and its disregard for law, until the public take little notice of a lynching, unless in some way unusually barbarous. It is assumed that, beyond a certain limit of provocation, men cannot restrain themselves, nor need not take time to calmly judge the deeds of the heartless wretch, while his prompt punishment will be a vivid lesson to others. But in this there is danger. Danger, that we hardly see, of men yielding to their lower instincts, and disregarding law, until it will lead to the breaking down of the present order, and giving instead the violence and chaos of anarchy.

There are some phases of the subject that we may best take up separately—the true nature of lynching, a review of causes, and some practical remedy for this social evil.

First, what is the nature of this evil that fastens its fangs so firmly in the hearts of our people? Lynching is the outburst of popular fury on the commission of some grave crime, which usually expresses itself in the summary execution of the supposed offender, by the incensed mob. But they forget that angry men are not capable of fair judgment, that lynching is necessarily the work of a mob, and that a mob is a cowardly aggregation, acting with the thought, and howling with the intelligence and fury of the storm.

One of the reasons why lynching has so firm a grip upon the public, is that of its historical causes and development. During the first settlements, while this country was still young, and the courts were not yet established, if a crime were committed, it fell to the good people of the neighborhood to seek redress. They would come together, hunt down the criminal, and on catching him, would execute the rigorous mandates of frontier justice. For horse-stealing, highway robbery, and even lesser offenses, men were taken by their over-scrupulous neighbors to a convenient tree and there hanged. However, after the establishment of courts, there was little need for this primitive code, and it gave way to organized law and order.

But there was a break in this reign of law and order. With the confusions attending the readjustment after four years' civil strife, came more discord than years could harmonize. Then it was, that the law we had revered as a guarantee of safety, became the instrument with which ignorance tortured his victims, until manhood could stand it no more. Then was set in motion a force that of necessity must disregard the so-called law, until the law of might made it possible for men to live in peace. This force, the approaching lynch law, did a useful work; but its work was

soon done. Yet it continues to live and to grow, while the need for it is past, until it has become a reproach to our country.

Besides, it brings evils of two kinds: danger to life and property, and what is of far more consequence, the breeding in our youths of a contempt for all law. While the taking delight in these usual bloody scenes would more befit an Indian war dance or other savage orgies.

This is the danger that threatens our country, that of destroying the harmonizing influence of ages by this surviving relic of barbarism. Therefore, knowing the danger to which this is leading, let us see what remedy can be found. The first idea suggested is that of more stringent laws against mob interference. But to this is the ready answer: the laws are as strict as need be, but these, as well as the laws against crime, are not enforced. Here is the clue. Lax law is the excuse for lynching, and lax law gives lynchers little to fear. Who is to blame for this inefficiency of the courts? Some answer that it is the weak judges, others the unprincipled lawyers, and still others the chicken-hearted jurors, who will, when on his honor, fail to convict one man, and afterwards join a mob to punish another when his identity will be lost in the crowd. I do not think it is one of these reasons, but a combination of them all, and then backed by a sickly public sentiment.

But whoever is to blame, the people have it in their hands to correct this evil, and the simplest way of doing this is to arouse public sentiment by a just presentation of the facts.

This should be done, not so much for the poor heartless scoundrel, as for ourselves and our own people. Men cannot look upon the harrowing spectacle of human torture without sacrificing much that is sacred to human progress, nor engage in such brutal cruelty without losing that which has cost humanity ages to overcome. Then, for the sake of all that is good, let us lend our efforts to correct this evil.

E. E. P., '05.

"Consigned to Bachelorhood"

James, after spending a whole afternoon, was still trying to make up his mind as to which one of two charming girls he should make his wife. One of the girls was rich, the other had a sweet disposition. Presently he reached the conclusion that while the girl with the sweet disposition had no fortune, the girl with riches might possibly cultivate a pleasing manner. So the girl with the fortune it was to be, and having once made up his mind, he wondered how he could have ever had any doubt whatever on the subject.

Nevertheless, when he had completed the toilet, appropriate to the occasion, he hesitated at the gateway and deliberately turned in the direction of the home of the other girl. The fact was, he thought it would be well to see Mary, and just casually emphasize that it had been distinctly a friendship between them, so that she would not feel badly, when his engagement to the other girl was announced.

As he passed along the street, he thought of some very pretty and appropriate remarks that would, no doubt, prepare her for the news, and if she seemed to feel too badly about it, why, possibly—but Mary would betray no such emotion.

When he reached the house, he walked slowly past, went on around the block, stopped on the corner, then turned, went boldly back and up the steps. By this time he began to feel very sorry for Mary, for she had been such a kind friend to him, and it was she who gave him such good practical advice, when he most needed it. He hoped she might take a few minutes before coming down, for those last touches to a woman's toilet; but it was not so, she stood before him, in the loveliest gown he had ever seen her wear.

He watched her closely as they shook hands, and surely he had never seen her look so beautiful; she had never before such color in her cheeks, such brightness in her eyes.

"Sweet little girl," he thought, "she's so glad to see me

again—confound it!” And he took a chair rather nearer to her than he had intended.

He tried to remember just how the other girl looked and compare the two. But, as he looked back at Mary, she was watching him, with a little smile, and there suddenly occurred to him what he had never before thought of, that the privilege of working for a comfortable home for this little woman would be far more blissful than idly enjoying luxuries with the other girl. And, the next minute, it was all over; he had asked her to be his wife, and the color was coming in and going from her cheeks. Then two little tears tumbled out, and, to his surprise, she was crying. He made a motion towards her, but she gently pushed him back and spoke, almost breathlessly, “James, I never dreamed of it! But I thought it was just simple friendship between us, and—and I’m already engaged to another, James!”

He was about to utter a reproach, but he remembered his own thoughts and hesitated. “If I had only known!” he said quietly.

“But I knew it myself only a short while ago,” she softly said. “I was going to tell you when you first came in, you had been such a good friend of mine, but I simply couldn’t.” The two sat for a minute, thinking busily, then James Riley rose and held out his hand. “I congratulate you,” he said with a smile, “though no man living deserves you.”

In a few minutes he was again on the street. “Well,” he said gloomily, “I can now go to the other girl, as I had first intended to do, and with a clear conscience.” But his disappointment with Mary weighed so heavily upon him that he didn’t go, and he has remained a bachelor ever since.

“Love, Even Unto Death”

When the Congress of '98 met and declared the United States of America and Spain belligerent nations, and at the same time sent forth its appeal for volunteers, the patriotic

Southland, which in the 60's had so valiantly fought against the Stars and Stripes to defend an honest conviction, was the first to send to the front the flower of its youth. And history tells us that they were as zealous in protecting these same Stars and Stripes as their noble fathers had been in fighting against them.

Among the many manly and ambitious youths who went from the upper part of our dear old Palmetto State, was Thomas Long, a handsome young man, who had just been graduated from the A. & M. College of South Carolina. He was just the type of the American who is destined to distinguish himself in any vocation that he may pursue.

On the evening before his departure to join his command near the coast, we find him at the home of May Carpenter, a beautiful and good girl. They stroll aimlessly about the lawn, hand in hand, discussing many topics, neither mentioning that which is nearest and dearest to their heart. Each waiting for the other to break that spell which will cause them to become both sentimental and passionate. Presently they come upon a lawn settee, concealed in the shadows of a beautiful magnolia. Then finally the spell is broken, and they sit conversing in the language of the heart, soul speaking to soul, while the formation of their sentiments into words is of little importance just now. Minutes pass hurriedly by, yet the lovers heed not. Theirs is a precious lot, where time has no emphasis. Verily love is blind.

And when the hour of parting draws near, and the last hand-squeeze and the long farewell kiss has been delivered, he, with lingering footsteps, departs homeward, while she, his beautiful siren May, with a heavy heart, repairs to her apartments, content with his assurances of love and the promise which he is to fulfil on his return. Though the silver moonbeams play lovingly and tenderly over her pillow and are lost in her long silky tresses, her dream is not a pleasant one. She dreams that he is in far off Cuba, fight-

ing bravely at the head of his command, when a flying piece from an exploded shell, speeding on its mission of death, strikes him down. She wakes with a start, but to find it only a dream.

She is up early next morning, and down at the station to see him off to the field of battle. Her last words, as the train rolls up, are, "If we should never meet again in life, be prepared to meet me in that happy beyond." The commanding officer, under whom he is placed, finds him to be a very efficient soldier, and soon commissions him as Second Lieutenant in Company ——— of — South Carolina Volunteers.

When next we notice him, his command is drawn up before that memorable hill, El Caney, which history shall so vividly describe. He has in his possession a fresh commission as captain of the best company in his regiment. Too, he has a flowery letter—from whom my readers well know—she is anticipating a happy time when he shall return. But he has no time for these frivolities, duty first and pleasure afterwards has been his motto all through this treacherous war.

He is ordered to lead the charge up the hill. As he pushes forward, cheering and encouraging his men, followed by company after company, officers and privates are mowed down on every side. Confusion reigns, but still our cool captain, with his undaunted courage, leads the thin ranks of his brave men into the thickest of the fight. The battle rages fiercely all that hot summer's day. And just as the general orders the men to withdraw, for the evening shadows are now fast lengthening, our hero, the one on whom the general has so much depended, falls, struck down by a stray piece of the last shell seen to explode on the field that day. He is quickly placed on a litter and carried to the rear. The surgeon finds his wound to be a mortal one, yet he says that he will live a few hours. At retreat, the thin ranks are

drawn up to hear many names called that are not to be answered. Yes, to-day's battle has made many widows, fatherless children, and mourning sweethearts, among whom our sirenic May is to be numbered.

Our hero, on being told that he has only a few more hours to live, pulled from beneath his bloody shirt a little locket, containing the picture of his true love, and kissed it as he had done many times before. "General," said he, "will you please send a few words home for me?" Whereupon the general, taking pen in hand, wrote the following:

"El Caney Field of Battle, Cuba,

"———, '98.

"Darling: My time is limited in this world. I was shot down while leading my command in the thickest of the battle, but I fell facing the enemy. I heeded your last words and am now prepared to meet you in that happy beyond. Remember that my last thoughts are of you, the guiding star of my life. I send you my commissions, for which I fought so valiantly, but that I might lay them at your feet some—"

But that sweet sentence was never finished, for another brilliant star, that was rising to its zenith, had set in blood.

A few days later, the embalmed remains of our dead hero were put off at B——, his native town. All of his old acquaintances were there to pay a last tribute to one whose memory the nation now honors. May, who had fainted while covering his last letter with kisses, was there, dressed in the deepest of mourning. His remains were accompanied to their final resting place, where they were uncovered for his friends to gaze upon for the last time. When May came forward to take a last look at the one on whom she had placed her hopes for the future, the sight of his cold features was too much for her. She fell forward over the corpse, screaming: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me." The next instant she was stroking his closed eyes,

which saw her not, and covering with warm kisses the icy lips which felt it not. Death had blasted the one flower which, blighted, might have grown by the side of the other; why had it not claimed her, too, for she cared not to live longer since he is dead? Often has she prayed that the same grave might hold them as one. And now her prayer is answered, for just as the golden sun is throwing its last flickering rays across the silent corpse, her soul, too, passes on to that happy beyond, where she is to meet him without whose companionship she could not live.

Thus was her love proven, even unto death.

J. V. PHILIPPS, '06.

Reidville Gossip

"Good mornin', sistah."

"Mornin', ole gal, how's tings?"

"Aul so so. You seen Tommy yit?"

"Wha' Tommy thot?"

"Ain't you know bout Massa Ned son, Tommy, wot went to school eby since Septemmer?"

"Go way!"

"Yeah, man, you orter see 'im, 'e dot fat and rozy you wouldn't know 'im, an' 'e's all dress up in sojer close, an' 'e stan up an' hole 'e head up an' look sassy. 'E gitten so big, sez 'e been a play feet-ball."

"What dat?"

"Some kinder ball yo' plays wid yer foots. You'll break up all yer toes, speshully wehn yo's got seben corns and a bunyon. I ain' no' nuffin' 'bout um ceptin' Tommy sez it am powful strenjus. Dey plade a game wid Georgy—"

"De whole of Georgy?"

"No, I didn't, jus one a dem skules, and beat um twell time to nutten."

"Twell times in one game?"

"Yeah."

"How dey do dat?"

"Dey kick de ball twixt two postes call goles two times, eby time counts six."

"Two times counts twell?"

"Yeah! Yonder he come now."

"Great Scot! Cum heah, son, an' let ole mammy lok at yer. Aint 'e does look fine. Law! turn roun' now, wha' dem gole tings on yer collar? 'C. A. C.,' wha' dat mean?"

"Clemson Agricultural College."

"Hi zi! So yer duz play feet-ball?"

"Scrub."

"Yo mean like how I duz scrub Missy's flore? Plays agin de warsi, how much? Warsity! Wot in de name of Abraham, am dat? De big team wot goes off?"

"Aw, gal, do shet yer mouth and quit axing Marse Tom all kinds nonsense. I'll hab yo' so giddy you ain' no whar yo' be at."

"Well, I jis want a know wot 'e got on dem funny color close for wid dat black braid all round and dat black stripe down 'e pants leg? Uni— wots dat? All de boys wear one jis like dat? Oh, ho! well, so long, dahlin'; mammy hab to run on and clean up de house." E. P. C., '06

Curing a Somnambulist

We now live in the city of A——, but have an old home down on the Savannah River, where we go for a few weeks every summer during the hot days. For some reason, father and mother could not get off last summer, so my brother Ted, my cousin Albert, and I, decided to go down there for a while.

We went by train to L——, and rode the remaining six miles in a wagon. We reached the old home at five o'clock, hot, tired and hungry.

Mr. and Mrs. Wurts, old tenants of ours, live at the house and keep up the farm. They were very glad to see us, and gave us permission to ransack the old place at will. It is a great rambling mansion, with innumerable dark corners, musty old rooms, and dusty attics.

My father is a doctor, and when we lived there he had two skeletons that he kept in an old unused room on the back ell. One has since disappeared, but the other is kept wrapped in a sheet in a closet of the room. The door to this room is nailed, and the only way to enter is to climb out on the piazza roof, walk around, and get in at a window.

The three of us slept in the same bed, because each was afraid to sleep by himself. That night, about two o'clock, I was waked by a scratching sound. I looked quickly around, and, to my horror, beheld a tall, white figure at the window. My blood ran cold, but at that moment Ted yawned, turned over, and said, "Frank, where's Albert?" Then I remembered that Albert was a somnambulist. We both jumped up and ran to wake him, but we could not do it. We then forcibly threw him into the bed, and he kept quiet until morning. We told him about it next morning, and it frightened him so that he asked us to tie our wrists to his the next night. We promised to do so, but that night we decided to break him of this habit. So we also enlisted the services of Mr. and Mrs. Wurts.

Now, Albert is mortally afraid of ghosts, but, strangely enough, he prowls about ghostly places in his sleep. We had tried our best to get him into the room with the skeleton the day before, but that night, in his sleep, he was trying to get there himself.

He ate a hearty supper at night, and we went up to go to bed. We tied our wrists together, and then pretended to go to sleep. I called Ted as soon as Albert went to sleep, and together we slipped down to Mr. Wurts' room. They were awake and waiting. We went outside, secured a

ladder, and climbed into the room where the skeleton was. I crawled into the closet and placed myself behind the skeleton, with a hand on each of its hip bones. Ted lighted two small candles, and stuck them into the skeleton's eyes, then covered me with a sheet. Mr. and Mrs. Wurts and Ted stationed themselves on the other side of the room, behind a door. We did not have long to wait, for presently I heard a heavy footstep coming along the roof. The person approached, climbed into the window, and then began going around and around the room. He came towards me. Suddenly I sprang forward with the skeleton. Horrors! With an unearthly yell, dying into a moan, he fell backward into Mrs. Wurts' arms.

Albert, for it was him whom I had frightened, was unconscious, but his heart still beat wildly. We threw water into his face, worked his arms, and did everything we could, but with no effect.

Ted caught the horse and went for a doctor, six miles away. The doctor came, but for thirty-six hours Albert was unconscious. When he awoke, he was a raving maniac.

H., '07.

My First Call

When I was about thirteen years old, my parents went visiting one Sunday afternoon, and left me at home to keep house; or, at least, they thought they had. But I had no such intention, for I had already planned to call on a pretty girl that afternoon. Nevertheless, I had presence of mind enough to keep quiet until the family had gone, then I ran into the house, scraped the razor over my face a time or two, smeared some blacking over my rough shoes, and pulled my little knee pants on over them. I then proceeded to the lot to get something to ride, and found, with tears in my eyes, that an old mule was the only animal in the lot. Notwith-

standing this disappointment, I made the best of my opportunity, and saddled old Pete, the mule, and started towards my girl's home. As I was riding along, trying to think of a few little stories with which to entertain—or, rather, try to entertain—the girl with, my head suddenly grew dizzy; for I happened to think of the old proverb: "Girl's generally think more of a boy's horse and buggy than they do of the boy himself." I really believe that I would have turned old Pete's head for home, if it had not been for the occurrence of another, but brighter thought, "Ride your Uncle William's colt!" This thought I carried out, for I rode by my uncle's house, and had no trouble in securing the colt. He told me to be careful; and I really was careful—careful to let the colt walk until I rode out of his sight; then lost time was made up for, and I soon had the pretty little colt hitched in front of my girl's home. Then I walked up to the house, feeling very bashful, and tapped gently on the door. Miss Lola, the beloved girl's oldest sister, came to the door to meet me, and said, "Hello, Homer! Come in, I know the boys will be so glad to see you." I grinned, walked in, pulled my little knee trousers down as far as I could, and took a seat. But I had been there only a few minutes when I heard Miss Georgia May, the very girl whom I had come to see, calling Lee, her little brother, to come and play with Homer! This was too much for me to bear, so I turned in my chair a few times, got up and peeped out of the window to see about the colt; and, to my great satisfaction, saw her prancing around the rack. With the excuse that the young animal would not stand hitched, I took my leave, sadly discouraged at my first call.

S., '06.

Father

In the eastern part of this grand State
There was a home so dear,
And over this beloved home
A father ruled supremely there.
When strangers wished to enter in,
His door was opened wide,
And if a neighbor needed aid,
He soon was by his side.

But when the South declared for war,
Proclaimed the words, "Come one, come all!"
He half forgot his love of home,
And answered to his country's call;
And here, as well as at his home,
He showed his power to command,
And when presented for the lead,
Was voted for by every man.

Whenever orders said, "Forward! march!"
His men were in the line,
And when the word to charge was given,
He led them every time;
When in the thickest of the fight
His sword was e'er a deadly blade,
But if a comrade chanced to fall,
He soon was there to render aid.

But when the tragic war was o'er,
His eyes were dim, his shoulders bent;
Yet when Lee gave up his brilliant sword,
He Southward turned, and homeward went;
As in the open gate he rode,
He said, "I must be up and doing,"
For at a single glance he saw
His home was on the verge of ruin.

Many a day since then has passed,
And many a boy has lost his youth ;
Still no one can deny that he
Raised up his own in faith and truth.
Though now his noble life is o'er,
And though the world rush on pell-mell,
Yet one will stop by his grave to read,
"God gave, He took, and it is well."

C. A. G., '06.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Christmas

By the time this issue is ready for distribution, no doubt, most of the corps will have gone home to enjoy the pleasures that Christmas always has in store for them. Christmas is a period of festivities and reunion for all, and especially is it so for the college student. It serves to break the monotony of college routine, and relieves briefly the *tension* caused by



ALONZO SHECK SHEALY
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the constant application to study—something desired by every student. No other day of the year is hailed with more universal joy than Christams day, and well may it be so, for some of the happiest moments of our lives are spent on this day. Indeed, it is a period of rejoicing; and may every Clemson student receive his just portion of the pleasures of the coming holidays and return to college with renewed hopes and ambitions.

Patronize Our Advertisers

We wish to call the attention of the corps to the advertisements in *THE CHRONICLE*. It is from this source that *THE CHRONICLE* derives its financial support; so we very naturally are interested in those who advertise with us. It is generally conceded that advertising is the high-road to success in many business enterprises, hence, it is not so difficult to secure advertisers; but to retain them is quite a different thing. In order to retain them it is necessary that their advertising prove profitable by inducing patronage. We, therefore, urge upon the students that they take note of those who advertise in *THE CHRONICLE*, read their advertisements, and when making purchases remember them. The patronage of Clemson cadets distributed among these advertisers would mean quite a good deal for each one of them, and would make their advertisements of such profit that they would necessarily be permanent.

The Election

The election of 1904 is now a thing of the past. Parker and Roosevelt have stood before the people and have been voted for—Roosevelt triumphing by the greatest majority ever accorded the Republican party. Perhaps no election was ever more uncertain than this one; nor was there ever one that resulted more surprisingly. It may be conceded that the Republicans were expected to be victorious; but they were not expected to win, nor did they anticipate winning, so complete a victory. All indications pointed to a closer contest,

even to the possibility of a Democratic victory, yet what a defeat—what a Waterloo for Democracy!

Does this election express the true attitude of the American people towards Democracy? Does it represent the *expression* or the *suppression* of the will of the people? Truly an election in which, as has been in this one, States go Democratic for the State ticket and Republican for the National ticket, indicates a greater independence of the people in the exercise of their suffrage rights, or, else, it indicates that corruption has crept in, in one or the other instance, and biased their action. We prefer to hope that the former of these indications is the right one, and, if it is so, we should rejoice, even though its manifestation brought defeat to our party. We could have no more potent evidence of purity and advancement in things political than for the people to vote independently and solely with a view to procuring for the country the services of its best citizens. So let us hope that the peculiarities in the results of the recent election are but a free expression of the unbiased will of the people.

But what if these results were born of corruption? What if they are the first effects of the sudden springing of the seductive forces of the age into uncontrollable sway? What if they mark the reversion of the heretofore active Democratic party—the only conservative element in our government to-day? Then might we well lament our country's plight. But, with a little confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the American people, we can trust that such is not the case, and that we will continue to move forward in peace and harmony.

Football The football season is now over, and we have before us the records made by the different teams of the South. Some of these are truly enviable, while others are not quite so good; but we take pride in saying that Clemson's record is one of which we

all are proud. We began this year under most adverse circumstances. Of the old players, only two returned to college—all the others were new men; and out of this raw material our coach had to develop a team that could meet others composed of veteran players. This, with the fact that we were to play under an entirely new system, presented an almost hopeless prospect, and we knew not what to expect.

However, not all victory has been against us. Sewanee has, perhaps, the veteran team of the South, yet not all of the victory was hers. It was the concordant opinion of all who witnessed the Clemson-Sewanee game that, while Sewanee beat in the score, Clemson beat in the playing. Nor can we pass on without mentioning the Clemson-Tech game, which was of special interest to us, because our old coach, Heisman, is with the Techs, and that it was our first game with his team. While the score of 11 to 11 did not give Clemson a victory, it held the Techs on an equal score with us; and we might mention that we have already contracted with them for games in Atlanta on the next two Thanksgiving days. All in all, our record is much better than we expected it to be.

A new feature of this season's management has been the arrangement of games for our scrub teams with those of other colleges. This experiment has proven a success, and will hereafter be a permanent feature of Clemson football. Also, the class games will be taken up as soon as we return to college after the Christmas holidays. These games are very important, for they interest more men in football, and in many cases are the means of inducing many to engage in the regular practice, when possibly they otherwise would not. So, we think it the duty of every class to put forth as strong a team as possible, and we feel sure that they will do so.

**The Conference
For Education
In the South** For a number of years in the South the guiding principle of all efforts along educational lines has been the diffusion of education among the masses. Numerous plans have been put into operation for the accomplishment of this, and it cannot be denied that great progress has been made. Most of these plans, however, have been those of individual States, each striving to work out for itself the application of this principle; and it was not until seven years ago, when the Conference for Education in the South was organized, that any decided general organization for this purpose was effected. It must be apparent to every one who has been at all observant of educational progress in the South that such progress has been greatly accelerated in the last few years, and that public interest in schools and colleges has been greatly increased. This denotes a healthy condition, and surely it can be attributed in part to the workings of this and other similar organizations.

If this conference were to do no more than discuss the condition and needs of the schools of the South, it would do a great work. It brings together the representative educators of these States—a gathering which can but be of help to those in attendance, and through them to those whom they represent. Such a general *educational movement* has long been needed, and its introduction on such a scale as this conference ought to redound greatly to the *educational advancement* of the South.

Considerable opposition to this conference has been manifest by many, because of the fact that Mr. Robert C. Ogden and his party have allied themselves with it. While we do not intend to venture into a discussion of the merits of this opposition, yet, although Mr. Ogden has been the subject of much adverse criticism, from what we can learn from a fairly reliable source, he has the educational advancement of the South well at heart, and should, therefore, receive the

support and encouragement of those people for whose betterment he is striving.

The next annual meeting will be held in Columbia some time next spring. Columbia is to be congratulated on having this conference as her guest, as it will mark an event that should result in great good, not only to the city of Columbia, but to the State at large. We hope that, even though in some instances the antagonism to this movement is considerable, Columbia may receive from her citizens the support necessary to enable her to properly entertain the conference and derive from it all possible good.



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

We are glad to welcome to our table the periodicals of so many of the various colleges throughout the United States, but on close examination we see that several are missing that would be welcomed and thoroughly appreciated. As a whole, they all speak for themselves and show that they are not existing on the record made by their predecessors, but that they have gone to work with a determination to build a record for themselves, and we feel sure that ere this year has ended, success will crown their efforts. We notice as a general thing that there is not the amount of poetry that is usually found in a pile of exchanges as large as ours, but we hope that this will be the only issue in which poetry will be lacking.

Among the first magazines to reach us is *The Georgia Tech*. As usual, it has its full share of advertisements, but the literary department is short in the extreme, containing only one short, light story. The editorials are gotten up well; this shows that *The Tech* could send forth a better paper than her first. The jokes are good, and of a great variety, but the spirit of athletics is the main feature of it.

The Georgetown Journal presents itself to us as the deepest magazine of the "pile," and as it came early, we believe that the work was gotten out at an early date, or probably

before last session was over. This is to be admired and not censured, for the magazine that is gotten out in a space of two or three weeks will not show up as the one that is prepared months before. "The Georgetown and Columbian Debate" was read with pleasure. "The Skeleton of John Hendricks" is very good, and deserves special mention, for it is interesting from beginning to end. The biography on the life of "Thomas Herran" is of special interest, as it has so much in it connected with the national politics of Colombia, and as he was a representative of that country to the United States, it is of much interest. There are many other things about this journal that could be mentioned, but the lack of good creditable poetry detracts very much from the whole.

The *Monroe College Monthly* is tastefully arrayed in its neat color, which gives it a very pleasing appearance on the outside, but the inside can be criticised. We don't find the amount of literary matter there that could be expected of Monroe College. "The Status of the Ancient and Modern Woman" is well worth reading, and it must have caused the writer some study to make it as interesting as it is. "The First Year in College" is most too light to be of any special mention. The poetry is very good. But, on the whole, the *Monroe Monthly* could be bettered by a little more work from the students.

It is a pleasure to read the stories that appear in the October number of *The Carolinian*. It is very interesting from cover to cover, and shows that the work of the literary department of the college is manifesting itself through the efforts of its students. The lack of poetry is to be lamented, for it contains only two short selections. The one on "Sunset" is very good, but it can't be appreciated, as it is only a translation, and the translator ought to put forth efforts to write just as good poetry without having to copy from any other languages. "The Leibstrum in C Major" is a weird

tale of the love of two people; but, as usual, they bury their past love and accept each other through sympathy. The tale has a very simple plot, but it is well woven.

"The Common People" is well worth studying, for it contains many good thoughts upon the travel of ages. The story, "Davie's Ghost," is well worth reading. It shows that the author has a clear, distinct idea of how to place his imaginative sentences so as to catch the interest of the reader. "Puppy Love" is known before it is once read, for it is a simple tale of the affections generally known by that name. "Carnations" can well be mentioned. The editorials are well written, but too short. And the exchange editor should not confine himself to any one paper.

The Emory Phoenix, for October, is very good. "The Old South" deserves careful reading, and when studied, it is found to contain many good things about our section of the country. The article on "Southern Writers—Hayne," is very good; so, also, is "The Toils and Rewards of College Life." The poetry and editorials are well written. The Grinder's Corner does not contain the number of jokes that could, and should, be in this part of the paper.

The Southern Collegian, under the leadership of an Alumnus of Clemson, is holding its place in the arena of college publications. It is full of bright, interesting stories, poetry and jokes. "Greetings" and "The Last Afternoon" are well written and worthy of good study. "The Mind: Its Own Place," and "Early History of Marriage," are above the ordinary, and each shows that its writer must have given much time to its preparation. The different departments are well edited, and the poetry is somewhat above the ordinary. The most interesting article, though, is "A Lover's Courage." It is a pleasant love story, containing the heart-rending experience of a young Indian maid. It ends with her killing herself in the presence of the bones of her lover.

The Columbia Monthly is very good. The subject matter is very abstract, but no doubt is of interest to the students of Columbia University. "The Students' Life in King's College" is very interesting, when we have studied some of the history of King's College; so, also, is "The Student's Life in the School of Mines." "Phil Kearney of Ours" is very good. "Extracts from Life and Letters of Browne, Archæologist," is very good, but, as usual, pieces of this nature are not very interesting. But the special feature of the monthly is its amount and variety of poetry.

It is a treat to review *The University of Virginia Magazine*. As usual, it contains many interesting things. Among them are, "President Alderman's Address," "Dr. Johnson: A Study and a Plea," "Col. Joyce's Life of Poe," "The Mark of Conceit," "Love and Pathology," and "In the Chapel." Most of these are essays of some depth, but "Dr. Johnson: A Study and a Plea," is exceptionally deep, and to find the writer's point it must be studied. "Col. Joyce's Life of Poe" is very instructive, and should be of interest to all Southerners, for Poe is loved throughout the South as is hardly any other poet. The author brings together criticisms that are usually found in our libraries, and remarks taken from "Col. Joyce on Poe's Works and Life." We are, also, glad to read the beautiful poetry that appears in this issue. "Bruynhild to Odin," "Loneliness," "Two Songs," and "Villanelle," are of special note, as they are within the comprehension of the average student. "The Flight of Faith" is somewhat deeper, but is very good. The editorials are well written and varied. The exchange department is well written, and was read with pleasure. On a whole, this magazine is very good, and it would be a fine one for others to emulate in many respects.

The Converse Concept is one of the best magazines that we have seen this year. The opening poem, "Our Country," is good, and appeals very strongly to every patriotic instinct

in man. "Resolved, That a Japanese victory in the present war would be more advantageous to the interests of civilization than a Russian victory," contains many strong arguments in favor of the Japs. The writer handles her subject well, and brings out her points in clear, concise language. "Circumstances Alter Cases" is very good; we wish to ask the writer, however, if in her opinion girls as a rule *do* make such resolves as Polly did? "Jack" certainly did have luck in the "Rights of Man." The story is told by "Jack" himself, and although he makes a good many childish mistakes, he tells it very well. "A Jaunt Through the Highlands" gives us a good description of Scotland, the land of Wallace and Bruce, and also of the valor and patriotism of the Scots. We must congratulate "Dick" on the way in which he got even with Constance in "Retaliation." Constance seems to have a very good opinion of herself, and has planned to have Dick propose to her, when she expects to break his heart. Dick has a question to ask her, and has made her promise several times to tell him the truth in answer to it. She expects him to propose on the spot, and can hardly wait to tell him, "No, but I will be a sister to you;" when he says, "Which do you prefer, black or red pepper on your oysters?" It is fortunate, perhaps, that we do not know what *she* said. Good boy, Dick! The exchange department is well gotten up, and the clippings are good.

"To My Sister," in the *Millsaps Collegian*, is a very good poem. "Reminiscence," although very sad at first, ends up well. The man's great grief is somewhat lessened later on by finding his daughter, and hearing that his wife *was* true to him, even to death. "An Exchange of Grooms" proves again that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," as "Mr. Oaks" can no doubt testify. The magazine, on the whole, is very good.

The main criticism we have to make on *The Erskinian*, is its lack of stories. "Across the Blue Ridge" and a "Trip to the World's Fair" are both very good; as is also the "Weakness of Wrong." We think, however, that one or two short stories in the place of one of the descriptions, would improve the paper very much. "Current Events" and local department are both good, and, barring our first criticism, the whole magazine is good.

The next paper we take up is *The Kalends*, from the Woman's College, of Baltimore. "Silver Bay" is very good, containing as it does both a narrative of events at the convention, and also a description of the place where it was held. We do not think that the "Renaissance" deserves a place in this magazine, for after you read it through you find nothing in it that is really good. "College Comment" contains good, wholesome advice, not only for Freshmen, but for all classes. "The Story of the Lilacs Told" is well written, but it is "the same old story in the same old way." If we must have love stories, can we not have some variety in them? "College Notes" is well gotten up, and, on the whole, the magazine is very good.

"The Home-Coming of Cyrus Lawton," in *The Charleston College Magazine*, is good; although it is right long, it is so written as to hold our interest to the last. The writer of "Shakespeare's Lovers" handles his subject very well. "Psyche's Ghost," however, is not so good as the two just mentioned. The plot does not seem to be well laid, and the author, in his desire to give us Psyche's high-flown words, has sacrificed clearness somewhat. Poetry is sadly lacking in this issue—forty-three pages, and not one poem! We think the literary department would be improved if, instead of having two *long* stories, it had a few short ones mixed up with the long and weighty ones. The editorials are good. The editor certainly has the right idea about a college paper.

The St. John's Collegian is by no means as good as we expected it to be. The literary department consists of the President's opening address, two essays, and an account of the manoeuvres at Manassas last summer. The last is fairly good, but, on the whole, there is too much weighty matter in proportion to the other. "An Appeal to St. John's Men to Keep Her Standard of Athletic Purity" is well written, and should meet the approval, not only of St. John's, but also of every college in the country. We congratulate the author on his masterly appeal for athletic purity.

"The Development of the Character of Silas Marner," in *The Criterion*, is very well treated. "The Reward of Patience" should make us all strive to emulate that beautiful love between Leonard and his sister Ethel. "October" and "Just Two Girls" are very good poems. The locals are full, and, on the whole, the magazine is fairly good.

The Red and White is fully up to its usual high standard of excellence this month. "The Secret of the Sand" gives a good account of the hardships a prospector has to face from day to day. "The Storm's Victory" is a poem above what we usually find in a college paper; while reading it one can see the waves dashing the vessel on the rocks and sending hundreds of persons into eternity. "Her Fortune" has an end very different from that of the poem. "In Letters of Blood" picture vividly the times of the Reconstruction Period, and we cannot help but smile when the contemptible scoundrel, Winton, met his reward. The sadness which hangs over the first part of "Mignonette" is in part dispelled by the happy end it has. "Violets" is well written. As we said before, the poems are exceptionally good.

Pay your bills,
Make your wills,
And subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

Clippings

BEFORE EXAMS.

Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

AFTER EXAMS.

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot!

—*Converse Concept.*

"Take away women," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," promptly responded a young Senior in the audience.—*Ex.*

I WONDER.

Under an umbrella down on the beach,
They watched the waves as they rolled;
As I wondered if they could lovers be,
A few words the story told:
For in a soft, sweet voice, I heard her say,
"Dear, what makes your nose so cold."

—*Gray Jacket.*

"It's always well to have plenty of shoes on hand."

"I prefer gloves, sir."—*Ex.*

"Of all the hard work under the sun,
The hardest that I have ever done,
Is trying to make a little fun,
And writing jokes when I don't know one."—*Ex.*

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess,
We printed a full edition.

—*Ex.*

"The fertile earth is drinking;
On it the trees are living;
The sea drinks from the breezes;
The sun drinks up the ocean;
The moon takes life from sunlight;
Why, then, my jolly fellows,
Do you forbid my drinking?" —*Ex.*

"You laugh at me,
I'll laugh at you,
And all the world
Will laugh at us two." —*Ex.*

Every exchange editor is an imitation of the devil. When he sees a good thing he cuts it out.—*Ex.*

"You are an autumn leaf," said he;
"My arms are the book, you know;
I'll place the leaf within the book, you see,
And tenderly press it—so."
The maiden looked up with glances demure,
And blushed her fair cheeks more,
As she softly whispered, "The leaf, sir, I'm sure,
Needs pressing a little more." —*Ex.*

Unto a little negro
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile;
And with that chill politeness
That made the warm blood freeze,
Remarked, "I'll take some dark meat,
Without dressing, if you please."

Brutus—"How many oysters did you eat, Cæsar?"
Cæsar—"Et tu, Brute." —*Ex.*



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

By the time this CHRONICLE returns from the press everything will be in a state of excitement, getting ready for the Christmas holidays. We dare say that there is not a "rat" in the college now that can't tell the exact number of days, and even the hour, before they are to leave. We can all leave this year with a much lighter heart, as we will have finished our examinations.

It is with pleasure that we note the name of Mr. Henry C. Tillman at the head of "*The Southern Collegian*." Mr. Tillman is an alumnus of Clemson, and his record as editor-in-chief of THE CHRONICLE is second to none, and we feel safe in saying that he will bring success to his present charge.

Soph. Perrin: "Say, Bill lend me your distracter" (protractor).

Ask Martin about the deep shallow pan.

Cadet J. S. Taylor wants to know what time the 4.10 P. M. train comes.

Prof. A. B. Bryan returned on November 5th with his bride, *nee* Miss Inez Sledge, of Atlanta. Mrs. Bryan will be a great addition to the social circle of Clemson.

C. W. Mack wants to know about summer football.

Ask Moss if he is going to Pendleton to-night.

Simon Sorentrue, while singing, said that he twilled (twittered) like a bird.

Mrs. Houston, of Virginia, is with her son, Prof. Hale Houston, at the Clemson Club Hotel.

Prof. M.: "Mr. Moses, what are the natural features of Greece?"

Soph. Moses: "O! you mean the Olympic games."

Prof. Rawl: "Mr. Cuthbert, in what State did the Pole-Durham originate?"

Cuthbert: "Toledo, sir."

Miss Leslie Strode, of Virginia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carter Newman.

Cadet McLendon: "Stokes, how do you spell 'kimona?'"

Junior Stokes: "What do you mean, a musical instrument?"

Traxler: "Brunson, why were you put off the train 'Xmas?"

Fresh Brunson: "My ticket was not matriculated."

Once more Prof. B. H. Rawl has placed himself at the head of the Clemson Band, and will, no doubt, turn out a band that will excel any one of the past.

WILLIAM W. COULLIETTE

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst William W. Coulliette, a much beloved classmate. Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, 1st. That we, the members of the Freshman Class, extend to his parents our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

2d. That a copy of these resolutions be published in THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE and in the Clarendon County paper.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents.

C. W. MARSTON,
L. WILLIAMS,
B. BROOKS,
Committee.

Capt. Chas. B. Clay, United States Army, has taken charge of the military feature of the college, and is rapidly getting things in shape. We hope to publish a sketch of his past life in our next issue.

Dr. Louis A. Klein, who takes Dr. G. E. Nesom's place as State Veterinarian and Profesor of Veterinary Science at Clemson, recently arrived on the campus. Dr. Klein comes to Clemson very highly recommended, and has won many friends since his arrival.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1871, and received his early education at the Philadelphia public schools, Brown's Preparatory College, Temple College, and the University of Pennsylvania. He then entered the Veterinary Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1897, receiving the degree of V. M. D. After graduating, he engaged in general practice for about a year; was lecturer to the Veterinary Department of the University of Pennsylvania from 1899-1900; was Professor of Veterinary Medicine and Sanitary Science at Iowa State College from 1900-1902; and was Veterinarian of Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture. During the time of his services in the Bureau of Animal Industry, he was largely engaged, the last year, in conducting experiments that resulted in the perfection and practical application of a treatment which renders tick-infected cattle non-infectious, and thus removing them from liability to quarantine restrictions—a result striven for by the Bureau of Animal Industry for the last ten years. He held this position until his appointment to his present position at Clemson.

On Friday night, the 28th of October, the German Club gave its second dance of the year, in the new Agricultural Hall. The dance was given in honor of Miss Leora Douthit, of Pendleton, who is to be married to Mr. Manship, of Mississippi, on the 10th of Novmber. Miss Douthit has

attended the German Club dances a number of years, and her graciousness and her sweet disposition have won for her hundreds of friends, who regret that her marriage removes her to a distant town.

Among those present were: Misses Leora Douthit, Pendleton; Sue Crawford, Pendleton; Eliza Hammond, Greenville; Virginia Norris, Central; Eubanks Taylor, Anderson; Lillian Norris, Central; Maude Douthit, Pendleton; Lucy Brown, Anderson; Sue Sloan, Julia Moore, and Mesdames Calhoun, Riggs, Benton and Furman, of Clemson. Messrs. J. R. Siau, J. H. Barksdale, D. H. Hill, E. H. Jones, J. A. Gelzer, J. McCrady, J. C. Brunson, T. H. J. Williams, T. G. Robertson, E. T. Heyward, H. A. Phelps, J. A. Simmons, A. B. Means, C. P. Ballinger, R. P. Evans, I. W. Bull, W. F. Bradburn, R. F. Frazier. Profs. Benton, Bryan, Riggs, Calhoun, McLucas, Henry.

Cadet F. M. Furtick, President of the Sophomore Class, and one who has made an undisputed record in the football circle, was recently presented with a handsome 'Varsity sweater by his class.

Cadets J. E. Johnson, D. S. Hollis, A. E. Crawford, J. C. Summers and P. Quattlebaum represented Clemson at the Y. M. C. A. Conference held at Greenville recently. The Y. M. C. A. at Clemson this year has the largest enrollment in its history, and is doing a good work.

Prof. Poats: "Mr. Mack, in what direction would you look to determine the direction of the induced current?"

Junior Mack: "Look in an anti-clockwise direction, sir."

Dr. P. H. Mell and Prof. Chas. E. Chambliss have returned from Des Moines, Iowa, where they have been attending the meeting of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations in the United States.

"Young" Gelzer would like to know if Thanksgiving comes on Thursday this year.

The friends of Mr. Benj. Freeman, of the Class of 1903, will be glad to hear of his appointment as agent of the Agricultural Department at Washington. He has been assigned to take charge of a farm near Charleston.

Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Quattlebaum, of Winnsboro, spent several days here recently, the guests of Mrs. D. W. Daniel.

On Saturday night, October 29th, the fire alarm was given, and the experimental barn was found to be burning. Fifteen valuable cows and two thousand bundles of fodder were consumed by the flames. The cadets were complimented for their efficient work rendered at the conflagration.

Mr. Samuel Robertson, of Class '02, was a recent visitor on the campus. Mr. Robertson has a responsible position with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company.

Much interest is being taken in the company football teams. On Saturday, the 5th of November, "D" Company beat "H" Company, to the tune of 17 to 0. But on the following Saturday "C" Company took the measure of "D" Company, with the same score. This is a capital way to bring out new men for next year's team.

The waiter, in serving "Rick" McIver at the Cumberland Hotel, passed him a cup of beef-tea. "Rick" shoved it back indignantly, saying, "We are not allowed to drink coffee."

Mr. E. B. Boykin, of Class '02, paid his brother a short visit the past month.

Dr. A. S. Shealy, Assistant Veterinarian, has accepted a position in the Agricultural Department of the Philippine Islands.

The classes will begin organizing teams immediately after Christmas. A great deal of interest is taken in these games every year, and it is hoped that the "Varsity" will get some good material for the next season.

Rat Speer singing: "Down where the Budweiser grows."

Athletic Notes

The Sewanee Tigers won from Clemson in a noble combat of skill and physical endurance. The game was called at 12 o'clock, and lasted for three hours. There was no disgrace to the defeat, for a harder fought struggle was never seen on a Southern field. Clemson far outplayed her in the first half, but Sewanee beat Clemson punting. Sewanee's first touchdown was as unexpected as it was spectacular. Clemson was near her own goal, and looked as if she had a touchdown, but one of her plays failed by a bad pass, and Fowles, a Sewanee tackle, crashed through the line, seizing the ball and making a 15-yard run to Clemson's goal. After an exchange of punts, the Carolinians made their way down to the purple's goal. At the one-yard mark, Sewanee made a noble stand, but Furtick was hurled across the line, making the score 6 to 5. Holland, on account of his bad leg, missed a goal, and the score stood 6 to 5.

In the second half, Sewanee punted often, putting Clemson on the defensive entirely. The purple advanced the ball to Clemson's goal from the 45-yard line after a desperate struggle, and finally Phillips was sent over the goal line after four successive bucks, making the final score 11 to 5. Referee, C. R. Williams (Virginia). Umpire, L. D. Guion (North Carolina). Lineman, Benet (Virginia). Time-keepers, Tichenon (Georgia), and Smith (North Carolina). Time of halves, 30 and 25 minutes.

TECH, 11; CLEMSON, 11.

Just seven minutes after the play began, Clemson stood surprised with 11 points registered against them. But instead of being discouraged, they went at Tech with a fierceness and fury that knew no resistance, and soon had 6 points scored against her opponents. Both teams showed a superb offense, but their defense was poor. A peculiar feature of the game was that both elevens used the same formation that did the greatest damage, a delayed pass and false buck straight through center. Neither side seemed to grasp the best method of blocking the play. In the second half, the Tigers soon carried the ball to Tech's goal, rushing it to the 25-yard line. Tech held them here, but a wrong move on Tech's part gave Clemson another chance, and yard by yard, with Holland's daring hurdling and Furtick's powerful smashing, they forced their way to a tie.

Halves of 25 and 15 minutes were played. Referee, Tichenon. Umpire, Butler.

CLEMSON "SCRUBS," 17; GEORGIA "SCRUBS," 0.

On November 5th, the Clemson "Scrubs" met and defeated the Georgia "Scrubs" to the tune of 17 to 0. The features of the game were the playing of Woodruff, Hollis and Gibbes. The latter proved himself efficient in handling the team.

CLEMSON, 6; UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, 0.

We are sorry that we are unable to write the games up in this issue, but will write up in the next.

Clemson College Directory

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would do well to obtain their prices and
samples before placing their orders. . . .

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H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - EDITORS

The Violet

My pride is not a red, red rose,
Or a beautiful lily fair,
But just a modest violet,
A gem from out its forest lair.

The autumn with its brown and gold
Can boast no dearer flower that grew ;
The spring, with all its glittering green,
Loves none as this violet blue.

The summer loves it more than all,
For it comes and brings good cheer ;
The winter sighs, and weeps, and moans,
That it must be the violet's bier.

And the forgotten lover, sad,
Holds it dear in after years,
For it comes to heal wounded hearts,
And to ease the bitterest tears.

T.

The Twilight

Have you seen the radiant picture painted by the setting sun
On the sky's great glorious canvas over there,
By the gate which bars the shadows when the deeds of day
are done—

Have you seen it, in the still November air ?

Seems to me the tender twilight hangs so graceful and so
sweet,

That the angels must be trysting in the skies ;
Every whisper is the echo of their star-ascending feet,
And the tinting—'tis the heaven's glad surprise !

This is but the summer's mem'ry, or the prophesy of spring ;
Or, perhaps, 'tis only dreams rehearsed again ;
Can't you hear the sparrows twitter, as new messages they
bring

From the South, where falls the first glad April rain ?

Ah, the world is gown'd with glory, and the gladsome beauty
rolls

Through the still and mystic portal of the West ;
Where is room for melancholy ? Why the lonely vision
strolls,

Hand-in-hand, with joyful gratitude and rest !

R. E. M., '04.

Horse-Shoe Robinson

(*For Clemson College Chronicle.*)

MESSRS. EDITORS: There has recently come to my desk a pamphlet, *Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Alabama*, with press date Montgomery, Ala., 1904. The author is Mrs. Patrick Hues Mell. In it are many references to South Carolina. One of the sketches would grace the pages of our CHRONICLE, and would interest many readers within and beyond the limits of our college home county—Oconee.

May I request you to republish the article referred to, a copy of which I hand you herewith.

WILLIAM S. MORRISON.

Clemson College, January 6, 1905.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

The following tribute to "Horseshoe Robinson" is extracted from a poem, entitled, "The Day of Freedom," by Alexander B. Meek, and delivered as an oration at Tuscaloosa on the 4th of July, 1838:

Valourously

He bore himself, and with his youthful arms
Chivalrous deeds performed, which in a land
Of legendary lore had placed his name,
Embalmed in song, beside the hallowed ones
Of Douglass and of Percy; not unsung
Entirely his fame, Romance has wreathed
With flowering fingers, and with wizard art
That hangs the votive chaplet on the heart,
His story, mid her fictions, and hath given
His name and deeds to aftertimes. When last
This trophied anniversary came round
And called Columbia's patriot children out

To greet its advent, the old man was here,
Serenely smiling as the autumn sun
Just dripping down the golden west to seek
His evening couch. Few months ago I saw
Him in his quiet home, with all around
Its wishes could demand—and by his side
The loved companion of his youthful years,
This singing maiden of his boyhood's time;
She who had cheered him with her smiles when clouds
Were o'er his country's prospects; who had trod
In sun and shade, life's devious path with him,
And whom kind Heaven had still preserved to bless,
With all the fullness of maternal wealth,
The mellowing afternoon of his decline.
Where are they now—the old man and his wife?
Alas! the broadening sun sets in the night,
The ripening shock falls on the reaper's arm;
The lingering guest must leave the hall at last;
The music ceases when the feast is done;
The old man and his wife have gone from earth,
Have passed in peace to heaven; and summer's flowers,
Beneath the light of this triumphant day,
Luxurious sweets are shedding o'er
The unsculptured grave of

“Horseshoe ‘Robinson.’ ”

The grave of James Robertson is in Tuscaloosa County, on the banks of the Black Warrior River, near Sanders' Ferry, in the old family burying ground. He was the famous “Horseshoe Robinson” of Revolutionary fame in South Carolina, and the hero of the novel of that name, written by John Pendleton Kennedy in 1835. The name “Horseshoe” was given because of a bend in a creek in his plantation in South Carolina, shaped like a horseshoe.

The following inscription is taken from his tombstone :

Major James Robertson.

A native of S. C.

Died April 26, 1838, aged 79 years,

And was buried here.

Well known as Horseshoe Robinson, he earned a just fame in the war for independence, in which he was eminent in courage, patriotism and suffering. He lived fifty-six years with his worthy partner, useful and respected, and died in hopes of a blessed immortality. His children erect this monument as a tribute justly due a good husband, father, neighbor, patriot and soldier.

James Robertson was born in 1759 ; and his epitaph states that he was a native of South Carolina. He was married in 1782, and lived fifty-six years with his worthy partner ; she died in January, 1838, and he died April 26, 1838. The name of his wife was Sarah Morris ——— ; tradition says her maiden name was Hayden ; they left several children ; one daughter was living in Mississippi a few years ago. James Robertson was a famous scout during the Revolution, and a terror to the Tories. After the war he settled in Pendleton District, and was living there when Kennedy met him in 1818. In the preface to Kennedy's novel of "Horseshoe Robinson," he gives an account of the circumstances which led him to write the story.

He says that in the winter of 1818-19 he had occasion to visit the western section of South Carolina. He went from Augusta to Edgefield, then to Abbeville, and thence to Pendleton, in the old District of Ninety-Six, just at the foot of the mountains. His course was still westward until he came to the Seneca River, a tributary of the Savannah. He describes how he happened to spend the night at the home of Col. T——, who lived thirty miles from Pendleton. Horseshoe Robinson came there that night. "What a man

I saw! Tall, broad, brawny and erect. His homely dress, his free stride, his face radiant with kindness, the natural gracefulness of his motions, all afforded a ready index to his character. It was evident he was a man to confide in."

The old soldier was drawn out to relate some stories of the war. He told how he got away from Charleston after the surrender, and how he took five Scotchmen prisoners; and these two famous passages are faithfully preserved in the narrative.

"It was first published in 1835. Horseshoe Robinson was then a very old man. He had removed to Alabama, and lived, I am told, near Tuscaloosa. I commissioned a friend to send him a copy of the book. The report brought me was that the old man had listened very attentively to the reading of it, and took great interest in it.

" 'What do you say to all this?' was the question addressed to him, after the reading was finished. His reply is a voucher, which I desire to preserve: 'It is all true and right—in its right place—excepting about them women, which I disremember. That mought be true, too; but my memory is treacherous—I disremember.' "

It is a pleasure to know that this fine old hero was a real personage, and although his exploits may have been colored in a measure by the pen of the romancer, there still remains a rich stock of adventures, which were undoubtedly true, and the picture of a nature frank, brave, true and yet full of modesty.

Extract from *Flag of the Union*, published at Tuscaloosa, January 17, 1838:

Horseshoe Robinson—Who has not read Kennedy's delightful novel of this name, and who that has read it would not give an half day's ride to see the venerable living hero of this tale of "Tory Ascendancy," the immortal Horseshoe himself—the extermination of "Jim Curry" and Hugh Habershaw? The venerable patriot bearing the familiar

soubriquet, and whose name Mr. Kennedy has made as familiar in the mouths of American youths as household words, was visited by us in company with several friends one day last week. We found the old gentleman on his plantation about twelve miles from this city, as comfortably situated with respect to this world's goods as any one could desire to have him. It was gratifying to us to see him in his old age after having served through the whole war of independence, thus seated under his own vine and fig tree, with his children around him and with the partner of his early toils and trials still continued to him enjoying in peace and safety the rich rewards of that arduous struggle, in the most gloomy and desponding hour of which he was found as ready, as earnest, as zealous for the cause of liberty as when victory perched upon her standard, and the stars of the "Tory Ascendancy" was for a while dimmed by defeat, and in which he continued with unshaken faith and constancy until it sank below the horizon never again to rise. The old gentleman gave us a partial history of his Revolutionary adventures, containing many interesting facts respecting the domination of the Tory party in the South during the times of the Revolution, which Mr. Kennedy has not recorded in his book. But it will chiefly interest our readers, or that portion of them at least to whom the history of the old hero's achievements, as recorded by Mr. Kennedy, is familiar, to be assured that the principal incidents therein portrayed are strictly true.

That of his escape from Charleston after the capture of that city, his being entrusted with a letter to Butler, the scene at Wat Adair's, the capture of Butler at Grindal's Ford, his subsequent escape and recapture, the death of John Ramsey, and the detection of the party by reason of the salute fired over his grave, his capturing of the four men under the command of the younger St. Jermyn, his attack upon Ines' camp, and the death of Hugh Habershaw by his own hand, and finally the death of Jim Curry, are all narrated pretty

much as they occurred, in the old veteran's own language: "There is a heap of truth in it, though the writer has mightily furnished it up." That the names of Butler, Mildred Lindsay, Mary Musgrove, John Ramsey, Hugh Habershaw, Jim Curry, and, in fact, almost every other used in the book, with the exception of his own, are real and not fictitious. His own name, he informed us, is James, and that he did not go by the familiar appellation by which he is now so widely known until after the war, when he acquired it from the form of his plantation in the Horseshoe Bend of the Fair Forest Creek, which was bestowed upon him by the Legislature of South Carolina in consequence of the services he had rendered during the war; this estate, we understood him to say, he still owned.

He was born, he says, in 1759, in Virginia, and entered the army in his seventeenth year. Before the close of the war, he says, he commanded a troop of horse, so that his military title is that of Captain. Horseshoe, although in infirm health, bears evident marks of having been a man of great personal strength and activity. He is now afflicted with a troublesome cough, which, in the natural course of events, must in a few years wear out his aged frame. Yet, notwithstanding his infirmities and general debility, his eye still sparkles with the fire of youth as he recounts the stirring and thrilling incidents of the war, and that sly, quiet humor so well described by Kennedy, may still be seen playing around his mouth, as one calls to his recollection any of the pranks he was wont to play upon any of the "tory vagrants," as he very properly styles them.

The old gentleman received us with warm cordiality and hospitality; and after partaking of the bounties of his board and spending a night under his hospitable roof, we took leave of him, sincerely wishing him many years of the peaceful enjoyment of that liberty which he fought so long and so bravely to achieve. It will not be uninteresting, we hope,

to remark that the old hero still considers himself a soldier, though the nature of his warfare is changed; he is now a zealous promoter of the Redeemer's cause as he once was in securing the independence of his country.

Since the above was in type, we have heard of the death of the aged partner of this venerable patriot. An obituary notice will be found in another column.

The novel, *Horseshoe Robinson*, is interesting reading, even in this critical and blasé twentieth century. Judge A. B. Meek, a fine literary critic, says that "Mr. Kennedy, the author of 'Horseshoe Robinson,' has in that inimitable 'Tale of the Tory Ascendancy' in South Carolina, proved the suitability of American subjects for fictitious composition of the most elevated kind. Although in his incidents and characters he has done little more than presented a faithful chronicle of facts, using throughout the veritable names of persons and places as they were stated to him by his hero himself, yet such is the thrilling interest of the story, the vivid pictures of scenery, manners, customs and language, the striking contrasts of characters and the pervading beauty and power of style and description throughout the work, that we think we do not err in saying that it is not inferior in any respect to the best of the Waverly series."

The home of James Robertson, in South Carolina, where he lived for a third of a century, is still standing. It is in Oconee County, a few miles from Westminster. It is now owned by Mr. Cox, and travelers frequently visit the place, drawn thither by the fame of "Horseshoe Robinson."

How George Procured a Holiday

School had just closed for the day, and I had gone home and was sitting on a bench down near the big Poplar Spring, which is situated just back of our house, when George Lee, a schoolmate of mine, came strolling by and asked me if I

thought the "chaps" of the Litsey School would like to have a holiday the next day. I told him that I did not know about the rest of the fellows, but that I was sure that I should like to have one. He then asked me to tell him what I would be willing to do for a holiday. I told him that I would be willing to do almost any reasonable thing. He said, "Well, sonny, get your chaps together, and come help me catch a bottle full of yellow-jackets." I did not like this idea at all, for I could not see, "to save me," what a bottle full of yellow-jackets could, or would, have to do with getting a holiday. And then, too, I reasoned to myself, that yellow-jackets could not be put into a bottle; and, even if they could, I thought that it would be a great deal better for George to get some one else to help him. But George insisted, and I finally consented to go along—just go along, that's all.

So off we "struck" to Purgatory Swamps to hunt for yellow-jackets; for George said that he had passed through there some weeks before and had seen a good many of the little insects flying about in the swamps. We had not been hunting them long when George called to me that he had found a nest of them. I must confess that I dreaded to hear him call out that he had found some, for I did not like the idea of yellow-jacket hunting; but, nevertheless, I mustered up courage enough to get behind a nearby tree and watch George proceed with his yellow-jacket catching. He pulled out a big-mouthed bottle, and waited in readiness until all the yellow-jackets that had just come up out of the little round hole in the ground had flown away, then he darted up to the place and slapped the big-mouthed bottle over the hole, stamped his foot on the ground a time or two, and in a few seconds the yellow-jackets commenced to "pile" out of the hole up into the bottle. George got his stopper ready, and, when the bottle was almost filled with the insects, he suddenly flirited it up and slapped the stopper into the

bottle's mouth, pulled his hat over his eyes and rushed down through the swamp towards the schoolhouse, calling to me to follow. This I readily did, for I had no desire to stay there with those "mad" yellow-jackets; and, besides, my curiosity was aroused; I wanted to know what George was going to do with those he had in the bottle. But I did not have to wait long before finding out, for we soon reached the school-house, and the way in which George eyed the windows made me guess his plans. He took his big knife and prised up a window sash, then he took the bottle of yellow-jackets from his pocket and dropped it through the window. When it struck the floor, I heard the bottle break. George then slammed the window down, looked at me, grinned, and said, "Good-bye. I will see you about school time in the morning."

The next morning George and I just happened to be on time to see the teacher put in his appearance. We saw him go to the school-house, unlock the door, uncover his bald head, and walk in. He had not been in there long, when we heard a tremendous slapping and squalling, and all of a sudden he came "bulging" out of the house with about a dozen yellow-jackets sticking upon his bald head.

When the teacher found the broken bottle under the window, he was so angry that he determined to teach school that day. So he raised, from the outside, all the windows, and waited in the yard until he thought that all the yellow-jackets had about gotten out of the school-room; then he went into the house and looked around for yellow-jackets; as they all seemed to be gone, he called us children into the school-room and commenced work. But everything was not as quiet as the teacher thought; for a few minutes later a little boy slapped his hands to his face and yelled at the top of his voice. Before the teacher had succeeded in hushing this little fellow, another yellow-jacket became entangled in the hair of a girl on the other side of the room, and the children

in that quarter began running around and yelling as loud as they could. At this point the teacher, in a storm of rage, jumped up and said, "You fool children, go home, and don't you come back here until you are sure these 'plegged' yellow-jackets are all gone."

A Midnight Peril

Every one spoke of the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond as being a home of parental love; for within its walls there abode motherly affections and fatherly care. Their only son, Harry, did not seem to appreciate the beauty of this home or the love which his affectionate father and mother bestowed upon him. Having been brought up a millionaire's only son, he was naturally inclined to be wild and reckless, thinking only of his own pleasure. At the age of nineteen, this inclination had developed to a wonderful degree. All his mother's prayers seemed in vain, for Harry continued in his reckless ways.

The night was dark and wintry! As Mrs. Osmond lay awake, she could hear the wind howling and the rain beating fiercely against the shutters. It was 1 o'clock, but Harry had not made his appearance. Suddenly his mother heard a heavy footfall on the stone steps, and a moment later, Harry stumbled into the hall. When his father opened the door of his room, Harry stood reeling like one in a trance. At a glance, one could see that he was intoxicated.

Though ordinarily a man of indulgence and quiet temper, when once aroused nothing could check Mr. Osmond's furious rage. He stared at his son a moment, and then burst into uncontrollable anger. His words came with redoubled force. His son cowered under the terrible scourge of his tongue, which now seemed to be thoroughly loosened. Harry's mother pleaded in his behalf, but all in vain.

"No! By the God that made me, no! He shall never darken my door again," cried Mr. Osmond in reply to his wife's entreaties. Turning to his son, he handed him a purse, as he said, "There is the door. Take this and let me never see your face again." Harry, dazed by his father's speech, turned and retraced his steps.

* * * * *

As a long train of freight cars slowly moved out of a small western town on a cold night, a rough-looking fellow, shabbily dressed, swung into an empty car. The night was dark and rainy. It seemed as if everything was covered with ice, for the rain was freezing as fast as it fell.

The train drew up at last at a small flag-station. It was some time before the tramp heard the signal to move on. To his consternation, he discovered that the car he was in was not moving. He sprang to the door to open it, but found that he could not move it an inch. When at last he succeeded in prising it open, he found that the train was far on its way to the next station. Looking in the direction of the office, he saw some one was still there. He walked up to the window and inquired when the next train was due. The agent told him that only one more would be through that night, and it was a special.

The tramp stood thinking for a while. He remembered having been to the station before. One-half mile ahead a very long trestle spanned a river. Just across the river was a tank. He knew that the train would stop there to get water. With this idea he decided to walk to the tank and catch the special when it stopped. As he walked down the track, it seemed to him that the driving rain penetrated the two thick coats which he wore, and came in direct contact with his very body. As he walked across the trestle, he noticed that the water was high above the banks. He was about midway when he suddenly felt the huge structure

quiver, as if in the grasp of some powerful monster. He stopped and stood looking at the track before him. Then, amid the roar of the rushing water, he heard a loud crash, and a moment later he saw the track ahead of him sway far below the level. Instantly he knew that one of the huge pillars had collapsed under the heavy strain. He quickly made his retreat to a place of safety. While standing there on the end of the trestle, he heard the distant whistle of an engine beyond the station. "The special! The special!" he cried aloud. He plainly saw the doom of all those aboard unless some one gave the engineer warning. How was he to give warning without a light or anything with which to make a light? He could now hear the distant rumble of the train as it sped on to its apparent doom. "Something must be done, and I must do it," thought the tramp. Without a moment's further hesitation, he began to strip off his wet coats and other garments until he came to the one next to his body. This was the only one dry enough to burn. Then the thought struck him that if the engineer did not see the light before he rounded the sharp curve, it would be too late to stop. He would have tried to get around the curve, but he saw that he did not have time. On looking around, he found, fortunately for him, there was a telegraph post on which the linemen had left some short slats nailed, so that they could climb it. By this means he quickly climbed the slippery pole. He could now see far down the track. But could he hang on with one hand long enough to give the signal? The upper part of his body being bare and exposed to the rain and severe cold, he could not hope to hold there long. With trembling hands he struck a match and managed to ignite the garment just as the head-light came into view. He waived the beacon frantically in the air. A loud shriek from the engine answered his signal. It seemed to him hours of agony before the train began to slow up. As

the engine came to a halt within a few feet of him, a mist swam before his eyes.

"The trestle! The trestle!" he gasped, and then fell forward.

The conductor immediately reported their narrow escape to Mr. Osmond, who had been recently promoted to superintendent of this great railway system. Mr. Osmond requested him to bring the tramp into his private car as soon as he recovered consciousness. A half-hour later the poor fellow was ushered into the private car of the superintendent. As he saw the face of the tramp, Mr. Osmond leaped to his feet, exclaiming, "My son! My son! Long have I repented of my rash deed. Long have I wished to look on your face again. Will you come home? Your mother waits for you."

"Father! O, father, can you forgive me for my wild and reckless way? I have not touched a drop of the accursed stuff since I last saw you," sobbed Harry, as the train sped back towards the city and—home. How sweet that sounded to his ears after two years' absence. Tears came to their eyes as his father slowly repeated these most appropriate lines:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

"MYSTERIOUS MIKE," '08.

A Life History of Lakes

A lake is born, lives for a period of time, and then dies, as if it were a human being. Beautiful to look upon, with its broad expanse of water, bordered with luxuriant vegetation, one would think that its life is perpetual, and that when first made it would live on to the end of the world. But

not so—lakes have their period of birth, growth, and finally die away, leaving only traces of their once resting place, in the form of alluvial plains or rich river valleys, for men to build cities upon or carry on productive farming. Thus it is proved that in order to produce life something must die, and in the history of lakes this saying is found to be true. For, as its life ebbs away, the way is being prepared for a higher life to take its place, in the form of living beings.

Just how a lake lives, and then finally dies, is an interesting subject for study. There are a great many agencies brought to bear upon the life period of a lake, though it takes years and even periods of time beyond the comprehension of man for these signs to show themselves outwardly; yet they are going on and on, changing the form and shape of the lake from time to time. Rivers emptying into a lake bring with them, in solution and in solid state, sediment that is deposited in the bottom of the lake, and thus in time fills it up, and afterwards the bed of the lake becomes a great alluvial plain, through which the rivers wander from side to side as if seeking a way to get out to the sea. If a lake has no outlet, its life period may be shortened, to a certain extent, as all the rivers coming in from the surrounding country bring in tons upon tons of small particles of gravel, sand and alluvial deposits, which is deposited in the bottom of the lake, thus in time filling it up entirely.

In the case of a lake having an outlet to the sea, passing over shoals or high rocks—the rocks will be, eventually, worn away, down to the level of the lake bed, and, together with deposition going on as a result of the rivers flowing into the lake from the surrounding country, coupled with the wearing away of the shoals and rocks of the lake's outlet, sooner or later will result in the death of the lake, leaving only an alluvial plain, through which the rivers will flow on their way to the sea.

Great Salt Lake is an example of a lake that is gradually dying away. This fact is evident and shows itself very plainly by the lowering of the water-level, which is probably due to a good many causes, both natural and artificial. Anyway, the rate of evaporation is greater than the supply of the lake's tributaries; some of the tributaries having been cut off from the lake for irrigating the great plains that are void of rainfall. The great pavilion built far out into the lake, upon piles, when first constructed, had the water on a level with the landing; but now it has gone down, leaving the structure like so much trestle-work in an open sea.

The climate in which a lake is situated has a great influence upon the life of it, as it changes in many ways at every change of temperature of the atmosphere. Evaporation is more rapid in a hot climate than in a cold one. The growth of vegetation is greater along the border of a lake in a tropical climate than in any other. This tends to fill the bed of the lake, as the leaves and trunks of trees fall into it, collect on the lake bed, and changes into the form of peat or rubbish, that helps collect other material and deposits.

Lakes change from time to time by the slow process of nature, yet it is at all times going on, either making a lake or gradually adding material to it that in the end means destruction. Earthquakes may cause the birth or death of a lake within a very short time; yet this may be looked at as an accident and not a natural course in the lives of lakes.

Time is not considered in the making or decaying of lakes, as it takes years upon years for even the slightest change to make itself known; yet they are going the way of all the earth, having a period of birth, life, and then death in the end.

S., '05.

A College Friendship

I was on my way to dear old Clemson again, and yet I had peculiar reasons for being sad. Aside from the fact that I had left home the day before, and the dearest girl in the world just a few minutes gone by, a surge of melancholy thoughts came over me. I was a Senior, and this was my last year at the dear old place I had learned to love so well. And thus it was that I sat and moped all the fifty miles to Columbia.

When I reached the station there, the first man to greet me was Jimmie Kurne, my best friend, and we were soon deep in conversation, telling our various tales of the summer. Jimmie and I had run the gauntlet together and had risen class by class until we at last had reached Senior, and both of us were more dignified than ever. At last Calhoun was reached, and as Jimmie and I alighted, we took a kind of keen delight in showing our chevrons to the new cadets. We were but human, and so were they, for they stood in a kind of mixed attitude of respect and awe as they saw us drive off.

"Jimmie, old fellow," I said, "have you ever found a girl yet?"

"No—and never will. You are an awful good fellow to be such a fool yourself."

Jimmie was a kind of cynical woman-hater, and often rallied me about being so crazy over the girl I had left just a few hours before. With a few more pleasantries we drove up to the gangway, and after watching rats run the gauntlet for a while, we went in and old acquaintances were renewed and new ones formed.

And so it was that we began our year's work—Jimmie and I.

The fall gradually turned to winter, and four days before Xmas day finds Jimmie and me at my home. My sister had

invited several girl friends for the holidays, and I was supremely happy, for my girl was there and we were preparing for a jolly good time. I was hunting mistletoe, but Jimmie preferred to hunt birds and rabbits every time we got a chance to steal off.

Xmas day came bright and beautiful, and we all were up early. The change of presents made everybody happy, and I was particularly so, for my prize present was a large picture with, "What more can one give than one's self?" written upon the back in a feminine hand that I loved.

After Xmas day, Jimmie didn't seem to have a good time, and often I would catch him looking at me as if something troubled him. When I awoke New Year's day, I found him up and dressed and gazing out over the bare hills far down below us. When he heard me move, he turned abruptly and spoke to me.

"Dick," he began, and his voice was low and soft like a calm after a great storm, "I have something to tell you and I might as well out with it."

"Well, give me a cigarette first," I replied.

He handed me a cigarette and lit one himself. I lay back down and he proceeded: "I made a resolution a while ago and I'll keep it, by all that's good and holy. You're the best friend I've got on earth, Dick, and it seems that fate has played me a cruel trick. I'm in love, Dick, and— yes, I'm in love with your girl. I never loved before, but I swear she shall never know it:" he paused a moment, "not that it would make any difference, but I know how to be a friend."

I sat for a moment dumbfounded, and then this classmate's nobleness dawned upon me. I plead with him not to let our friendship stand in his way, but to go on and try. "All's fair in love and war," was my argument, but when we left for college a few days later, I knew that Jimmie would always keep his resolution. June came and we both graduated. He went to South America, as an engineer, and I

married the girl I loved the following Christmas. I wrote to Jimmie, asking him to come to the wedding, but the answer I got, I shall always keep. It was short and to the point, and spoke volumes of the greatness of college friendships. It was sent with a magnificent tea service, and read as follows:

"Dear Dick: As a friend, true and tried, I congratulate you. I cannot come, but sometimes think of me and my 'silent love.' God bless you and make you worthy of the woman who will bear your name. Jimmie."

TILLMAN, '03.

In "Lovers' Lane"

In the suburbs of a small yet rapidly growing village of the State there is a large, beautiful mill pond. Across this pond a dam has been constructed, for the purpose of utilizing the great power of its waters. This dam was made very wide and shade trees were placed in rows along its edges, and have since grown to be very large and beautiful, with their branches lapping overhead. Most of these are evergreens, with vines hanging in great festoons from their topmost branches, and with thick bunches of mistletoe dotting the limbs here and there. The gentle breezes, as they sweep across the pond, form small waves which break against the bank with a rippling sound. This beautiful, shady avenue is aptly known as "Lovers' Lane."

In the winter, this lane is the chief strolling place for all the village people, and it was for this purpose that Charles Leighton happened to be on it one quiet Christmas day. Leighton was a student of ——— College and was spending the holidays with relatives in the village; but as the village was rather quiet and he was alone, he had decided to take a stroll through this beautiful lane. He had been idly walking along, thinking of some of the events of his life,

and had not noticed the figure of a young lady leaning against a large tree just ahead of him until he was very near her. She had her back to him and was evidently thinking deeply, for she had not heard his approaching footsteps. Leighton paused for a moment and stood gazing at her. "She has a pretty figure," he said to himself, "and such beautiful, wavy golden hair." A slight smile played upon his face as he glanced upward and saw a large bunch of mistletoe hanging directly over her head, and, though she was a stranger to him, he determined not to let this good opportunity pass unheeded. So he slowly advanced and was about to bend forward and kiss her, when she raised her face toward his. He started backward, and well he might, for he saw before him the loveliest girl that he had ever seen. They had never met, yet each blushed as if surprised to see the other. Where had he seen her? Who was she, and what had she to do with his past life that caused him to recognize her face? were the thoughts that passed rapidly through his mind. Then suddenly there occurred to him what he had not thought of before, that she was the girl of his dreams. While his face colored deeply, he awkwardly pulled his cap, and, stuttering, said, "Pardon me, madam, if I am an intruder, but—may I—introduce myself?" She had not moved or spoken until he addressed her, and then she slightly stepped back, and with a feigned frown upon her brow replied, "I suppose you might, if it will please you." "I am Charles Leighton, of ——— College," said he, "and am visiting relatives in the village. May I ask your name?" "I am Nina Welford, of ——— College," she answered, "and I am visiting friends in town." After they had chatted a few minutes, he asked if he might accompany her home. She told him that she would be pleased to have his company, and they leisurely strolled on until the gate was reached, where they parted.

Leighton had only a few more days before his return to school, but he made the most of his opportunities, and called as often as she would let him. When the day came for him to leave, he had made but little progress with his ideal; so he told her of how much he loved her, but she only promised to write to him occasionally. Thus, it was with some misgivings that he climbed into the car, bound for — College; yet he remembered that it was New Year's day and resolved that he would receive the first honor of his class, and in June, when his diploma was given to him, that he would place it in his idol's hands. With this as his guide, and Nina nearest to him at heart, he went to his work in earnest. Every Sunday evening he would write to Nina, and fill each letter with words of love. But Nina's letters came only once a month, and none of these were very promising. In one of her letters she said that she was going to visit friends in his village some time in June, and might see him there. Time passed very rapidly, and the final examinations were at hand; so it was a time of hard work for Leighton, but he persevered to the last, and when the marks were published, Leighton was in the lead by just one point; yet he had won. The commencement day had arrived and the various medals were delivered, Leighton receiving the medal for the best poem, the title being "Nina."

Leighton, with his diploma, medal and a happy heart, boarded the train for the little village, as he wished not to lose any time, for his lady love had already gone before him. When he reached the village station, he went not to his home, but straight to Lovers' Lane. He was walking rapidly and was thinking of the time that he first met Nina, when he turned, and looking down the lane saw her leaning against the tree where they had first met. He hastened to where she was standing, and, though fearing the result, he began to tell of his deep affection and love for her. At the same time he placed his diploma and medal into her hands,

saying, "I owe both of these to you." She blushed, but taking a scroll from under some leaves and handing it to him, said, "This do I owe to you." To his great surprise, he found it to be her diploma from ——— College. "Why, I thought that you were in the Junior Class," said he. "Yes," she replied, "but I didn't tell you that I was taking both classes. So you see that I have been at work, also." Leighton could not speak for a while, but when he did collect his thoughts, he said, "Nina, my darling, can I ever win you?" "No," she replied, and then, lifting her beautiful, smiling eyes to his, she held out her hands to him and continued, "for I'm already won."

C. A. GRAINGER, '06.

A Crime

The slowly descending moon seemed to be looking with an accusing eye upon the two steady figures gliding in and out among the long spectral shadows of the forest. It seemed to be conscious of the crime contemplated by these two beings in the form of men—but helpless, as it was to interfere, could only look with horror and condemnation on the perpetrators of such deeds. Stealthily, silently, starting at every sound, listening to every murmur of the gentle zephyrs, these two figures, crawling, dodging, sneaking, keeping in the deepest shadows of the giant pines and hemlocks, slowly but steadily approach the verge of the forest, and a small cottage in the center of the clearing.

* * * * *

Many years ago, in a great Eastern city, there lived two men, inseparable friends, officers in a large and prosperous bank. Reared in the same small country town, companions in frolic and mischief, chums at the same university, it was natural that they should enter life in the same capacity, bound by the ties of undying friendship that had character-

ized their earlier life. Success crowned their efforts. Their reputations were established, their fortunes were made.

Being in such a prosperous condition, each decided that the time had come for him to choose his life's partner, one with whom to share his fortune and who should govern his domestic affairs. With this in view, each erected his home, on the same street, side by side. In the course of time their residences were completed and furnished, and now, the time being at hand, each took unto himself the wife of his choice.

If it were desired that the two most superb, most artistic, most homelike dwellings be chosen from all the magnificent residences on the famous Park Avenue, one would have been warranted in designating these two, for the external view, exceptional as it was, was eclipsed by the beauties, the luxuries, the comforts of the interior. Carpets, rugs, furniture, paintings—all of the finest art—were most tastily and elegantly arranged; everything to be desired was at hand. With brightest prospects for the future, happiest anticipations of the present, and dreamy forgetfulness of the past, home life was established in these two mansions.

When, a few years later, an infant son was born to one couple and a daughter to the other, their success seemed at its zenith, and they were yet happier than before. What more could one want? Fortune, fame, happiness, all were theirs.

It was immediately decided by the parents that these two infants should be reared in each other's company, induced to love each other, and finally to become man and wife. They would then receive the combined fortunes of the millionaire bankers. All was settled, and wrapped in the pleasures of the present, the self-assured certainties of the future, they ceased to even think of the possibilities enshrouded in the coming years. Little did they think, those fond and loving parents, that one drop of ink, carelessly mis-

placed by the steady hand of a cashier, would cause an estrangement of relations between them; would cause an irruption in the now pleasant home circle that would last forever.

The morning of the 13th of January, 183—, cold, cloudy, gloomy—a fitting precursor, saw the careless action which caused thousands to lose their all, and which caused the terrible sequel of which we are writing. No one ever knew just what mistake was made, but it was evidently of the utmost importance, for a few hours later the doors of the bank were closed, and another failure was registered on the book of errors.

One of the bankers was implicated, hot words ensued, and at a single stroke the friendship and alliance of years was abruptly broken. In his anger, each threatened his child with disinheritance if any communication whatever were held with the other's child; but the love and affection of years had so filled the hearts of these young people that they refused to part with each other's company. Their relations became even stronger than ever, they were married that night. True to their words, the parents disinherited them, sent them from the homes of their childhood, but they, proud spirits, scorned such an action. Distressed as they were at the rupture between their parents, they could do nothing, under the circumstances, towards a reconciliation, and they, who were reared in the lap of luxury, ensconced in the highest society of the land, gave up all their inheritance, their positions and left the homes where their fathers were disgraced. In their desire to get as far as possible from their once happy home, they made their home on the edge of a great forest, in a far Western State, on the frontier, among the wild and fierce cowboys and savages, and the illiterate and uncouth settlers.

At first, life was very hard for this college-bred couple, but determination soon dispelled all the difficulties, and

accustoming themselves to the habits of their neighbors, they began to accumulate their small fortune. Many disappointments overtook them, but in the end their perseverance was rewarded. They were now comparatively prosperous, and to the joy of the self-sacrificing and loving couple, a daughter was born to them; but even then they were not happy. They could not repress that longing that so often surged in their breasts; they could not help but think of those old folks at home, far across those vast desert plains and tangle-wood forests, even though those very ones had so cruelly wronged them.

It began to be noised about that this young settler was fast accumulating wealth, and he was looked upon with envious eyes by those who were not so successful. They, being without any human principles whatever, with the greediness of dogs, wanted, for their own, the small fortune of the unsuspecting settler, and to get it they would stop at nothing. A plot was formed by two of the bravest. They were to sneak up in the dark, assassinate, steal.

* * * * *

Way over yonder, towards the rising sun, in a large, turbulent and wicked city, in the exquisitely furnished drawing room of a beautiful mansion, before a blazing hearth, sit four figures. Sorrow and distress have plainly marked their features. The stigma, which for a while overshadowed their homes, has been removed; the curtain of dishonor, which for a while enshrouded their lives, has been lifted, but the effects can never be erased. The furrowed features, the silvered heads, the bent backs, all bore witness to the ordeal which had been undergone. They are longing for their children. Far and wide have they searched, but in vain. Eagerly have they followed imaginary clues, hoping against hope, only to be disappointed more bitterly at every turn, and now, disheartened, broken-hearted, they sor-

row for their children. As they sit, silent and mournful, thinking of their loved ones far away in the unknown, a giant of the western plains is rapidly making his way along the paved street, bringing glad tidings for their wearied hearts. He knows where the lost couple are, and with that spirit of humanity, so exceptional in the frontiersman, would reunite this once happy family. Having entered the house, he at once tells the trusting souls where their children can be found, and relates the many difficulties, disappointments, and final prosperity of the young couple. With choking voices they thank the Westerner for his information, and, at their request, he agrees to pilot them to the far western home. On the morrow the journey began. For many weeks these four people experienced hardship and suffering, but they must see their children at once, and nothing could hinder them. At last they camped one evening within a short distance of the home they were seeking.

* * * * *

The work of the day was hard, and as the sun set in its fiery furnace, a tired young man slowly made his way to a little cottage at the edge of the forest. At the door, a beautiful young girl, with a rosy-cheeked infant in her arms, was waiting for him. With a fond caress he saluted them, and they passed into the meagerly furnished, but neat little room. Sitting by a pleasant fire of oak and hemlock boughs, they talked of the days gone by—of their college days, of the fine ladies and gentlemen who were once their friends, of the fashionable ball-room, of the comforts and luxuries of their former home, of their parents. For a long time they sat thus, in melancholy silence, calling up remembrances of the past; then, with the completion of the evening prayer, they retired, little dreaming that their fond and loving parents were then within an hour's ride of the woodland cottage, and that two demons were then completing their plans for an assassination and robbery.

The sorrowful moon, unwilling to witness the crime about to be committed, sank behind the murky clouds, and deepest darkness spread its pall over the doomed cottage. Silently and cautiously they who are about to take human life, make their way towards the unlocked door. Nearer they come. They are now at the steps—ah! he starts!

“’Tis only the coyote’s bark you have heard; come on, you fiend, and finish the crime that will send your soul to deepest hell.”

With a muttered curse at his own temerity, he cautiously enters the doorway, closely followed by his companion. On he creeps, still followed by his ally, until now, he is in striking distance of the man whose life he would take, and the last ray of the descended moon gleams for an instant against the upraised steel.

A pause, a dull thud, a shiver, and the deed is done. Another innocent soul has found its final resting place. Awakened by the slight noise, she, upstarting, felt the warm blood of her husband on her face, and divining the deed, she fell back with a loud and piercing scream. An instant later, and her soul was with that of her husband’s, for the cowardly half-breed had plunged his dagger into her heart.

Completing their crime by robbery, they set fire to the cottage and left it to burn, with the dead bodies of the father and mother, and the still sleeping innocent babe, and sneaked off in the darkness.

The blazing fire was seen by the old people, and they, fearing that something had happened to their children, made all haste to the burning cottage. The brave frontiersman, their guide, arrived in time to save the infant, but the dead bodies of the parents were consumed before they could be removed.

With cries of anguish, they were forced to stand and see the cottage burn off the heads of their dead children, but it

was His will, and with bowed heads and streaming eyes, they submitted.

At last it was over. They were not permitted to see the faces of their own children, even in death, but they had their children's child, and upon it they would shower that tenderness and love only known to those who are fathers and mothers.

The owl sends forth his dismal hoot, the whipporwill sings in his mournful way, the coyote's shrill bark echoes and re-echoes through the gloomy forest; then all is quiet, quiet as the death that cut short the lives of yon happy couple but a few hours ago.

The sun, rising in its gilded magnificence, dispels the lurking shadows, but ah! there is one shadow that it cannot drive away. It is that shadow which has settled its heavy veil over the souls of the four gray-haired people in yonder tent.

Remorse? No. Remorse is nothing to the feelings that fill their hearts; they who drove their own children from the civilized world; they who exiled their own flesh and blood from their homes.

S. P. HARPER, '06.

The Mysterious Castle

Bill Smith, a robber, murderer and outlaw, was married to one of the pretties girls of Cross Roads about two years previously. They were now living in a beautiful country home, about two miles from the city of Salem, Neb., and five miles from the enchanted castle, which had been haunted for more than fifty years. They had been living in their new home about six months, during which time Bill, often called "Bloody Bill," had not committed a single crime, and it seemed as if he were trying to make himself a good and lawful citizen.

It was a warm evening in May, while Bill and his loving wife were sitting upon the lawn, that a man, securely masked, rode by. As he passed he threw a note to Bill and galloped away over the prairies. Bill quickly read the note, and told his wife that some one wished to see him that night, at exactly 9 o'clock, at the enchanted castle. His wife begged him not to go, for fear some harm might befall him, but all in vain. Bill was a brave and daring man, and he wished every one to know it. So at 7 o'clock he started for the enchanted castle, about five miles distant, having, in the meantime asked one of his neighbors to protect his wife while he was away.

Bill did not ride straight to the castle, but when he came within a hundred yards of it he dismounted, tethered his horse, and slowly crept within a few yards of it, where he concealed himself. At 9 o'clock a horse-woman approached the castle, carrying a bundle on the pommel of her saddle. She dismounted and carried the bundle into the building, but finding no one there, she was heard to shriek, "Oh, God, send a horrible curse upon 'Bloody Bill,' so that he may never live to break another woman's heart by murdering her beloved husband." Then, after standing on the portico, weeping bitterly, a few moments, she remounted and galloped away through the woods.

Bill looked carefully in every direction to see that no one else was near, then he crept into the castle to see what was contained in this mysterious bundle. On opening the package a strange odor arose, that quickly filled the entire room. Bill tried to escape, but fell in the doorway, suffocated by the powerful smell. Thus did the woman wreak her revenge on her husband's murderer by this infernal machine, and also rid the country of a bad man.

H. E. G.

The Shadows

Crossly the winter sun seems to o'erlook
Both the brown woods and the meadows,
Lancing its light into every nook,
Hilltop and lowland, valley and brook;
Sunshine is sifted wherever you look,
Except in the sweep of the shadows.

Under the twilight's trystful glow,
Or in the silent stars' gleaming,
Shadows constantly come and go,
Zigzagging where the zephyrs blow,
Guardedly groping so silently slow,
Gauged by the moon's mellow beaming.

These are the shadows we commonly know,
Never at rest or aweary;
Longest whenever the sun is low,
Boldest wherever there lies a foe;
Restless, indifferent, indolent, slow,
Impudent, fickle, and merry.

But beneath yon edging of blue,
Under the sky's ragged portal,
There is a kingdom (if only we knew
Whether its sovereign is honest and true);
For there the dearest shadows accrue—
Loyal, icy, eternal!

There, in the midst of the mountainous lands,
Deep in the rifts of the valleys,
Loosened and free from society's bands,
Primeval people—a neighborhood stands—
Heeding God's nature alone—her commands
Urge life-sustaining sallies.

Oh, shall we say they are yet immature;
Shall we condemn or admonish?
Are not the ones in the shadows as pure—
There where no radiant rainbows allure—
Simple in style; wants chaste and fewer,
Nought to corrupt or astonish?

Then to Eternal Shadows let's bow,
Low bend the knee to the humble;
Call them ignorant, stupid; but know
Theirs are the truest hearts God made to glow
Red with the fire of life. Under its flow
Waning hypocrisies tremble!

'04.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Another year, with its blessings and opportunities, has been consigned to the past, and is now known to us only through our recollections of what it brought to us. To some it brought sorrow, to others greater duties and responsibilities, while to us all, it brought great opportunities for self-improvement and for advancing the well-being of our fellow-men. To those who

care to profit from experience, it has taught some valuable lessons; and many of us, by taking a retrospective view of it, can see where we have failed to do the right thing at the right time, where we have been selfish when we should have been generous and charitable, and where, in many instances, we have failed to measure up to "the whole duty of man."

Probably nothing will be more profitable to us than to make a careful survey of the record that we have made during this past year. The failures we have made, with their causes as well as the successes that have crowned our efforts, will all be revealed. It is by such an examination that we are enabled to discover our weaknesses and to strengthen them. But the beginning of the new year is upon us, and with the usual new resolutions we must go forward to meet its difficulties, with our past records to inspire us with confidence in our ability to overcome them.

The Fall of Port Arthur

Alas, it has fallen! Port Arthur, the most strongly fortified city on the face of the earth, after a siege of nearly eleven months, succumbed to the fierce persistency of the Japanese attacks and surrendered on the third of January. This surrender marks the second capture of that city by the Japanese within just a few months more than the last decade, each capture being made after a long and exhaustive struggle. But the siege of Port Arthur probably transcends all others of which history gives record in tenacity of the attack and in stubbornness of the defense. The Japanese, from the beginning, gradually tightened the noose about the beleaguered city, taking fort after fort; making charge after charge, and in it all and through it all, braving the murderous machine guns, the hidden mines, the hand grenades, and the rifle fire of concealed infantry. Undaunted, however, by any of these, they pressed on and now their reward has come, the victory has been won, the object has been attained—Port Arthur is in their possession.

However, not all glory takes flight with victory. The Russians, though defeated, maintained a brave and glorious defense. It is true, that they had the advantage, being within a city whose fortifications were as nearly irresistible as human ingenuity could make them. Yet the most impregnable position is of little avail without the wherewith to retain it. Cut off from all sources of supply, the provisions and ammunition of the Russians had for some time been running short, until finally some of the forts were without ammunition, and had to resort to their bayonets as a sole defense. Added to this, death had come among them and was rapidly mowing down their ranks—death from disease and the Japanese shells, and every man not knowing but that he himself might be the next to fall. Yet, standing thus within the very jaws of grim death, they fought on until the limit of human endurance was reached, and then surrendered of sheer exhaustion.

The fall of this fortress is indeed a most decisive victory for the Japanese, and may be very instrumental in bringing about a cessation of hostilities. But the extent to which it will make for a restoration of peace is merely a matter of conjecture, in which little faith can be placed. However, it releases the investing army of the Japanese, which may now join the forces operating against Kuropatkin, who, with little possibility of receiving reinforcements, can but expect eventual defeat. Then, with the entire land forces defeated, and with the navy already almost completely annihilated, the Russian Bear will of necessity yield to the conquering nation and on bended knees come forward with peace overtures.

The Cotton Situation

The recent slump in the price of cotton has cast a gloom over the entire South. Many farmers have held cotton, which could have been sold for from nine to ten cents, and which, at this writing, will only bring from five to six cents. The amount of

cotton thus held aggregates a million or so of bales, and represents millions of dollars loss to the farmers. Such an immense loss to any branch of industry would be seriously felt and more especially so by the farmers.

Cotton is the South's main resource, and anything that tends to reduce the price of it operates against the financial interest of the South. The price of no other article is so subject to change as is that of cotton. The minor changes, however, may properly be attributed to the influences of speculation; but, for a change like the recent one, we must look for a disturbance of the equilibrium of the market as the cause. The market is largely regulated by the law of supply and demand, and when this law is violated a fluctuation of price occurs. The cotton crop this year is one of the largest ever known. The supply, therefore, is greatly in excess of the demand, and hence the depression in the price. No other definite cause can be given, and there is, therefore, no other certain remedy for it except a regulation of the supply to the demand.

This cannot be accomplished, though, by the frenzied method, as pursued in some sections, of burning a portion of the remainder of the crop. The extent to which this has been done, is, however, extremely limited, and it should be stopped entirely. The man who deliberately sets fire to any of his valuable possessions, and especially to the products of his toil, shows a marked degree of lack of intelligence, and certainly deserves the sympathy of all of his more sensible neighbors. However, there need not be any fears or prophecies about further burning of cotton, for the first instances of it were nothing more than a hasty and inconsiderate demonstration of disgust at the lowering prices, and of which, no doubt, the more sober judgment of those engaged in it has caused them to repent.

But the South is confronted with this condition, and its people must bestir themselves to overcome it. While some

attention can and ought to be given to present relief for the situation, yet the main consideration should be for a prevention of its recurrence. It is within the power of the farmers to accomplish this if they will only take the proper precautionary steps at the planting season and so reduce the acreage of cotton that its production will be more nearly on an equality with its demand. The speculative influences have always operated to advance the price at planting time and dupe the farmers into planting a large crop, and then, when the harvest comes, to lower it to the detriment of the producer. The evil can be obviated by the exercise of a little discretion on the part of the planters, in so regulating the production of this great staple of the South, that its supply will not be in excess of its demand. When this has been done, cotton will have a more stable price and will no longer be the pet of speculators to be tyrannized over by their relentless schemes.



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

The November issue of *The Palmetto* is very good. "Resolved, 'That the Negro Should Be Given the Best Advantages of Education Possible,'" contains many strong points, both on the affirmative and negative sides. We are glad it is not our duty to decide the winner. Although reading "Taps" makes us all very sad, it is an excellent piece, and should serve to make us all emulate that noble love that existed between Tom and John. The writer of "Should a Woman's College Encourage Fraternities?" handles her subject well. The piece is clearly written and is a forcible plea for fraternities. We certainly do pity the man in "No Go." We cannot understand his actions at all. "What a Mistake" is short, but to the point. Although we were "ordered" by the Editor-in-Chief not to notice her editorials, we must say that they are unusually well written. We hope she will pardon us for disobeying orders.

"To Carlyle McKinley," the opening poem in the *Wofford College Journal*, is well written and deserves close attention. "Socialism" is interesting as information, but, aside from this, there is not much in it. "The Part Dixie Played" should appeal to all true Southerners. We can readily appreciate the feelings of that savage tribe on hearing the strains of that wonderful piece of music. Harold certainly

deserved to get ahead of Chadwick and secure Lucile in "None But the Brave." The plot of the piece is, we admit, similar to those we see so often, but, on the whole, the piece is very readable. We never tire of reading of such men as Jackson, and we read "A Great Life" with unusual interest. It gives us a keener insight into the life of this great Christian and soldier. The editorial and exchange departments are well gotten up.

The Transylvanian has several poems but is sadly lacking in short pieces. "From the Elysian Fields" contains a very humorous account of a foot-ball game between the Romans and the Greeks. We must say, however, that it is the most interesting part of the paper, which, on the whole, is not what it should be.

The Kalends is a great improvement on last month's issue. "The Girl Who Worked" shows us how necessary it is for us to cultivate friends while in college. For our part, we never did believe in studying too hard—studying to the detriment of health and friends. It doesn't pay. We have one serious criticism of this paper to make—the clippings. There are a good many, 'tis true, but oh, how old! It seems that we have been reading these same clippings ever since we entered college. Barring this, the magazine is good.

The Millsaps Collegian contains several stories, but no poems. "A Martyr to a Good Cause" shows what a man can do to prove his true bravery. "Jim's Joke" has really nothing good in it. The editorials and literary department are well gotten up, as is also the local department.

"November the Twenty-Fourth" is a very good poem in *The Criterion*. "One Day I Wrote Her Name Upon the Strand" contains several nice short pieces. "The Strength of a Woman's Purpose" is well written, although we are saddened by the end it has. The editorials are good, but

the exchange department is rather short. On the whole, the magazine is very good.

The most noticeable thing about *The William and Mary Literary Magazine* is the poems. There are several in it, and they are all unusually good. "Athletics" is good, and contains full accounts of the games played. The literary department contains several pieces, and the clippings, also, are very fine.

We are in receipt of a book lately published, "The Most Popular College Songs." This book is full of "catchy" songs, as well as some older ones. The book is neatly bound, and is very entertaining.

The Red and White of the A. & M. College of North Carolina, is, as usual, full of readable matter. The poetry is very good, and of a bulk large enough to suit a magazine of that size. "Christmas" expresses one's wishes and thoughts as they were before Xmas, but since those days are gone, we now long for summer. "The Jollylina Club" is splendid in its way, but "Things Undone" and "Love" was read with more pleasure than most of the short poems that we see in the magazines. There is no very weighty matter in the December number, but all the selections are well written and entertaining. One essay would have added somewhat to the number. "Little Men," in its way, is all right, and is the only thing approaching an essay, and should be read by every man and woman that has a chance to read it. "Chips and Wheatstones" should be read by every college man, and it should be the object of every one to make the most of the little things necessary to college education. "His Inspiration," "The Love of a Woman," "Finis," "A Love That Never Died," and "His Mother's Face" are good love stories. The last mentioned leaves the son, a common house robber, with his pocket full of stolen valuables and a bright smile on his face, "and in his eyes is a light of a new hope." The article on athletics is well written, and the

description of the A. & M.-Clemson game is fair to both sides. The editorials are very well gotten up, and deserve special mention.

It should make an editor's heart glad to receive such a treat as is given in the December issue of the *University of Virginia Magazine*. We plunged into the contents of the magazine with the belief that it would not be time lost or unprofitably spent, and when we finished, we were fully assured that our belief was correct. The December issue contains about ninety pages of well written matter. Enough poetry and essays to balance the fiction and light matter therein. Seven poems, three essays and four stories and a piece in French. "The Poetry of John B. Tabb," "The New South" and "Shakespeare's Ideal Villain" are very good, but this number excels in its splendid stories, "The Inconsistency of Betty," "The Love That Passeth Notwithstanding," "The Double Knight," a translation from the French, and "The Unchanged Skin." The latter deserves special mention, showing that the writer is well up on detective stories. The editorials are very good, and also the exchange department.

We are glad to acknowledge receipt of *The College Reflector*, *The Ingot*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Wesleyan*, *The Spectrum*, *Student Record*, *The Southern Collegian*, *Trinity Archive*, *Davidson Magazine*, *The Kalends*, *The Erskinian*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *Our Monthly*, *The Criterion*, *The Collegian*, *The Carolinian*, *The Limestone Star*, *The William Woods College Record*, *The Monroe College Monthly*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Spectrum*, and probably many others.

Woman's hair, beautiful hair,
What words of praise I utter.
But, oh, how sick it makes me feel,
To find it in the butter.

—Ex.

Some men are born bald, some achieve baldness, others acquire it by marriage.—*Grey Jacket*.

Mamma: Johnny, give Ethel the lion's share of that orange.

Johnny: Yes, mother.

Ethel (a little later): Mamma, he has not given me any.

Johnny: Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges.

—*Transylvanian*.

"Surrender, Beatrice," I cried,

For my heart was sorely wounded.

"I suppose I must," she said,

"For I see I'm surrounded."



E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

The many friends of Cadet J. P. Gossett were shocked on learning the news of his sudden death. His generous, open nature, and gentlemanly bearing, had attracted many of his college comrades to him. His absent face will long be missed from its familiar place. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire corps.

Prof. J. W. Hart, once a member of the Clemson faculty, was a recent visitor of Prof. Furman. Prof. Hart is a native of Canada. His first work in the South was at the Auburn Polytechnic Institute, whence he came to Clemson. Since leaving Clemson he has had charge of Government Dairy Work at Kingston, Canada, and Professor in Urbana University, Illinois. The latter he resigned, to accept a responsible position as Director of Experimental Station

in San Pallo, Brazil. He is authorized to select a number of professors for the institution, and is making a tour of the different A. & M. colleges to obtain such men.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, Mr. R. F. Gooding was elected President, to take the place of Mr. Chas. Webb, who did not return to college after the holidays.

On Friday night, the 27th of January, the German Club will give its first dance of the year. Music will be furnished by the college orchestra.

Prof. Calhoun: "What would be the result in temperature of the climate of England if Central America should sink?"

"Rook Wyse," aside to C. P.: "Wouldn't have to dig Panama ditch."

A much needed improvement has been made in the walk between the college building and Mechanical Hall.

Jr. Thompson: "Taylor, is that a mackintosh (meer-schaum) pipe you are smoking?"

Parnell: "Say, Kelly, are you a relative of Rev. Kelly?"

Kelly: "Yes, I am one of his ancestors."

Each class has a team out this year, and to see them practicing, one would think that there will be something doing when the day comes to decide the championship. Much more interest is being taken in the Junior-Senior game. The Seniors do not generally get out a team, but this year they have one, and are going in with the determination to wipe out the defeat given them last year by the Sophomores.

Taylor, Jno.: "Say, Gooding, who has charge of that 'ridiculous' department in *THE CHRONICLE*?"

Junior Wright: "Professor, will you please work this example by the Romeo (Reamur) scale."

"Young" Gelzer: "Professor, can you freeze a flame with liquid air?"

The family of Capt. Chas. D. Clay arrived on campus during the holidays, and are now occupying the residence formerly occupied by Mr. J. P. Lewis."

"Rat" Henderson: "Mc., did you ever take a shampoo?"

Mc.: "No, what is that?"

"Have your mustache singed off."

Cadet C—, in Junior English class room: "Professor, who wrote Shakespeare?"

Prof. F—: "H'm, he wrote it himself."

Chorus: "Ha, ha, ha—hoor, hoho—whoa, ho, ho—ha, ha, ha."

Jack, looking at weather flags: "One flag above another—say, Lucy, what does that mean?"

Lucy: "Means two flags."

Prof. Rawl wants to know the weight of a pound of silage.

Two ladies walking on campus. Squad passing with SUMMERS in lead:

First lady: "Arn't those mountains beautiful?"

Second lady: "Yes, but they will look better when they get on a uniform."

We are glad to know that Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun will take charge of the track team this year, and feel assured that it will be a success under his management. He expects to organize a cross country team some time in the near future.

Dr. A. S. Shealey, who has charge of the veterinary division of the Philippine Islands, left for his new home immediately after the holidays. Dr. Shealey has been a member of the Clemson faculty a number of years, and proved himself efficient in coaching the football team of '04-'05. He was tendered a banquet by Mr. Schilleter before taking his departure.

Stokes: "Abell, the battleship Tennessee was launched yesterday."

Abell: "What, you mean struck sand?"

Prof. Jas. H. Rayhill, of Jacksonville, Illinois, has arrived on campus, and will conduct a class in expression, elocution and oratory. Prof. Rayhill comes highly recommended, having conducted similar classes in various colleges. This is something new for Clemson, and we hope the class will prove a success.

Prof. B——: "In what two forms does water exist in the soil?"

Rat Speer: "Cohesion and adhesion."

Prof. Rawl: "To what breed of sheep does the Merino belong?"

Traxler: "Wooly breed, sir."

The baseball season will soon be here, and our prospects for a team are not so encouraging. There is plenty of good material, although green, in the school, which can be turned into shape before the season is over. Owing to the lateness in electing a manager, Mr. Slattery is having some trouble in arranging the games, as most of the colleges have their schedules already arranged.

The Columbian Literary Society will hold its eleventh anniversary on Thursday, January 19th, 1905, at 8 o'clock P. M., in the Memorial Hall. The following programme will be rendered:

Presiding Officer, F. C. Wyse.

Declaimers.

C. J. Lemmon.....The Passion for Power
T. E. Stokes.....The Pilgrims

Music.

Orators.

L. E. Boykin.....The Majesty of the Law
C. W. Mack.....The Race Question—South

Music.

Query: *Resolved*, That the Brice Bill, as Passed by Last General Assembly, will Prove Beneficial to South Carolina.

Affirmative, H. W. Barre.

Negative, H. P. Stuckey.

Music.

Decision of Judges.

Awarding of medals.

“Rat” Latimer: “Say, Jones, what class was Sadler in when he graduated?”

Junior E—n, reading the *Journal*: “Say, ‘Teek,’ what kind of a bird is the hart?”

The following managers and coaches were elected for the different teams:

Senior.

Manager: F. C. Wyse.

Coaches: R. F. Gooding and E. R. McIver.

Junior.

Manager: O. L. Derrick.

Coach: Prof. J. W. Gantt.

Sophomore.

Manager: R. T. Taylor.

Coach: F. M. Furtick and R. T. Taylor.

Freshman.

Manager: Gibbes.

Coach: Slattery.

Sub-Freshman.

Manager: R. E. Nichols.

Coach: A. G. Ellison and C. Coles.

For the first time since the organization of the college, week of prayer was observed here. Could the New Year be entered upon more appropriately and wisely than with prayers to our Maker?

The following officers have been elected to serve in the three societies for the present year:

Calhoun.

President: J. M. Jenkins.

Vice-President: W. H. Taylor.

Secretary: C. B. Abell.

Literary Critic: R. H. Gooding.

Corresponding Secretary: J. V. Phillips.

Treasurer: A. R. McAllilly.

Sergeant-at-Arms: E. V. Garrett.

Columbian.

President: H. W. Barre.

Vice-President: F. C. Wyse.

Secretary: C. A. Grainger.

Literary Critic: F. E. Cope.

Pros. Critic: J. W. McLendon.
Treasurer: J. E. Johnson.
Sergeant-at-Arms: E. P. Allford.

Palmetto.

President: R. L. Link.
Vice-President: B. F. Lee.
Secretary: W. J. Latimer.
Literary Critic: L. R. Hoyt.
Pros. Critic: S. R. Perrin.
Treasurer: A. J. Speer.
Sergeant-at-Arms: W. J. Evans.

Clemson College Directory

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CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

L. E. Boykin, Editor-in-Chief. A. J. Speer, Business Mgr.

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COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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J. G. Holland, Capt. Team '04-05. L. P. Slattery, Mgr.

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President Palmetto Literary Society
First Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

EDITORS

The Race Problem

Some one has truly said that in 1861 the white man sold the negro, but now the negro sells himself. We see in this the simple transfer of masters, the transfer of rights, and the transfer of authority. History chronicles the advancements made by races on assuming control of themselves; but history also shows where an inferior race is given privileges that it does not fight to attain, the race generally degenerates. We see this exemplified directly in the race that constitutes our burden. I say burden, because nearly a half century has

shown that they are nothing less than a burden. South of the Mason and Dixon line there are about 8,000,000 negroes intermingled with nearly that many whites, mainly of the Teutonic race. Forty years ago this mass of negroes was chattel slaves. To the original and well defined characteristics of both races have been added all the peculiar influences and results that chattel slavery produces. Pride of race and the habit of dominating on the part of the whites stand over against the consciousness of race inferiority and the habit of submission on the part of the negroes. Here in its briefest statement are presented the factors of a problem, the complexity of which has never been equaled.

The sudden transition of the negroes from slavery to freedom was marked by one peculiarity that is not often or sufficiently considered—that is, that the transition was not effected by any aid of the enslaved race. During the entire war, the negroes lifted not a single hand nor struck a single blow for their freedom. The significance of this fact is tremendous as an indication of their capacity and character. Another peculiarity is that the master race did not voluntarily give their consent to the freedom of the slaves. The emancipation of the slaves was forced upon them at the point of bayonets, and without pecuniary compensation. This, too, is a fact of great significance in determining the attitude and temper of the master race at the beginning of what is known as our race problem.

We know that this problem is artificial or “man-made” in its nature. Neither Providence nor nature has placed the white man and the negro in the close contact in which they now live here. The negro was forcibly transplanted by the white man from his native land to our shore, from the wild freedom of the land of his origin to the slavery of this enlightened country. So, too, as I have already said, his freedom has come, not from his own natural resources or struggles, but wholly from the intervention of a people dis-

sociated from him in locality and alien to his habits, his characteristic impulses and passions. Again, the negro has had political rights and privileges thrust upon him without his demand for them, without his knowledge or appreciation of them, and without the least preliminary training or experience in *using* them.

Contrast all these facts with the relations of any backward race to an advanced one in any land or age, and the peculiarity and complexity of our problem will at once be seen. Time has shown that this problem is not to be settled in a decade or a century, but that it is to last for many centuries, for there is an undeniable repulsion existing among the whites for the negroes. This repulsion keeps the two races from intermarrying, which is the solution offered by some of our northern friends. Intermarriage is as undesirable as it is impossible, for it would result in the *degradation* of the *white* race and without the *elevation* of the *negro* race.

When we consider the true worth of the negro, our resources, and our climate, we see that no great phenomena have placed that race with us. The greatest worth a negro is to himself or to the South is when he is a hewer of wood or a tiller of the soil. When he leaves these vocations he goes beyond his common resources, and launches out into a world of ignorance. The South is primarily a land of farms; this demands cheap labor. Our climate is similar to that of Central Africa, thus making the South, from a climatic standpoint, a clustering place for them.

There has been a tremendous effort made to establish political equality between the two races, an effort which has resulted in shocking and unbearable dishonesty of government wherever the negro race predominated. This, in turn, inevitably aroused the fierce antagonism of the white race. The triumph of the white man in every struggle has left the relations of the two races embittered to a high degree. The negro has repeatedly added fuel to this hot fire of antagonism

by committing diabolical crimes, leading to the widespread practice of lynching. Theoretically, I would say with Abraham Lincoln, "There is no crime that lynching for it is not worse." But the South will not stop lynching until the negro race, as a unit, stops the crime. It can be done. If all the agencies and the millions of dollars now working for the negro's welfare were turned to this single end for the next decade, more would be done to further the negro's welfare than Hampton, Tuskegee and all the other educational appliances have done or ever will do.

The negro has been favored by our government time and again, and it is perfectly natural for them to feel their advancements. Mr. Roosevelt has committed several acts that proper respect for the South and its feelings would have caused him to have left undone. When he repeatedly appointed Crum Collector of the port of Charleston, he, possibly, wanted to acquire political weight in our State, but at the same time he intentionally or otherwise offered a passing insult to the whole white race. What has been the effect of this and the many other offences that he has committed? Why, precisely what must have been known beforehand—a great awakening of the negro race to old dreams and hopes of political advancement and supremacy; chagrin, disgust and a keen sense of injury on the part of the white race near where these offences were committed. Mr. Roosevelt's actions were mentioned simply to show what a really wise policy would have been for him to follow, and this is the ablest way in which to show a negro his place in this country. Instead of inviting negroes as his guests, thereby flouting the feelings of a whole section of country—the exact section, too, where our negro problem lies and where alone it must be worked out—let a policy of forbearance from aggravating what some may call a blind, a bitter prejudice be adopted. Instead of appointing a negro, because he is a negro, to a high office, for which he is not fit, appoint no man

because of his color, but only because of his worth and fitness. If these principles are followed, the South will work out its own destiny, and in the grandest and noblest way possible.

I have sought to call attention to this great race problem in such a way as to show the sentiment of race pride, the heinousness of race rivalry, and to show how it has been intensified time and again. I believe the Anglo-Saxon race is qualified and determined to work out this problem to a peaceful solution. With the abatement and extinction through the negroes themselves of the crime that first caused lynching, only the old tried common-place virtues are needed on the part of the whites—a deeply humane and Christian spirit; kindness of heart, manner, and conduct; helpfulness in all practical and reasonable ways; readiness to yield and defend all the ordinary civil rights; infinite and unfailing patience of spirit and of act. These virtues exhibited towards the negroes will do more than all the schools and colleges, churches and missions, to roll back the tide of bitterness that has risen so high in the last ten years; and will in due time bring about that peacefulness and mutual respect between the two races exactly suited, under normal conditions, to be useful to each other.

M., '06.

When the Sea was all Mercury

(REPUTED TO BE THE DREAM OF A SENIOR AFTER HEARING
A LECTURE ON THE COOPER HEWITT MERCURY VAPOR
LAMP.)

Early in the morning of a bright summer day, the Ewitt, a little steam yacht of about thirty tons, steamed out of Beaufort harbor for a cruise to the Bahamas, Cuba and Martinique. I, Jonah Brown, was on board of her sight-seeing—the principal reason a desire to see Mt. Pelee, which mountain was in continuous eruption and had been for a period of

nearly two years. It had become a mere fad for summer voyagers to visit Mt. Pelee. The mountain was not dangerous, it seemed, as it simply gave out steam clouds—only an occasional small outburst of lava taking place, with no ash or rock masses at all. In was, in other words, a gigantic geyser, its crater being a boiling cauldron of water all the time. The light of a tropical sun shining on these steam clouds produced an attractive sight, and many voyagers or tourists went to see this alone—to loll around on the island, fishing and surf bathing, and then in the afternoon to watch the clouds over Mt. Pelee, as they changed in color and hue at the setting of the sun.

Not only were tourists and sight-seers attracted thus, but scientists and geologists were coming from afar to see and solve the volcanic problem—to get, may be, an insight into the internal formation of the earth in some of Pelee's quieter periods. I was somewhat a crank on the theories of earth origin at that time, and, curiosity-primed, I had boarded the Ewitt with the other members of our party—the rest mostly sight-seers—for this trip.

The weather for a week was very pleasant and our voyage was enjoyed by all. A pleasant balmy breeze blew from the South nearly all the time, and the passengers lolled about on the deck, lazily planning trips up the mountain. Those of a scientific nature found ample time to discuss their various theories and experiments. There was a Frenchman among them, who had a pet theory all his own—a very foolish one to all who were on board the ship. Every time he said anything about it to any one, he was laughed at and even ridiculed. "Never mind," said he, and stolidly kept his views to himself.

He had been making some researches, it seemed, concerning the chemical reactions of quicksilver or mercury, and every now and then he would bring a long string of equations into play when talking; and the rapidity with which

he uttered them indeed reminded one of an eruption, whether of a volcano or not. When these eruptions of his took place, all the passengers exploded with laughter.

The fourth day out, we sighted some small islands far ahead. And just at that time, also, one of those long, low, black clouds, which precede one of those West Indian squalls, was seen coming over the horizon. Our captain had cruised in these parts before, and with true seamanship had, by the use of his barometer, foretold its approach. Consequently, we were as much on the lookout for it as we were for the land. All aboard were forward looking for it to come up. Promptly as it came the captain and the Frenchman started up together—the Frenchman to say, “That’s it,” and the captain to give orders to cast anchor, for the islands were not where we could get close into harbor. We all expected the captain’s remark, but not the Frenchman’s and, therefore, when he started to dance up and down the deck, all eyes were turned upon him. Up and down he danced, pointing one of his long, bony fingers at the now rapidly approaching cloud. In spite of the interest in other things, everybody now stopped to have a good laugh at his expense, when one of the men at the windlass called to the captain, “The anchor will not go to the bottom, captain.” “The devil it won’t,” snapped the captain. “We’ll see.” Now, our anchor was a ton mass of iron, and the fact that it would not sink to the bottom was preposterous. The captain had the men man the windlass again, and drop it over, but to no purpose. Only twenty-five feet of chain went overboard when the weight slackened like a fish line at the bite of some monster fish, which, mistaking it for a baited hook, had swallowed it, cut the line, and swum away. But we knew that no shark wanted that anchor, and, more than that, the anchor was still on the line, as hauling it up proved. The captain was dumfounded. He had never seen anything to equal it in all his career as a sea captain. The ship was now drifting,

too, as the wind was blowing a small breeze, and we could even see that we were getting farther away from the land. We had the engines, it was true, and these were gotten under way once more, having been stopped to permit the anchor's being thrown overboard. The ship had already been made ready for a gale, and the captain and his men were all at the anchor trying to force it to go to the bottom. We had all crowded around to see and to lend a hand, the little Frenchman with a broad smile, while the rest of us were as serious as could be. The captain now got out a lead line and tried it. It sank no further than the anchor when put overboard, and had a flexible bottom like a floating cork line. The Frenchman laughed outright, and the captain threatened to have him thrown overboard if he did not at once close his mouth as tight as a clam. He and the captain never did get on very well together, and he had learned to know that the captain meant what he said. So the Frenchman closed his mouth, and, turning on his heels, ran lightly down the deck to his cabin. The captain was again trying his lead, when the Frenchman came puffing up from the cabin with what looked like a metal bottle. It had a loose-fitting cork and two strings attached—one to the cork and one to the bottle. He put on all boldness and walked right up to the captain, pointing first at the captain's lead line and then at his bottle. The captain was on the point of running after him, with the evident intention of throwing him overboard, when his attention was attracted, by the rolling of distant thunder, to the nearness of the approaching storm. Every one began to realize the seriousness of the situation—the liability of being blown ashore among some of those numerous islands and washed to pieces by the waves. A strange awe had fallen over us all on account of the unprecedented action of the anchor. The idea of a two thousand pound anchor not sinking to the bottom, or at least to the end of its chain, was indeed a queer thing. We offered various solutions, one

man proposing to help all he could in any way, and even going up to the captain and offering assistance. The captain promptly boxed his ears, when he suggested that they cut the mast and stake the ship. What, cut his new mast for such a useless purpose? He would behead the man who did it. Just then came a croak and a giggle recognized as the Frenchman's. Looking up, we beheld him on the bowsprit, well nigh midway out. Pointing toward his breast and giving an affirmative nod, he changed his laughing face to one so suddenly white that we all stood aghast. What if he were crazy, and should lose his balance, and fall overboard. No one seemed to care. But clearly he did not intend to fall. He walked out a few feet further, balanced both feet, crossed himself three times, and then slowly lowered his weighted bottle by its two strings into the water, measuring the fathoms aloud as he lowered it—one, two, three, four. At first we said nothing on account of our curiosity to see what the man was going to do, but now we said nothing for fear that something unusual might happen. The captain was struck by our silence and looked up from his lead line. "Six," counted the Frenchman, and then pulled slowly on one string, finally jerking it. "What the thunder are you doing up there?" bellowed the captain, just as the Frenchman started to haul in on his second line. The captain caught up a spike that happened to be near at hand, and threw it at him, but it went wide of the mark. Somehow the string seemed to be more taught now than when it was being lowered. Up it came, and with a bound the Frenchman was on the deck, his bottle inverted, and quicksilver pouring out, was scattered all over the deck in a million small globules. We were all speechless. The captain forgot the Frenchman and his ship in the interest manifested in this discovery. No wonder the anchor would not go to the bottom. The bottom of the sea was mercury, and it floated it up half way and more. The little Frenchman was all

aglow and we were all astounded, and, more so, as the lineman reported that the line length below the water was rapidly growing shorter. Could it be that the mercury was going to displace the water of the sea? Just then the Frenchman hauled up another bottle and emptied it upon the deck. A loud thunder roll sounded, and the captain turned himself to the further care of his ship. "I know what I will do," said he, "I will load her full of mercury, and the squall certainly cannot blow her over then." Keeping a man at the line, sounding and reporting the rise of the mercury, which, though not fast, was quite perceptible, he provided his seamen and every passenger who would take one, with metal buckets and gig poles. His directions were for each man to sink his bucket when the mercury came within the depth of his pole, pushing it down and letting it fill, and then hauling it up and dumping it down the small hatches fore and aft. This was complied with, I seizing a bucket along with the rest. The mercury was fast rising higher and the clouds growing darker. Two fathoms, reported the lineman. The water was evidently receding before a rising current of mercury. The current of the water could be seen going by us to the northward.

We were now steaming directly into the teeth of the coming squall. Things grew somewhat more quiet, and passengers once more began to discuss the causes and probabilities of weathering the storm. What could be the cause of this disturbance? Dark wind clouds passed overhead, and the blue sky behind us was being fast shut out by the black curtain. The passengers, including the Frenchman, who had minutely obeyed the captain's orders about the buckets, were all discussing the trouble in an excited sort of way, when the Frenchman, who was still smiling, said, "It's Mount Pelee; come sooner than I thought." "The inside of the earth must be sweating up through the bottom of the sea," said one of our party. "It's the inside of the

earth coming up through Mt. Pelee," repeated the Frenchman. "What," gasped nearly every one at once, as the idea struck them. Could this old earth be really turning wrong side out through that pin-hole on Martinique? "Yes," said the Frenchman, once more; "the earth is turning wrong side out through Mt. Pelee. The interior of the earth is all quicksilver." Suppose the Frenchman's theory were correct, as his prophecy of foresight about the mercury had been. Horrors, if the old earth were to actually turn inside out, great would be the state of affairs! There would be no sunlight, no air—we would be all smothered to death. Some of us shuddered at the bare idea of such a thing. There would be such a compound mixture and turmoil of everything and everybody on the inside, that not any one could live to tell the tale; and more than that—"One fathom," came from the lineman. Each of us immediately sought his bucket, which had been well nigh forgotten, and the captain jumped up on the rail to superintend. "We'll have to work like the devil to fill her before she careens," he said quickly; "she draws five feet, and at this rate she will be over before we know it. The Frenchman was the first man to get his bucket down, sticking his pole in and pushing it down into the mercury and then drawing it up to the top of the water, and there he could get it no farther. "Pull it up," roared the officer. Jumping to his help, the captain tried it, raising it two feet from the surface of the water and stopping. A seaman caught hold with him and with difficulty they all three raised it up. "Ship's bottom, five feet," slowly called the lineman. "Thunderation," said the captain, "she will have to turn over and ruin herself. We could not load her in a year this way."

Instantly panic reigned on the ship. Everybody went in a wild hurry to get their personal belongings. The heavens were now completely obscured by the clouds—dark, black, threatening—and a strong breeze had started up. The

Frenchman alone was quiet, the destruction of the ship in a storm not seeming to enter his mind at all. The captain had the boats ready, and even now he could but with difficulty keep the passengers from entering them, though the squall was but just upon us.

That the ship was careening now became evident. She was slowly turning on her side. It was all expected, and we did not, therefore, show any more disquietude; in fact, we were in doubt as to whether it would be well to show it or not, for fear that it might have some effect on the already too serious situation. We had come to hope for the best in what at best was the worst, and were looking about at the increasing storm. The wind was fast freshening, and the water was being churned into breakers all around us—not the great rolling waves with their troughs and crests as ordinarily in a gale, but now the sea was a continuous surf. The storm increased in its fury, but, strange to say, the waves had not increased in size. They were actually growing smaller. The captain walked up and down the deck, a puzzled man.

The effect of the rising quicksilver was making itself apparent on the speed of our ship. She was slowing down, and they could get but little steerage way. The heavy pounding of the engines suggested the panting of a chained monster, trying to break the chains that bound him. Soon we could see the bright liquid metal as the waves, chasing one after another, swept the water away.

All this time the ship had been careening slowly, but now she stopped *and righted*, as if making ready for some attack. We were looking around for a new development, when the engineer came up on deck to say that he had scuttled the ship. For one time, a scuttled ship did not sink to the bottom. The engines had stopped running, and no sound was to be heard, save the furious onrush of the wind and an occasional roll of thunder, as the lightning flashed across

the dark clouds; we could see with difficulty. The water was all gone now, for no waves struck the sides of the ship. A wind, that on an ordinary sea would have wrecked a ship in less time than it would take to tell it, was now merely careening our ship as gently as a light summer's breeze.

Suddeny came a loud thunder-clap, then one louder, and then a third one, more terrific in its crash and rumbling with a supernatural roar that struck us speechless. With the first clap a pale light began to play over the clouds, and with the final crash it changed to a vivid green light, which seemed to pervade the whole air, increasing in brilliancy as the rumbling of the thunder died away. Every one was breathing in short gasps. What was it that we saw? The green light had made the sea visible for miles around, and changed the hue of every object on the ship. My companions lookd like dead men; and, what was that on the sea? Was the surface of the sea all fish? It seemed so. As far as we could see, its surface was covered with fish. They floundered and flapped about, gasping for their lives. The Frenchman walked up to the captain, smiling, as if to give him some advice or to tell him something. The green light made his form look ghost-like and turned his smile into a demon's grin. The captain could stand him no longer. Reaching for him, he grabbed him and pitched him overboard. To sink—No, he floated there on the phosphorescent surface, lying absolutely still. His eyes were closed, and the ghostly grin was still on his face. As he went overboard, he struck his head on the side of the ship, and was now to know no more. The ship was drifting away from the awesome body of the Frenchman, when it started to rain and the wind began to moderate. The wind storm was passing, the light was dying out, and the death-like hue of objects increased as the light turned to a paler green. The fish were waking up once more, and now began floundering as the rain fell upon them. It soon was pouring in torrents,

but we had no thought of seeking shelter. The light was almost gone. We could see the gasping fish and the body of the Frenchman among them only indistinctly. There—the last play of light had gone; it was now all darkness, and still no word was spoken. It grew cold. I tried to move, and found that my joints were stiff. I looked at my companions—they, too, were still. A strange awe came over me; there was no sound save the falling of the rain. I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by a sense of intense cold. I was in the water. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, the ship was sinking. The rain was still falling; could it be displacing the mercury? If it did, our ship must sink. The water rose steadily to my waist, and further. The ship, heavy laden with mercury, was sinking, and I was sinking with it. It was not an unpleasant sensation, but seemed to be more of a relief. The water was almost up to my chin. I felt dazed; my head fell over. I felt the ship settle under me, swallowed several gulps of water, and knew no more. The Ewett, her passengers, the mercury, sea, the storm—they had all gone. J. P. T., '04.

A Debate

Query: *Resolved*, That the Brice Bill, as passed by the last General Assembly, will prove beneficial to South Carolina.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Local self-government is the corner-stone of the republic. It was the principle for which our forefathers fought in 1775. The War Between the States was caused by our Northern friends trying to legislate ahead of public opinion in the South, instead of waiting until public opinion of the section was ready to legislate on these matters for itself.

Local option is only another name for local self-government, and it may be laid down as a principle that as many

questions as possible should be submitted to a community, for settlement, just so soon as that community indicates its ability to deal with them intelligently. Are the communities of the State, the Counties, able to deal intelligently with the liquor question? I contend that they are. In fact, they have already dealt intelligently with many questions submitted to them. For example, each School District in the State has the privilege of levying an extra tax to support its public schools. Many of them have availed themselves of this privilege; and each township has the power to levy an extra tax to improve its public roads. Will any one maintain that the communities of this State are not acting wisely upon these questions? Why not, then, allow them to decide for themselves upon the Dispensary question?

Besides, the general principles that local option works for the betterment of a community, there are particular reasons why, at present, we should have local option on the liquor question, more so than on any other. The original Dispensary law provides for the establishment of Dispensaries where the people may desire them, but it does not provide for the removal of these Dispensaries when the people desire that. Since every County is a stockholder in this concern, would it not be to the advantage of all if a County be allowed to sever its connection when desired? In many places in the State, a few people of a township, not knowing the evils of the system, have caused Dispensaries to be established; but after they have been established, and the people have learned the evils and are anxious to get rid of them, not even the whole County can have them removed. Is it just to leave the establishment of a Dispensary to local option and then not allow local option to decide whether or not a Dispensary shall be removed?

Thanks to the "Brice Bill," as passed by the last General Assembly, these conditions no longer exist. For, by it, power is vested in the County to call an election, when it sees

fit, and to submit to the people the question of Dispensary or no Dispensary. This important question is thus to be settled at the ballot-box, where every man has a chance to express himself. The responsibility is now placed upon the people themselves. Will they shirk from this duty and allow the Dispensary to continue increasing the liquor traffic without correcting the evils of the system, or allow the Dispensary to continue doing business at all, when they see nothing but evil comes from it? Since South Carolinians have always been considered an honorable people—a liberty-loving people—who conscientiously perform their duties without faltering and who have always acted wisely and well under such conditions, I contend that nothing will prove more beneficial to the State than to allow the people of the Counties to settle this matter among themselves.

But, to discuss this question more in detail, let us come down to the real issue. It is generally conceded that the "Brice Bill" will either kill the Dispensary or cause some radical change in the present system. Let us see what good will thus be accomplished.

In the first place, the Dispensary has done, and, unless stopped, will continue to do, a vast deal more harm than good in South Carolina. Not one beneficial result that it was claimed it would bring about has yet been accomplished. Instead of decreasing the consumption of intoxicating liquors, as its friends claimed it would, it has so enormously increased the consumption that, in places where in 1892, attractions were needed to lure people into the bar-room, now a police is needed to make them fall in line and take their turn in purchasing the State's choicest brands. The Dispensary sales have increased from \$300,000 the first year to \$3,300,000 last year. Not only this, they are continuing to increase. Last year showed an increase of seventy per cent. over the year before. At this rate, the sales would

soon be doubled what they now are, and twenty-two times what they were twelve years ago.

It is claimed that the Dispensary system does away with the treating habit, by preventing drinking on the premises, but this is not so. People now buy their liquor from the Dispensaries, drink it on everybody else's premises, and make the public highway a bedlam. Liquor is carried about over the country in demijohns and quart bottles, and drunk promiscuously by the young as well as by the old. One man can buy five gallons in a day—enough to make fifty people drunk.

The Dispensary system has encouraged the drinking of bad liquor. Never before in the history of our State could a negro go to town and buy a half pint of liquor for fifteen cents. They used to have to pay that much for a drink; now two can get drunk for fifteen cents.

Ten years ago there were 105 murders in the State; in 1903 there were 250. In Cherokee County there have been twenty murders in the past five years; nineteen of these were caused by liquor directly. According to this, ninety-five per cent. of the murders of the State are caused by liquor, and the Dispensary is responsible for the increase.

Instead of helping the citizen of the State to hate liquor, and hate those who drink it, the tendency since the introduction of the Dispensary has been to make liquor drinking respectable. Honorable men have been placed on the County Boards, and even in the Dispensaries, to handle the vile stuff. This induces the people to buy. Where men were once ashamed to be seen entering a place where strong drink was kept, now a bottle in every pocket, emblazoned with the once proud Palmetto tree, is almost a badge of honor. The impression has been created that "Mount Vernon Rye," "Silver Spring Corn," "Three Feather," "Cream of Kentucky," "Old Joe," and "Duff's Malt," bottled and sealed outside of the State, will, if he buys it directly from

the manufacturer, corrupt the morals, impair the health, and even endanger the life of the consumer; but, if passed through the Dispensary, without being opened, it is purified and sanctified. The vilest stuff concocted in the caves of Western North Carolina, and run through boiled potash to give it the bead and proof, if put in the Dispensary and labeled "Fus X," is supposed to be transformed into a potent elixer, guaranteed to preserve the life of the drinker, improve his health, and even cleanse his moral nature from all dross. Such false impressions as these, caused by the influence of the Dispensary, have made liquor drinking more respectable in South Carolina than in any other State in the Union. These are some of the evils of the Dispensary. The whole system, you see, is nothing but an accumulation of evils. It has increased drunkenness and crime, debauched public sentiment, and corrupted the morals of our people. Would you hesitate in saying that anything which aids us in ridding the State of this corrupt institution will be beneficial? Would you say that by uprooting these evils, the "Brice Bill" will not do good—will not prove beneficial to South Carolina?

Besides these many evils of the system, which in themselves show without question that the State will be benefited by its removal, the large number of petitions sent from all over the State, to the Legislature at its last session, asking that such measure be adopted, shows that the people are interested, and that those who were once in sympathy with the Dispensary now realize that its removal will prove beneficial.

Hon. B. R. Tillman, "daddy" of the Dispensary law, himself says: "If the Dispensary cannot be raised above the cloud of suspicion which now hangs about it, we should best kill it, and that he himself would be present at the killing."

The people are disgusted with the Dispensary, and its originator, who has ever cared for and nurtured it as a pet

child, has declared his willingness to be present at the killing, and I contend that the "Brice Bill," by acting as an instrument in the killing, will prove beneficial to South Carolina.

In the face of these things, the friends of the Dispensary claim that it is the best solution of the drink question, and that it has come to stay. At first it was recommended to the people as a temperance measure; now it is defended as a source of revenue. But this enormous revenue which you hear so much about has not benefited South Carolina in the least. The sales have increased to more than \$3,000,000 a year, yet taxes have not been reduced one nickel. Not only this, taxes are liable to be increased, for at present our expenditures exceed our receipts. Owing to the enormous increase in the consumption of liquor, the greater expenses of the courts, jails and poor houses are eating up the Counties' share of this profit. "Take the State over," says Senator Brice, "and you will find that every dollar of the so-called Dispensary profit is eaten up by increased expenses at the courts, asylum and penal institutions."

It is claimed, further, that the free schools of the State are sustained by the Dispensary profits, but, on the contrary, the records show that eighty per cent. of the money used for free school purposes in the State comes by direct taxation from the people or from sources other than the Dispensary.

If the Dispensary were abolished, and the three million dollars which now go for liquor invested in taxable property in the State and made to pay six per cent. on the investment, in ten years it would amount to fifty million dollars. The returns for taxes on this fifty millions would amount to seven hundred thousand dollars a year; seventy thousand more than the Dispensary profits for one year have ever amounted to. The decreased cost of the courts and penal institutions would amount to many thousand more. When the Brice bill shall have caused the Dispensary to be abolished, this enormous amount of money will no longer be

drawn from the needs of our citizens and sent outside of the State to buy intoxicating liquor, but will be invested in the State and made a source of revenue.

Some of the Dispensary advocates claim, further, that when the Dispensary is removed, we shall have an increased illegal sale of liquor, and the evils of drink will not be removed. This cannot be. The Constitution of the State forbids the sale of liquor except in accordance with the Dispensary law; so when the Dispensary is voted out of a County, it will be unlawful for liquor, in any shape or form, to be sold in that County. The area in which liquor is sold will be greatly reduced, and since the "blind tiger" can no longer operate under the protection of the Dispensary, by selling Dispensary liquor, or putting their liquor up in Dispensary bottles, detection of violation will be rendered much easier, and the "tigers" will be forced out of business. Since the Brice bill provides for local option on this question, if there are places where the Dispensary is giving satisfaction, or where the people are satisfied with it, such places will not be affected, and no harm can possibly result. But it is where the people are dissatisfied with the system, and realize that it is a source of disorder, lawlessness and general demoralization, that they are going to profit by the Brice bill and vote out the Dispensaries. And in such cases, where they take the responsibility on themselves and abolish the Dispensary, they are not going to tolerate liquor in any other form. Furthermore, this bill provides for the levying of a half mill tax on a County that votes out the Dispensary, for the purpose of enforcing the law in that County. Can you not readily see that when a people are so strongly opposed to the Dispensary as to vote it out, with the understanding that they are at the same time voting a tax on themselves for the purpose of enforcing the law against illicit sales, that public sentiment is going to be so strongly opposed to liquor selling, that the officers of the law will

make it so hot for "Blind tigers" that they will cease to do business there?

To show that this will be the case, and to show that the Brice bill will prove beneficial, let us take Cherokee County as an example. The people of that County voted out the Dispensary last November, and since that time the County is getting along very well without the Dispensary, and the change for the better is very noticeable. Hon. J. C. Otts, a prominent lawyer of Gaffney, who represents that County in the Legislature, recently said: "Cherokee is markedly improved. We have no 'tigers,' simply because our mayors, magistrates and juries convict." This shows that where public sentiment is against the Dispensary and against "Blind tigers," that they can both be eliminated together. It further shows the fact that not only is the Brice bill going to prove beneficial to South Carolina, but that it is already proving beneficial.

And since it is already proving enormously beneficial to Cherokee County, and since there is in this State at present a healthy moral tone and temperance sentiment that bids fair to inscribe her name high on the list of States which have taken a moral stand on this issue, and since the majority of the sober-minded, intelligent men of the whole State have made up their minds that this combination shall be broken, this element driven from the State, I contend that there is no reason why other Counties shall not follow Cherokee's example, until the Dispensary has been forced from the State and prohibition instituted in its stead. When this shall have been accomplished, the vast political machine which has ruled our State for the past twelve years will be done away with; the immense amount of money will no longer be taken from this State and invested in other States for intoxicants; the unseemly conduct, now caused by our own palmetto brand of X's will cease to occur on our streets and highways; our bloody criminal record will not be

repeated; our young men will cease to debauch their lives and corrupt their morals by the use of intoxicating liquors; the sensibilities of our people will cease to be dulled and their eyes will be opened to the evils that exist in every form of intoxicating drink, and with sobriety, truth, and morality reigning supreme in the hearts of our people, South Carolina will enter upon an unprecedented period of prosperity, and take her place in the forefront of the proud galaxy of States.

H. W. BARRE, '05.

NEGATIVE.

How to control whiskey and how to prevent the great evils which every thoughtful man sees must result from it, is one of the most difficult problems in government.

It is a problem which is always present in some form. It is an issue that will never down, because it can never be settled according to the conflicting opinions of the people interested.

This cannot be successfully denied; and being so, is it not the part of wisdom so to hedge about the sale of whiskey as to reduce the evils to a minimum?

In 1892, when B. R. Tillman was elected Governor of South Carolina, this question came before the people of this State. They tried to get prohibition, but failed; and the honorable Governor substituted the Dispensary in its stead. Since that time there has been in South Carolina a political faction which has worked every conceivable plan to defeat, not only the Dispensary, but every other movement made by Senator Tillman. It seems that it is the man and not the measure that it seeks to discredit.

Whiskey drinking is going on in one form or another in a thousand communities to-day. Prohibition has been tried in three States, and it has failed signally to stop the sale of liquor or prevent drunkenness. The bar-rooms are run

openly in the city of Portland, Me., and you will find the same thing in Kansas City. The number of revenue licenses to sell liquor, issued by the United States government in Maine, is more than double the number of licenses issued in South Carolina, both for the Dispensary and the "blind tigers."

Maine has half our population, while in Kansas, with a little more population than we have, the licenses are four times as many. Cold facts show that prohibition does not prohibit; because not supported by public opinion. Cold facts also show that crime and drunkenness have materially decreased under the Dispensary law. Why then try to kill that law by a roundabout measure. Its enemies know it is a good law and are afraid to attack it openly, but stab it in the back with the "Brice Bill."

Can this bill be enforced? It has been decided long ago that the State could not or would not enforce prohibition. This being true, it is absurd to say that one or two Counties could have prohibition, when their sister Counties have Dispensaries just across the border lines.

The Counties which advocated this bill did not wish to rid themselves of liquor, but wanted to defeat the Dispensary. This is clearly proved by the fact that these Counties are located near the North Carolina line, where the "tigers" can easily be supplied with liquor from the mountains.

We must judge the future by the past; and it has been fully demonstrated that the Dispensary system is the best vehicle for the control of liquor ever devised by human brains, for you have to deal with men and matters as they are, rather than as you would like them to be. As Mr. Cleveland says, "It is a *condition* and not a *theory* that confronts us."

The man who holds up his head, and looks at a beautiful star and moves forward with his eyes fixed on the ideal, does not see the pitfalls about his feet. If I felt that it was pos-

sible to enforce it, I would vote for prohibition; but I know the idea cannot be carried out. It has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, and has signally failed. So the question is, how will you handle this demon, whiskey? The Dispensary controls the sale of whiskey in such a way that it teaches the people how to use it, instead of abusing it.

The "Brice Bill" changes the quantity sold from a half-pint bottle to a gallon jug, and increases the evil in like proportion. Did not the author know that in the absence of the Dispensary there would be no Dispensary law to enforce? Did he not know that the removal of the Dispensary would be followed by a revival and almost indefinite extension of the "jug trade," that has recently increased several hundred per cent. in Cherokee County; and that through the manipulations, activity, and enterprise of old saloon men and bar-keepers in making orders, and in soliciting them, that in the near future, whenever a Dispensary was closed every home in such locality would be invaded by jugs and transmuted into bar-rooms under specious pretexts and become a nursery of drunkards? Did he not know that this "jug trade" could be successfully prosecuted under the operation of the interstate law, and all the saving restrictions of the Dispensary law made of no effect?

No gilding will hide the hollowness and inefficiency of the "Brice Bill." It is a gilded sophistry and a varnished cheat. Any one who will take pains to look beneath the surface can see the hollowness within, and realize that it is nothing more than a painted subterfuge.

It lures some good men away from the truth to waste their energies in the vain pursuit of fading follies, that are as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream.

To vote out the Dispensary means to vote an influx of "jugs" into nearly every home in such a community. This sooner or later will be the effect of the "Brice Bill." Where the half-pint bottle found its way to some homes under the

Dispensary regulations, this quantity will be substituted by a gallon jug under the operation of the "Brice Bill."

There is no question in the science of government, none in the province of political economy, and none in the domain of political ethics, of one-tenth the weight or importance to-day, as this question of the liquor traffic. The greatest calamity that can ever befall any County in this State is the reign of the "jug trade." Where now the restrictions of the Dispensary law can be enforced, and where they could be enforced, under the establishment of the Dispensary, these restrictions *did* mitigate, though they did not entirely destroy the evils of intemperance. They *did* diminish the consumption of strong drink. As such an agency it needs an effort to protect it. But the reign of the "jug trade" has no modifying or redeeming features.

A business that debauches the home, a business that plants the seed of dissipation and shame in every community where it exists. No home on earth can postpone the reaping of such a harvest that will follow such a sowing. It can produce only a harvest of drunkards.

My opponent has held up to you all the defects of the Dispensary law that he could think of, and has tried to prove the bribery and rascality of its officers.

Now, Mr. President, and honorable Judges, I do not claim that the Dispensary law is perfect in every respect. If you have a good horse with one lame foot what are you going to do with him? Kill him and drive a cow? No, you will doctor that lame foot. So it is with the Dispensary law, if it is not perfect we must make it so, and not try to vote out the best law that has ever controlled the liquor traffic in South Carolina.

If we have immoral officers, who are responsible? Not the Dispensary law, but the people who put them there; so the step for us to take is to raise the Dispensary above suspicion by putting the very best men of our State in as officers.

My opponent agrees that the object of this bill is to defeat the Dispensary. It is a well known fact that the barkeeper votes the prohibition ticket. In 1900, when this issue was voted on, it was a plain fact that the barkeepers joined the ministers in the fight against the Dispensary, and the same was the case in the election held in Cherokee County. There we had the angels of light and the imps of darkness fighting side by side, the one to have prohibition, and the other to have the bar-room. The one honest in his endeavor to benefit his fellow-man, the other honest in his efforts to fill his pockets at the expense of his brother-man, body and soul.

Now, take one of the two—the bar-room or the Dispensary; for, as sure as the stars shine above, if we, the people of South Carolina, vote out the Dispensary, the bar-room will return; and your fathers will tell you that more liquor was drunk during the bar-room period than now.

There is a clause in the “Brice Bill” saying that any County voting out the Dispensary shall receive no Dispensary funds for public schools. Each County receives a net profit of about \$1,400 from the Dispensary, annually; of a mere pittance which the public school gets one-half.

If this bill is to be thrust upon the people of South Carolina, there will be a procession of jugs and demijohns at every railroad station, necessitating the hire and maintenance of a long list of State officers to irritate and vex the very souls of the taxpayer.

We have proved that the “Brice Bill” is only a scheme to defeat the Dispensary, or rather to down Mr. Tillman; and is a measure that does not seek to mitigate drunkenness, but seeks the overthrow of the author of the system by killing the system.

That prohibition is a failure in the three States that have tried it under most favorable conditions; that only the Counties near the North Carolina line want it; and that, if the Dispensary is voted out, the bar-room system will return.

The people of any community that votes out the Dispensary and votes in the "jug trade," which will as surely follow the "Brice Bill" as the night the day, will at no distant time be called upon to give vent to their anguish in the words of the poet :

"The thorns that pierce me, are from the tree I planted ;
They have torn me and I bleed ;
I might have known what fruit,
Would spring from such a seed."

H. P. STUCKEY, '06.

In Memoriam

D. K. NORRIS, "LIFE TRUSTEE," 1846-1905.

Messrs. Editors : In compliance with your request, received this morning, I hand you a short sketch of the life of Colonel D. K. Norris, one of the "Life" or "Will-appointed" Trustees of Clemson College—the first of the seven to cross the narrow sea that divides this land of ours from the heavenly.

D. Keating Norris was a native of Orangeburg County, South Carolina, having been born in lower Saint Matthews, November 1st, 1846. When a boy, sixteen years old, he joined Company F, Second Regiment, South Carolina Heavy Artillery. He was badly wounded at Bentonville, North Carolina.

Colonel Norris moved to Anderson County in January, 1877. In that year he married Miss Bessie Caldwell, of Abbeville County. He was recognized as one of the leading farmers of the State, and took an active part in the work of the Alliance, both State and National. For six consecutive terms he was President of his County Alliance, and was twice chosen President of the State Farmers' Association. He served as President of the Pendleton Farmers' Society, the oldest in the State and second oldest in the United States.

Many times he attended farmers' conventions and similar meetings in different sections of the country.

Colonel Norris was twice elected State Senator from Anderson County, and in his last term was President *pro tem.* of the upper House of our General Assembly. In 1892, he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago.

About ten years ago, Colonel Norris turned his attention to the cotton mill business, in which his success was as marked as it had been in farming. At the time of his death he was President of the mills at Cateechee and Central.

Colonel Norris was an active, useful, and liberal member of the Baptist Church, and will be greatly missed, not only in the church at Pendleton, but throughout the State.

Hon. Thos. G. Clemson, knowing and appreciating Colonel Norris' interest in agriculture, and his ability as a business man, appointed him one of the life-term Trustees of Clemson College. Of this Board he was an active and influential member until the day of his death. While deeply concerned in all parts of the work of the college, he seemed to feel a peculiar interest in the Textile Department—which owes its existence mainly to his purposes and untiring energy.

Monday night, about 9 o'clock, January 23, 1905, in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore—where he had gone ten days before for treatment—the subject of this sketch “fell on sleep.” His remains were brought home for burial, Thursday afternoon, January 26, about 3 o'clock; the burial services were held in the Baptist Church at Pendleton, consisting of the singing of suitable hymns, prayers, and the reading of appropriate Scripture passages by three ministers, Messrs. Wardlaw, Perry, and Hawkins. Messrs. R. W. Simpson and M. L. Donaldson, two of the “Life Trustees,” with President Mell and the entire faculty of the college, were honorary pall-bearers. The Senior Class at-

tended as an escort of honor. A firing party—the senior Sergeants of the Junior Class, in their uniform of Confederate gray—discharged the three volleys over the grave of the soldier of the Confederacy. Cadet Slattery sounded “taps,” and the immense crowd in sorrow turned away from the grave.

All Clemson mourns a true friend of Clemson, and sympathizes with the weeping widow and her distressed daughters. Memorial Hall is now more memorial. From its walls our departed friend’s face looks down every morning in kindly interest on six hundred boys at chapel service.

No closing term more fitting suggests itself than the touching words so tenderly sung by the choir as our friend’s remains were being carried from chancel to church-yard, “Good night!” “Good night!”

WM. S. MORRISON.

January 28, 1905.

Why Edwards is Still a Bachelor

It will not be necessary to describe George Edwards, as it will soon become evident to the reader that he was no uncommon character. Suffice it to say that he was as much in love with Alice Fuller as he could well be. He had long wanted to ask her opinion as to his fitness for married life, but it seemed to him that just at the most opportune moments his courage failed him. But the fact was that, having everything his own way, he felt confident that when it pleased him to ask Alice to share his two thousand a year, and to bask in the sunlight of his knowledge and wit, that she would tumble at once to his generous offer. Then they would get all mixed up on the sofa, and by the time the shoes, tongs, etc., began raising a row up stairs, he would have her promise to marry him any day he should designate—even on Friday.

He pictured this to himself through the smoke of his Havana. Then he primped and called upon Miss Alice Fuller.

Alice was always very cordial in greeting him. She really liked him very much, and had it not been for his assurance she might have loved him, but she could never love a man who prided himself on his persuasiveness with women. Any act of kindness on her part was magnified by his conceit, until it seemed to be the direct result of a much stronger passion. Alice knew his thoughts on this subject, but she didn't object so long as he lavished his attentions upon her, and invented so many ingenious plans for passing the time.

This condition of affairs lasted for nearly a year, and probably it would have lasted much longer, had not Fate decreed that just at this time a young man named Carlisle—Fred Carlisle—should be sent to S—— by the Government to give his opinion on the advisability of making a national park on some near by lands. He was a college man and, as might be supposed, he had a sense of the eternal fitness of things.

Carlisle met Alice at a ball, and was at once struck with the beauty and sweetness of her expression. Her voice seemed to cast a spell over him, and there was something about her presence that reminded him of the master-pieces of art.

Alice, for her part, at once set him apart as entirely different from the men to whom she was accustomed. She learned that he was from South Carolina, and was a graduate of C—. She said to herself that his college education had helped to give him that compelling air.

They came to know each other better during the progress of the dance, and found that their fathers had fought side by side for the rights of the South.

After the last measures of "Home, Sweet Home," Alice stood in the vestibule waiting for her escort, who, by the way, was Edwards. Carlisle passed her with a bow, and was about to leave, when Alice called him, "Mr. Carlisle!" He came back to her smiling. "I merely wished to say,"

she went on, "that our house is open to you so long as you remain in S——, and we shall be glad to see you often."

"Thank you," replied Carlisle. "I am sure I couldn't refuse so tempting an invitation, even if I wished to."

"I shall expect you soon," she murmured, as she took Edwards' arm and strolled homeward, leaving Carlisle transfixed by her beauty and grace. Then and there he registered a vow that some day she would be leaning on his arm—a bride.

Of course, Carlisle saw her a great many times during his three months stay, and the mutual regard which they felt at their first meeting became a divine self-sacrificing passion, until the climax came. Two weeks before the time for his departure from S——, Carlisle found himself engaged to the loveliest, purest, most sensible, etc., etc. That was the way he described her in his letter to his mother.

Edwards increased his attentions, and Carlisle, knowing that his conceit rendered him harmless, and feeling an attack of that generosity always attendant upon success, told Alice to let Edwards continue, as they could not increase their happiness by crushing his. They must tell him some day, but until that day, let him enjoy his illusion. This, Edwards conscientiously did.

One Sunday afternoon, as Carlisle and Alice sat in the hammock making impossible plans, he remarked to her that he must return to Washington the following Tuesday. Continuing, he said, "I would like to stay here another month and have our wedding as we at first planned, but this letter is imperative; and since we have your parents' permission to marry, I can see no reason why we can't have a quiet wedding to-morrow—" she gasped—"and then to Washington together."

"But Fred, darling," she almost sobbed, "my trousseau hasn't come yet, and you would be ashamed of me if I wore that old white silk, with the ruffles—"

"Bother the clothes!" he said, almost roughly. "Don't you know I love you better than all the clothes, even the ones my mother used to make! Why, I'd marry you just as you are now, if you weren't wearing that martyr's countenance!"

This provoked a smile, and putting her delicately plump hand in his, she leaned close to him and whispered, "Darling, I'll marry you at any time you say, and be the happiest woman alive besides." He smiled.

"I thought you would rather marry me to-morrow afternoon than to risk losing me. I would suggest that you wear a traveling suit, and we will have the ceremony performed in time to catch No. 28 at 4.15."

There was no opening for an argument, so she agreed.

"You tell your mother," he directed, "and I'll see the minister at once."

The next day was an ideal June day. The birds sang, and the air was filled with the sounds of the joyful earth. As the time approached, both Carlisle and Alice grew nervous, but the moment they thought of the rice and old shoes they would avoid by this unexpected marriage, they took hope and were ready before the minister was—an unusual thing. He slipped the ring on her finger, at the same time searching her soul with his eyes. He found there nothing but love, joy, and faith.

They were driven rapidly to the station, and what was their surprise on getting on to find themselves assailed with missiles of all sorts thrown by their unfeeling friends. Some one had proved traitor. They kissed their parents and boarded the train. Through the open window came congratulations and numerous handfuls of rice. As the train pulled out a man jumped from a trolley car, ran to the window, dumped a hatful of rice on the bride and groom, then turned his back to the train. Edwards, for it was he, shoved his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and walked leisurely

away, whistling a meditative air. His thoughts ran somewhat like this, "Well, if she didn't know any better than to marry him in preference to me, I'm glad I didn't get her. I never did think she was pretty, any how. Besides, women are so inconstant."

A. M.

An Illusion

The sun was slowly sinking in the west. The battle of Santiago was over. The Red Cross nurses wandered over the field giving aid to whomsoever they found in need. Thinking that their day's work was over, they started towards the camp, but just then a shrill voice was heard to scream, "Water, for God's sake, water." A nurse hastened to the spot from where the sound was heard, there she found an American lad of about twenty years. He was slowly sinking from the loss of blood, caused by a wound in the shoulder. She ministered stimulants to him, but to no effect, for in a few moments he was delirious.

A happy smile played across his pale face. He was at his old home again; it was night, and the silvery moon was shedding its soft rays about the little town of S——. "Will she speak to me now? She would not when I left her. But now, after two years of hard fighting, and the wearing of the 'blue,' it may be that she will." Down the same old street he trod, and on nearing the home of the girl he still loved, he paused. He heard a soft, sweet voice—can it be her? He drew nearer and nearer until he could recognize the soft strains of that ever beautiful little song, that she had so often sung to him in the past, "Then You Will Remember Me." Can it be possible that it is sung for me, as of old? Does she know that I have returned? Again she starts; and again the song starts anew, "When Other Hearts and Other Lips Their Tales of Love Shall Tell." "I shall," he said, and made his way to the front door.

He knocked softly. Oh, the suspense of that wait! Suppose she shuts the door in my face—suppose she does not recognize me in my shabby uniform. These thoughts and many similar ones crowded his mind. A soft step down the hall, and the rustling of skirts warned him of some one's approach. The door opened. It was she, and she did recognize him. But the shock being too great for her, she fainted away in his outstretched arms, as he planted a kiss on her quivering lips. She was soon herself again, and they were on their way to the residence of Dr. B——, who soon made them man and wife.

"Taps" was sounding in the camp, and as it floated through that quiet Cuban night, he was heard to say in a very low but contented voice, "Meet me beyond the river, Agnes," and with a groan he was gone, no more to be disturbed by the bugle's "call to arms." His battle had been fought and won, and his work on earth was ended.

Now they are together in their "father's eternal home," no more to be parted by the call for volunteers. For only two weeks before our Almighty Father had also called Agnes to her reward.

L. R. H., '06.

A Vision

Once, while encamped within the mighty gorge
Below the splendid fall which takes its name
From the complexion of its glorious leap;
Which clear above as crystal, at the foot
Is whiter than the freshly driven snow,
I had a vision. While I lay at ease;
With one companion in our idle camp,
And resting there upon the sward above
The boisterous Whitewater's swift flowing tide
Still flecked with foam from its tremendous leap,
And rushing onward towards the distant sea:

I gazed far up the mighty mountain side
Which rises to the east, and suddenly,
Without a sound except that all at once
The roaring of the fall threefold increased,
A change came o'er the face of nature. And
Great trees rushed up where stumps had stood before.
The tiny cabin of the mountaineer
Was swept away, and in its place there rose
Great oaks and pines and other forest trees.
As when the engineer within his cab
Grasps his reversing lever, and with speed
Which constantly increases he drives back
The ponderous engine. So it seemed to me
As if some terrible and mighty hand
Had grasped the lever of the universe,
And thrust it backward so that we alone
Had rushed far back into the fearful past.
I turned in fear to see my comrade crouched
Behind a boulder, and within his eyes
I saw the fear reflected from my own.
Our camp had disappeared, and we were dressed
In the rude garments of the pioneer.
Beside us lay two rifles with the horns
For powder, and two pouches filled with shot.
I grasped a rifle, and then turned my gaze
Across the river, for I heard a sound.
Then suddenly from out the woods there stepped
A splendid deer, and with his head erect
Was moving towards the stream; when, with a sound
As of a hissing snake, and with the speed
Of the swift flashing of a ray of light,
There came an arrow from the silent wood
Which struck, and felled him. Whereupon, there rose
A loud triumphant yell, and bursting out
Of the dark forest came a savage band

Of Cherokees, that wild and warlike race,
Which held for many years that lovely land
With which no other land can e'er compare,
The splendid Blue Ridge region of the South.
They gathered round the fallen deer, and then
Prepared to make their midday meal; when out
The silent wood came many singing shafts,
And the wild war-whoop of that other race,
Which long had struggled with the Cherokees.
Some of the little band of braves fell dead,
The others answering yell for yell fought on
Until there was but one who, wounded sore
And closely pressed, was captured almost dead,
But live enough to curse his foes, and tell
Them he was not afraid of any pain
That they could put upon him, even death.
They gathered round him; then, by a command
Of the Catawba Chief, they scattered out
Into the forest there to gather wood;
With which that night the chief had said he must
Be offered up alive to satisfy
The savage hate of his blood-thirsty foes.
Now, after all the braves except the one
A captive and the great Catawba chief
Had disappeared into the forest dark,
My friend, whose blood was boiling at the sight,
Drew steady aim upon the chief, and fired.
Then, with the noise and the great yell of pain
And rage which rose from the sore wounded chief
Still ringing in my listening ears, I woke—
I was still resting there upon the sward
Above the boisterous Whitewater, and my friend
Was standing with a rifle in his hand,
And gaze fixed ruefully upon a hawk
Winging his way adown the mighty gorge.

"Well, "I'll be durned," quoth he; "I'm sure I hit
That scoundrel, for I saw the feathers fly;"
Then turning, took a dish from off the fire,
And called me, saying dinner was prepared.

W. H. T.

Our Modern Public School

Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomy, mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are students made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed and caressed it in,
Rapped it and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

—*Selected.*

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, S. C. Military Academy, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by the unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

Section 1.—The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2.—All officers of the Association and the Executive Committee shall be elected by the Convention after being nominated by a Committee consisting of one member from

each college, appointed by the President, and the nominee receiving the most votes shall be declared elected.

Sec. 3.—The President of the Association on his retirement from office and ex-prize men shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

Sec. 4.—The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

Sec. 5.—If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

Sec. 2.—The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and shall cast the deciding vote in case of tie. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual Convention, and copies of all orations delivered in the annual contest, with the name and grade of the orator. He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President. He shall also send a type-written copy of each oration to each member of Committee on Decision, Section A, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5.—The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

Sec. 6.—The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from Committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of Committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two Committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Section 1.—The Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college, shall be elected by the Convention, as provided in Art. IV., Sec. 2, and shall assemble in meeting at call of the Vice-President.

Sec. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The Committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3.—The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 4.—The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the Palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

Section 1.—Six persons shall constitute the Committee

on Decision. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of Committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

Sec. 2.—The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: *Originality, Thought and Rhetoric*, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

Sec. 3.—Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *delivery*. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred, as in Section A.

Sec. 4.—Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 5.—The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a type-written copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A, who shall grade them and

send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institution represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to furnish each member of Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

Sec. 6.—At the close of the contest the Secretary of Sealed Marks and the Committee, Section B, shall retire and make a final average. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 7.—The orator whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest, shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The Chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association no oration shall contain more than two thousand words, and it shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation, attached to the oration, shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assist-

ance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an under-graduate at the time of his selection and at time of contest. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

Section 1.—Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2.—Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes: As first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

Section 1.—The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2.—The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

Section 1.—The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2.—A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

Sec. 3.—The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association,

and his necessary traveling expenses shall be paid by the Association.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazines, the Constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this Constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.



L. E. BOYKIN
President of Columbian Literary Society
First Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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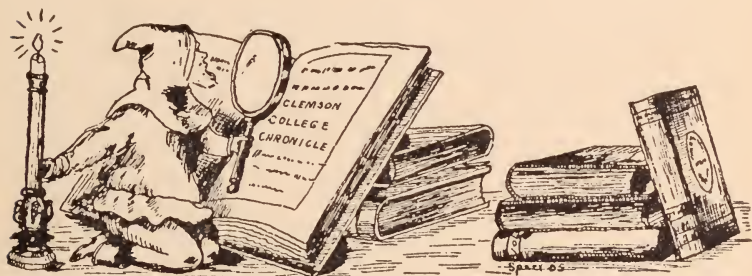
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Base Ball Outlook.

With the approach of the baseball season much enthusiasm is being manifested by the corps in our prospects for a winning record.

The outlook is, indeed, encouraging, although, of our last year's team, only one man—Goggans—will be able to play this year. Coles, Sitton, and Caldwell are back with us, but they, having played professional ball with the Spartanburg

League, are debarred by the S. I. A. A. from playing on our team. However, they will play on the scrub teams, and will thus be of great help in developing men to fill their places on the 'Varsity team. So we are confronted with the same problem in baseball that confronted us in football—to develop a team out of almost absolutely raw material.

However, we have McMakin for coach, and this, within itself, should inspire us with hopes. He will reach here and begin his duties as coach by the first of March. His coming is looked forward to with much eagerness by all, and it is hoped that by time that he arrives, those engaged in practice on the field will be sufficiently numerous to enable him to at once begin the real work of building up the team.

The schedule for this season is not yet completed. Some very interesting games, however, are being scheduled, and it is the effort of the Manager to secure as many games as possible on the campus. This is very desirable, as it affords the entire corps an opportunity of seeing the real work of the team, and thus enables them to appreciate its efforts all the more fully.

Some games that are being scheduled are Mercer, Ga., Tech., Furman, University of Georgia, Wofford and others.

**The State
Oratorical
Association.**

The time is drawing near for the next annual contest of *The State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association*, and, as it approaches, increased interest in it is becoming more manifest. This Association should appeal very strongly to every college student in South Carolina and should serve, as it were, as a beckoning hand inviting him to higher attainments in things oratorical. There is possibly no honor of which a student is or should be more deeply sensible than that of representing his college in this contest, but, at the same time, he should not be, in any measure, insensible of the responsibility which such an honor places upon him. The reputation of himself and col-

lege is at stake, and it devolves upon him to sustain that reputation. To do this, however, it is not absolutely essential that he should win, but that he should succeed, for he who wins must excel, and only one can excel, while all may succeed. So those who represent the various colleges in this contest should enter the race with a determination to succeed, should they not be so fortunate as to excel.

It is not yet known who will represent Clemson, as it is to be decided by a contest which will be held sometime early in March. We hope, however, that whoever it may be will have so prepared himself that he may receive the reward of excellence, and cause victory to again perch upon Clemson's banner.

**The Class
Football Games.**

The short period of athletic inactivity that always comes in the winter, between the football and baseball seasons, is now being enlivened by the class football games. Each class has endeavored to put forth the very best team possible, and, so far, the games that have been played were exceedingly interesting. It was encouraging to note how well some of the men who made these teams played. Some of them not only would have proven valuable additions to the last season's scrub team, but would most certainly have stood a fine showing for making the 'Varsity. It seems that if these men play so well this year on the class teams, they ought to come out next year and easily win a place on the regular team. Many of our best players in past years—in fact, the record shows that more than half of them—made their start on class teams. If this has been so in the past, why cannot those on this year's class teams make it so again next year? And to every one of them we would say, "Go out and try." Even should they not make the 'Varsity, it is well to remember that, "The better the scrub, the better the 'Varsity." For without a good scrub team to play against the 'Varsity can do nothing.

No one can thoroughly appreciate a game of football until he understands the game, and he cannot understand the game until he plays it. So, those who play on the class teams this year will acquire a better knowledge of the game than those who do not, and next year, when they start out, at the beginning of the season, they will know better what is before them, and will, therefore, possess an advantage over the others.

The sole object of the class games is to get new men out and interested for the next year. When they succeed in this, they have contributed largely to getting out material from which to develop the team of the succeeding year. So, every one, who has any class spirit, should do his best to make his class put forth a winning team, and, what is still more important, he should the next year go out and put forth his best efforts to make his college win.

**Russia's
Plight.**

The crisis has been reached! Russia is in a state of revolution and her plight is, indeed, lamentable. With her armies suffering defeat upon defeat on a foreign battlefield, and with the hovering clouds of revolution ready to burst forth with engulfing torrents of destruction and ruin, surely no country ever suffered a more fearful condition. Yet Russia can only blame herself for it. Its approach has been evident, but those in authority seemed blind or indifferent to what it really meant. But at last the light has dawned upon them—they have awakened to the situation and realize that something must be done or a dissolution of the prodigious empire will ensue.

The people only demanded that they be granted certain privileges. It is not a revolution for the overthrow of the government, but a demonstration on the part of the people to force such recognition of those who labor by the authorities, that they may be granted the exercise of such privileges, only, as have been enjoyed by workmen of other countries

for years. This is a very simple and reasonable demand, and one which any reasonable government would be glad to grant. How easily and readily this outbreak would have been averted by most any other nation. But Russia crouching under the reign of officialdom, and with a weakling emperor, whose actions are dictated and all but performed by a chain of tyrannical advisers, seemed blind to its approach or indifferent of what might be its results. But the people will no longer tolerate such indifference towards their rights and are determined to force certain reforms, and we wish them God speed in their efforts.



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

We must say that we are grievously disappointed in the *Converse Concept*. The literary department is all out of proportion. Out of twelve pieces in it eleven are essays, and only one story, "Dolly's Letter," which in our opinion, does not deserve a place in a magazine of this size, for, after reading it, you see nothing really interesting. "A Mistaken Love" is written very well, but there is no originality displayed in the plot. "Ysaye, the Violinist," and the "Review of the Masquerader," give only the life of a man and the plot of a book, respectively. Out of the rest, the debate and the "Yellow Peril" seem to be the only ones in which any originality is displayed, and hence, the only ones worthy of favorable comment. The exchange department is entirely too short. With an exchange list as large as *The Concept* has, can its exchange editor not criticise more than four exchanges? The poems, "Knowing" and "A Thought," are much above the level of the rest of the magazine. On the whole, however, as we said before, the magazine is far below the ordinary.

"Law or No Law, Life or Death," in *The Furman Echo*, is well written, and contains many strong, forcible ideas on law and order. The writer handles his subject well and brings out some very good thoughts. "The Wild Man of



R. F. GOODING
President of Calhoun Literary Society
First Quarter

the Piedmont" gives us a clear description of a semi-savage man living in the Piedmont section. "True, Though Tried," and "A Senior's Dream," are both written well, but their plots are both very old. The poems are not as good as the rest of the pieces in the magazine. The exchange department contains only three criticisms, but these are very full and complete. We think, however, that more than three exchanges should be criticised. The editorials are full and well written. On the whole, *The Echo* is very good, especially good for a January number.

By far the best part of *The Wofford College Journal* is "A Son's Appeal" and "E. A. P.," both poems. They are much above those usually seen in college magazines. Of the two, we think the first one is the better, but both are very good. "Jim" shows the heroic efforts of a boy to rescue his sister. He saved her, but was himself lost; truly "the name of another hero has been added to the pages of the world's history." The editorials and clippings are very well gotten up.

It is a pleasure to review *The High School Student*, of Newport News, Va. As usual, it is full of very good readable matter. The poetry, four pieces, on intelligent subjects, is well worth studying. "The Bells" is exceptionally pretty. The debate, "*Resolved*, That Shylock was justifiable in his attitude towards Antonio," is very good. The debaters certainly had a clear idea of the play and have discussed the main feature (Shylock) of it in a very interesting manner. "Some Facts in the Early Life of Thomas Jefferson" is a very interesting essay. We see in it several things that are not generally known about this great statesman. The lighter fiction are "The Little Socialist," "In Dixie," "How Hiram Captured the Bank Robbers," and "One of Florine's Holiday Guests." The latter is very good.

The Transylvanian, of Kentucky University, contains several very interesting selections. "A Modern Hospitaler" is, we believe, the best, but "A Fairy of the Moonlight" is very good also. The essays, "A Trip Through Chinatown," and "Education and the University at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition," are well worth reading. The amount of poetry is short, but what there is, is deserving.

The Central Collegian contains several very good essays, but no poetry. A poem would add much to its worth. Of course, every college has not a poet, but with a staff of nine editors, *The Collegian* should be able to get one short piece of poetry in nearly every issue. A light, frivolous story would add much to balance the weighty matter found in this issue.

The January number of *The Columbia Monthly* is indeed very good, but does not contain a sufficient amount of poetry to balance the heavy essays and fiction. The essay, "The Habit of Responsibility," is very good and should be read by every college man that has a chance. "Drops from a Nilometer" is very interesting and instructive. The other entertaining matter is "The Message," "The Goal," "L'Adieu," "Countess De Belle-Isle," and "A Mutual Forgetting." The latter is especially good. It has a nice plot and has been treated in a fine way.

Full many a man is filled with dire dismay

The dark unfathomed female heart to dare;

Full many a vow is born to end its day

And waste its sweetness on the vain and fair.

—*Vanity.*

If somehow you fail to see the joke,

Don't frown and call the thing a poke;

Put on a grin, try to laugh some, do,

And say, it's all just utterly "too, too."

DISCRETION.

Her eyes were amber ; golden hair

 In fairy ringlets fell ;

I begged of her to kiss me—

 I said I wouldn't tell.

“What luck, old boy ?” the fellows said,

 “Come speak up—might as well ;”

“Nope—not from me—I've promised,

 I said I wouldn't tell.”

—*Columbia Monthly*.

Whatever a man *seweth* that will he easily *rip*. —*Ex.*



E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

- - - - -

EDITORS

On Thursday, the 26th of January, college exercises were suspended to attend the funeral services of the late Col. D. K. Norris, which took place in the afternoon at Pendleton. Col. Norris was one of the life Trustees of the College, and one of the most loyal of the institution's friends. The Faculty attended as honorary pall-bearers, and the Senior Class, with the First Sergeants of the Junior Class, as a guard of honor to escort the body to the grave, the First Sergeants firing a salute of three volleys over the grave after the services. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, the Board of Trustees sending an especially handsome wreath.

The class football games that were broken up by examinations before Christmas have been in full swing for several weeks now. In the first game played the Freshmen defeated

the Preps by a score of 22 to 0. The game was not characterized by any star plays but by the steady gains of the Freshmen. The Freshmen could have run the score up higher but couldn't resist the temptation of holding, and thereby lost a good many yards. The Preps, however, put up a plucky fight, but were just outclassed.

The next game, between the Juniors and the Sophs., created a great deal of interest and resulted in a tie, the score being 5 to 5. The Sophs. scored their touch-down in the first half, after thirty seconds of play, while the Juniors scored theirs in the second half, when there remained *only* thirty seconds to play. It was a close game and hotly contested from the first.

Then the Senior-Fresh game was a rather one-sided game. The result of the game was never in doubt after the first five minutes of play. In the first half the Seniors managed to score four touch-downs, and seemed to be able to do just what they pleased with the ball. In the second half the Fresh held a great deal better, and the final score was only 29 to 0 in favor of the Seniors. In all the games, so far, fifteen minute halves were played.

The game for the championship will be decided next Saturday, when the Juniors meet the Seniors.

On Friday night, the 20th of January, the Clemson College Science Club held its regular monthly meeting, at which the following interesting subjects were ably discussed: "Geology," by Dr. P. H. Mell; "Zoology," by Dr. Haven Metcalf; "Mathematics and Engineering," by Professor P. T. Brodie.

Dr. Haven Metcalf, Professor of Botany, has recently been elected a Fellow of the American Society of Bacteriologists.

The Southern Railway is replacing the old wooden bridge across the Seneca River by a substantial modern steel bridge. They are going to put larger engines on the road in the near future.

Dave Hill: "Say, Jones, wouldn't you like to go to New Orleans and make love to an Oriole (Creole) girl?"

Prof. M.—: "Mr. Thompson, what is a right angle?"

T.—: "Half a straight angle, sir."

Prof. M.—: "And what is a right triangle?"

T.—: "Half a straight triangle, sir."

Mr. Dickinson, of the University of Arkansas, has entered upon his duties in the chemical department.

The celebration of the anniversary of the Columbian Literary Society was held in the Memorial Hall on January 21, 1905. The exercises were exceptionally good, and were well attended by the students.

The declaimer's medal was won by Mr. C. J. Lemmon, the orator's medal by Mr. L. E. Boykin, and the debater's medal by Mr. H. W. Barre.

Prof. Chambliss: "Mr. Hughes, how are the bones of the body connected?"

Hughes (looking at skeleton): "By wires, sir."

The Whitney Brothers' Quartette, one of the Lyceum numbers, failed to meet their appointment, the 14th of January, on account of the sickness of one of its members.

News was received from Vermont of the death of Mrs. Griswold, wife of Prof. C. B. Griswold, of the Clemson Faculty. The corps extend to Prof. Griswold their heartfelt sympathy in his great bereavement.

Prof. H. Benton, for several years Assistant Professor of Agriculture, has received a very flattering offer, with a good salary attached, from the Government Department of Agriculture at Washington. It is very likely that he will accept the position. Prof. Benton has worked hard at Clemson, and proved that he is a valuable man. Clemson will give him up with genuine regret, and will be the loser for his departure.

Rucker Taylor, before Soph-Junior game:

"A'r, the Sophs are going to beat."

"Bill" Waters: "How much?"

"Ruck:." "How I know, I ain't no profic teller" (prophet).

Invitations have been issued for the eleventh anniversary of the Palmetto Literary Society, which is to be held in the Memorial Hall, February 22d, at 8 P. M. The following programme will be rendered:

Presiding Officer.

A. J. Speer.

Declaimers.

L. R. Hoyt.....American Responsibility Measured.

R. E. Nickles.....Eulogium on Washington.

Music.

Orators.

L. S. Horton...Education, the Foundation of the Republic.

D. H. Hill.....The Commercial Progress of the South.

Music.

Debate.

Query: *Resolved*, That the protective tariff is a benefit to American labor.

Affirmative—L. W. Perrin. Negative—W. S. Baskin.

Music.

Decision of Judges.

Awarding of Medals.

Just after 97 had passed—"Rat" Woodward: "I wish I had counted the cars."

"Rat" Sherard: "Man, you would have to count them in shorthand."

A great commotion occurred on campus recently, when "Mother Nature" challenged "Rick" to a duel. Seconds were chosen, and after a brief consultation brick-bats were decided upon as the weapons to be used; but when the appointed time arrived, "Mother Nature" took the "cold feet."

Prof. Metcalf: "What is the matter with that clock today? It seems contrary."

McIver: "It's Prof. Morrison's clock."

Prof. M—: "Ought to send Prof. Chambliss to fix it."

Prof. Rawl: ".0021x5=01.05."

The Clemson College Minstrel Club was recently organized, and elected Mr. F. C. Wyse as manager. The object of the club is to give a minstrel show some time in February, the proceeds of which will go to help pay for the June edition of THE CHRONICLE, which, as before stated, will contain the picture and history of each man of the Senior Class. The club has very good material to work on, and intends to give a first class performance.

Prof. Calhoun: "Mr. Cornwell, what is the capital of Iowa?"

Cornwell: "Demosthenes" (Des Moines).

Prof. Jas. H. Rayhill, who is conducting a class in elocution and oratory, is arranging for a declaimer's contest for a gold medal. There will be six contestants, two to come from each of the three societies.

Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Mell entertained on Wednesday evening, in honor of Capt. and Mrs. Clay.

On Sunday, the 29th, the Sunday school elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Prof. Hale Houston; Assistant Superintendent, Prof. M. E. Bradley; Secretary, J. E. Johnson.

On Saturday night, the 28th, the three literary societies held a joint meeting in the Columbian Society hall. An interesting programme was rendered.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A., last Sunday, the following cadets were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, J. E. Johnson; Vice-President, J. C. Summers; Treasurer, D. S. Hollis; Secretary, H. S. Crawford.

Prof. Furman: "Mr. Hill, what did Bassanio want with the 3,000 ducats?"

Dave: "To buy caskets."

Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, President of Newberry College, preached a strong sermon in the college chapel last Sunday morning, the 29th ult., on the subject of "Courage." In the afternoon he delivered an address on "Missionary Work in Japan."

Miss Bell Hardin is visiting Misses Lydia and Mary Fuller in Columbia.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

L. E. Boykin, Editor-in-Chief. A. J. Speer, Business Mgr.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

R. F. Gooding, President. J. A. Brice, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

L. E. Boykin, President. T. E. Stokes, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

A. J. Speer, President. L. S. Horton, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

H. Houston, Superintendent. L. E. Boykin, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

A. J. Speer, President. J. C. Summers, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

P. T. Brodie, President. H. Metcalf, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

J. G. Holland, Capt. Team '04-05. L. P. Slattery, Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CLUB.

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GERMAN CLUB.

J. R. Siau, President. C. Coles, Secretary.

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

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Jackson, Miss. Trenton, S. C.

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President Palmetto Literary Society
Second Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1905 No. 6



H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - EDITORS

The Triumphant

Afar on yon Asiatic strand,
Where bugles loudly sound the call,
Brave sons and daughters of "Sun-rise land,"
Unmindful of the dead that fall,
Fight glorying in the sure defeat
Of Russia's mighty Baltic fleet.

And when the tedious task is done,
And shouts of triumph shall be raised,
In haste will nations gladly come
To give their meed of honest praise
To those deep-dyed in battle's red—
Heroic living, noble dead.

Then shall be sung the deeds well done,
In songs more glorious, songs more sweet,
Than sang the grim death-doling gun
That robbed the Russians of their fleet—
The songs of well-deserved praise,
Like those for heroes in ancient days.

J. T. W., '08.

The Sign of the Red Cross

Just what a banner or coat of arms means to an organization, whether it be a country, a society, or a family, we can best understand by knowing the mission of the organization and seeing with our own eyes its work and the effect that it produces upon the world. Then we are led to honor and respect the emblem, because we know for what it stands.

If we walk along the wharves of one of our seaports, and notice the flags flying from the masts of the sea-going vessels that throng the port, we can tell by these flags to what country the steamer belongs. When we see the Union Jack, we say, "Ho! for merry England, the once Mistress of the seas," and when we see the French colors waving in the breeze, we exclaim, "Long live sunny France—the great republic." Then when we see proudly floating from the lofty mast of a great ocean grey-hound, outlined against the clear blue sky, every fold unfurled, then it is that our hearts beat high and we doff our hats in reverence to the stars and stripes. That flag, the emblem of our nation,

stands for personal and religious liberty and for Christian civilization. So it is with social and political organizations; we can tell to what order a man belongs by reading his badge. If we see a man wearing the compass and square, we know at once that he is a Mason.

Go back to the days of Chivalry, see mounted upon that fiery steed a knight clad in shining armor, holding in his hand a flashing spear, upon his glistening shield is the sign of the Cross. We know that he is a Knight Templar, and belongs to the army of the mighty crusades. And in this the modern period of advanced civilization, we find men and women united in one body, with hearts full of love, overflowing with sympathy for suffering humanity, an organization that causes men to open their purses for its support. It is respected and honored by friend and foe throughout the whole known world. Its banner is the simple sign of the Cross; its name the Red Cross Society. The sight of this banner flying from the mast of an ocean steamer on its way to some port that is suffering from disastrous storm, contagious plague or the ravages of war—or gently floating over a field hospital where lie the dying and the dead—stirs in the breast of every Christian man a feeling of respect for the noble workers and invariably causes him to look up and beyond in reverence for something nobler and higher.

What is it, then, that is in this sign, what is it to the wounded soldier upon the battle field? Yes, what did the sign of the Cross mean to the people of the Orient two thousand years ago? When we look back, with a shudder, into that dark age, when persecution or death was the punishment for trivial offenses, and when nations were cut to pieces and scattered over the earth to such an extent that whole tribes were lost, it seems that all hope had fled, and that the world was under a pall. But in that far away country, on a certain day when the sun refused to shine, and darkness covered the face of the earth from the sixth hour

until the ninth, a ray of heavenly light fell upon Golgotha's brow—and Calvary, revealed to the wildered world the sign of the cross, made holy by the son of God. Immediately following this, there began to be a marked change in the way of living throughout the East. Men, with that sign of love and sympathy for lost humanity, burning in their hearts—men, who had read its true meaning and understood its mission—made the promoting of its cause their whole life work. Pushing westward into the Roman empire, and in chains standing before the great Ceasars themselves, they expounded its meaning and preached its mission to the world. Out of Rome the tide sweeps on westward into the new countries, France and England, and in the course of time, a dark and threatening cloud begins to cast a shadow over the country around Jerusalem, known as the Holy Land. The barbarous Turks are preparing great armies to overrun this country and carry away its people into captivity. When the news of this, the desecration of the Holy Sepulchre, and the making of slaves of those under the same faith, reaches the western countries, that fellow-feeling for suffering mankind is aroused in the hearts of the western people, and we find a vast army, known as Crusaders, under the sign of the red cross, ready to march through that great wilderness lying toward the Orient. Troops of knights, mounted upon their steeds, eager for the battle, stand upon the border of England looking far across the great intervening wilderness of hardship and suffering, waiting and longing for the time to come when they can go forward and plant the sign of the red cross upon the walls of the Holy City. Then, when that vast army of Crusaders swept across the continent, fighting every step of ground and enduring the severest of hardships, the battle-cry would be, when defeat seemed to stare them in the face, "On to Jerusalem—the holy land—Ye Knights of the Red Cross." This emblem had such an effect upon the people in that day and

time, that thousands enlisted in the army, and the coffers of the noblemen were emptied for its support; and this great force and upheaval aroused by sympathy for fellow-sufferers under the imposed rule of a tyrannical and barbarous power, shook cities and kingdoms to their very foundations throughout the Eastern world, for the cry of the distressed had been heard and was answered by the rapidly growing masses of men that felt and sympathized with their neighbors. The outcome of this sympathy of man for man, gave birth to a new era in the history of the world. Voyages were made across the trackless seas, new discoveries were opened up to the people, and in time we have the glad tidings proclaimed to the world announcing the birth of a new nation and a new people—the United States, a country of freedom, a people that sympathizes with man, and while guarding their own rights, recognizes the rights of others. And when we look around us at the beauty of this great nation, our attention is called to an incident that happened in our own time. When nature was beginning to clothe this Southland and the South Sea islands in their most beautiful apparel, and the beauties of a southern moon smiling down in all her glory sent the silvery spray dancing through the green foliage, and upon the Gulf, riding the white-capped waves in silence. All was quiet and gentle peace seemed to rule supreme. But no, those silvery waves of the Gulf bathed the shores of a troubled country, and as they broke in all their beauty upon the beach, the spray from their open hearts fell upon the white sand as tears of sympathy; for Cuba was in distress. And when the electrical circuit was completed, that sent the battleship Maine to the bottom of Havana harbor, immediately the army of this new nation was landed on Cuban soil, and was fighting its way to Santiago against fearful odds, backed up by the coming on of a hot summer under a burning sun in a tropical country. All of this, together with the flying missiles

from the Spanish guns, meant suffering and death to many of our soldiers; thus a problem was confronting the people that caused many to think seriously what plan should be pursued, for the hospital corps was small in comparison to its needs. Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross Society, responded to this urgent call, and when the hospitals were filled and an epidemic of fever was threatening to invade the ranks of the army, we find those skilled and trained in the art of nursing, under the control and in command of the Red Cross, doing a wonderful work among the sick and wounded soldiers of both the United States and Spanish armies. Here we have the sign of the Red Cross coming again into sway, illustrating what it has symbolized for centuries.

A clear insight into its modern meaning and mission is best found by turning our thoughts to the scene of a modern battle-field, say San Juan Hill. The heat of a tropical sun beating down in all its fury upon the two opposing armies sends a sickening fever through the ranks of the soldiers; through the marshes and swamps the American army pushes its way under the deadly fire of the enemy's batteries, mingled with the song and whistle of bullets from Spanish rifles. On they charge, nearer and nearer; a comrade dropping here and there, a file made vacant yonder, the bursting of a Spanish shell, with all the power and fury of modern chemistry, clears out a whole column; but on, on, the heights must be taken. The shadows grow loamy, and the wings of the night close in upon the field, which is the signal for the poisonous insects to muster their hosts. The watches of the night overhead, peeping through the gloom, seem to shed silent tears in sympathy for the wounded soldiers; as they look down with pitying gaze upon the field—men moaning from the fatal wounds of the rifle, fired and tortured by the fever of intense heat, they seek comfort but in vain, upon their beds of wet ground. To shut out such

a scene, the stars cover their twinkling eyes with a cloud-veil, that grows dark and heavy, until a flash is seen darting across the sky, followed by a roll of thunder. Then follows a drenching downpour of rain upon the unprotected beds of the wounded soldiers. Oh! for relief, for this is a place of torment, and a veritable Hades at best. Soon, here and there, are seen lanterns moving from place to place, and the wounded soldiers, looking up, is like the ship-wrecked sailor on the verge of a watery grave when he sighted the beacon of the life-boat. The soldier, tossed on waves of pain in a sea of fever, sees the light, and a feeble cry of triumph goes up from his burning lips, for it is the sign of the Red Cross, and the light of another day finds him safe in the hospital under the care and keeping of this great society. Thus we have its banner wielding a mighty influence over men—over princes and kings, and over nations themselves; coming out in the beginning in the form of the son of man who gave his life for men, and later in Western Europe through the power of the sword in behalf of the sufferers in the Holy Land, and now in our own day and time in the form of a relief organization for suffering mankind; thus the thread of fellow-feeling, a united sympathy of man for man, can be traced back from its present state to its origin, the Cross on Calvary. It has such a wide-spread influence that its bonds can go between the lines of cruel foes; its members standing back from no cause, push on into the very jaws of death itself, wherever there is life in distress, thus proving to the world to-day, that it is a revelation to suffering humanity of the love of God through the bands who labor under the sign of the Red Cross.

Mysteries of the Night

Oh! how it pains me to recall to memory a night when I was thrown like a flash from a state of perfect joy and happiness into a paroxysm of fright.

It was about twelve o'clock, one lovely night in June, as I was driving homeward after spending the most pleasant evening of my life with an angelic maiden, upon whom all my thoughts were centered. The moon had gone down, but the firmament, studded thickly with clusters of sparkling diamonds, spread its soft light around, wrapping the forest in a robe of velvet, and making the road a broad streak of silvery gray that gradually faded away in the gathering darkness of the distance. Not a sound could I hear save the clatter of my horse's feet, and the hum of my buggy wheels as they struck the hard road beneath. My soul was filled with ecstatic delight, for I had been told the story that supplied the missing link of a chain that led to perpetual happiness. I was driving slowly, recounting every sentence my sweetheart had spoken, and indulging in other fanciful whims, as is usual with one who is Cupid's recent prey. I had already pictured my sweetheart's face as it appeared when she made the confession that transformed my soul into one of joy and happiness. The dark brown eyes, sparkling with joy and goodness from among the delicate, charming smiles that played on her lovely face of dimpled cheeks and rosy lips, and evincing both truth and happiness, together with her long wavy black hair, made a picture more beautiful to me than any that the most distinguished artist might paint. As I sat gazing upon it with my mind's eye, my horse suddenly shied and stopped.

I looked up and beheld that only a few yards in front of me, there sat crouching in the edge of the road, a figure of snowy whiteness more horrible than the awful aspect of death itself. The horse stood still, and for a moment I sat

with the blankness of a lunatic upon me, not even trying to think of any means of escape. Then I tried to tell the horse to go, but I could not utter words that might take me closer to yon crouching ghost. I didn't know what to do. Certain it was that I could not go back and acknowledge to the "idol of my heart," that I had been driven back by a ghost, with the possibility of losing her by such a timorous act. As I sat wondering what to do, an owl sent forth its plaintive notes out into the night, and the echoes seemed to lurk in the depths of the forest, making the situation even more doleful. I drew forth a large pistol from the box of my buggy, but, strange to say, I fired into the air instead of at the horrifying spectacle in front of me. The sound reverberated loudly through the forest, and, as it died away, I noticed that the ghost slightly moved. Then I heard a faint voice, its tremor like that coming from one in the grasp of death. There was nothing for me to do except go upon this specter alone. I stood and wondered if I could face a vision seemingly more horrible than death itself.

At last, I started, and as I drew near this ghostly spectacle, my steps disturbed it, and I saw the head of a woman raised from amid the folds of snowy whiteness. Then a face haggard and thin turned towards me, in which I recognized Louise Don, a girl friend of mine. When she saw me, she said in the weakest tones, "Oh! Ronald, I have escaped from my enemies, but I am lost. Can you take me home?" Then in a fit of fright she fell forward in a swoon. I took her up as gently as I could, carried her to the buggy, and drove to her home a few miles away. Her parents, whom I had to wake, administered stimulants freely, and she soon revived. Then she began this story of her danger and flight:

"At a late hour in the night, I woke up in a very private room in one of the hotels of a strange city. I could smell the odor of chloroform at once, and knew I had been

brought there while under its influence. The fire had almost gone out, but a few glowing coals spread a glimmering light about the room, through which I discerned a man and woman in a remote corner of the room, who were talking in low, excited tones. I remained quiet, and tried to understand their almost inaudible words. Soon I learned that they had murdered the woman's husband, and were now plotting a chain of evidence that would surely condemn me as the murderess. As much as I can remember about the plot is this:

"The woman—I did not learn her name—had disguised herself in the afternoon, and registered at the hotel under the fictitious name of Olga Burnham, asking to be given a very private room. There, during the night, they had secretly taken me. I soon learned that one of my pictures, which they had in their possession, was to be used in the evidence as if found in her husband's pocket. Then, too, they were going to produce letters, written in a feminine hand, and to which was signed 'Ogie.' The dates should compare with the dates of the postmarks of some letters she had written to her husband while on a visit in another city some weeks before. After slight abuse the letters would compare with these envelopes, and, furthermore, she wrote in two distinct hands, and would do all future writing in the other one and destroy all previous writing, so detection of forgery was a matter of impossibility. In one of these letters was mention of the picture, and in others threats that she would take his life if he did not come to her.

"Her husband had been killed instantly with an axe as he entered the gate when returning from his club. To further implicate me in the crime, they had torn a fragment from my dress to be used in evidence as found on the gate. Then, too, they had a card case, found near the gate, and containing some miniature pictures of myself and some cards of Miss Olga Burnham. I heard the man dictating a note to

the woman which was to be left on the table. I think the note was this: 'I am guilty of the murder perpetrated to-night. He had made my life desolate, and I have wreaked vengeance by murdering him with my own hands. My evil passion is satisfied, and I care not to live longer; so I take my own life, too—Olga Burnham.' This with the other evidence would insure a verdict favorable to them at the post-mortem examination.

"They thought they had given enough chloroform to kill me, but I learned that they intended administering more before leaving. The horrors of the awful reality of death were before me. I knew I must not die and leave mama and papa and Mortimer (her betrothed) and the rest of you all. For some time I had been seeking some means of escape, and had discovered a door near the head of my bed. Then, while they were discussing the manner of informing the police of the murder, I crept silently from my bed to the door. Here I turned the lock by soft and continued pressure, and the door opened without noise, and I entered another but vacant apartment. Another door led into a large and lonely hall, dimly lighted by a small gas lamp in one end. I soon found my way from the building, and, seeing that no one pursued me, I hurried down a narrow alley, but soon lost all roads, and, after roaming for a long time, found myself in the depths of the forest, in which I wandered for hours seeking a road. At last, after walking many miles, I found one, and, being exhausted, sat down to rest. There Ronald found me, and I told him I was lost. Then I fell asleep and didn't know anything more till I found myself rescued and in my father's house."

Then her father said, "My daughter, you must rest, or you will be worse to-morrow. I am sorry that we slept, and let you take such a jaunt to-night."

T. E. STOKES, '06.

The Fort Hill Mansion

(CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. P. H. MELL—FIRST INSTALMENT.)

The boys of Clemson College should feel that it is their duty and a great privilege to visit this historic home. No graduate should leave the place without being thoroughly familiar with the home of Calhoun, its furnishings, associations and cherished traditions. It is a link that connects us directly with this great statesman, the pride of South Carolina. Calhoun is the most prominent and brilliant figure in the history of the State, and the study of his character and career will fascinate every intelligent and ambitious youth. He had a peculiar love and sympathy for young men, and during his life he was their especial friend. After his death, Mr. Webster said of him, "He delighted especially in conversation and intercourse with young men. I suppose there has been no man among us who had more winning manners in such an intercourse and such conversation with men comparatively young."

His home is to South Carolina what Mt. Vernon is to the nation, and the thousands of visitors since his death have proved, and still prove, how warm a place he holds in the affections of his people. This great and noble man will never be forgotten; his long and laborious life, his conscientious devotion to the welfare of his State, and his earnest work for the best interests of the nation, have given him a permanent and distinguished place in history. The people of South Carolina were deeply attached to him, and his memory will be forever honored.

Knowing these facts, Mr. Clemson, who ardently admired and appreciated his distinguished father-in-law, wisely made provision in his will for the perpetual preservation of the Calhoun Mansion, "Fort Hill," and its furniture, for he well knew that everything associated with the great Calhoun is of historic interest and will increase in value with

the passage of years. Item 4 of the Clemson Will reads as follows: "It is my desire that the dwelling house on Fort Hill shall never be torn down or altered, but shall be kept in repair, with all the articles of furniture and *virtu* which I hereinafter give for that purpose, and shall always be open for the inspection of visitors."

The friends of Clemson College will also honor Fort Hill as the home of Mr. Clemson during the last years of his life. Here, in conjunction with his generous and high-minded wife, he laid the plans for this great school, which to-day stands a magnificent monument to his memory. In his early life he traveled much; being a man of culture and a connoisseur, and also a man of wealth, he naturally collected many objects of *virtu*. All of his fine collection of paintings and many articles of interest he bequeathed with Fort Hill, according to item 9, which states: "I give and bequeath to my executor, to be held by him subject to the trusts and conditions of items 1, 2 and 3 of this my will, and for the purpose of adorning the Fort Hill residence, as provided in item 4 of this my will, all my permanent furniture, relics and articles of *virtu*, pictures and paintings, etc., and all my books."

The books were placed in the library of the main college building, when it was completed, and they were unfortunately destroyed in the fire of May 22, 1894, when this building was consumed.

The Trustees have faithfully discharged their duties in the care of the old mansion and its contents. For several years, owing to the rapid growth of the college and the lack of sufficient dwellings, the mansion was used as a residence and the furniture was packed and stored, only one room, the old parlor, being open to visitors.

Last fall the Board of Trustees judged that the time had arrived for opening and refitting more rooms for public inspection, the old mansion and historic office were again

thoroughly repaired and repainted, and now the stately columns, gleaming white among the venerable oaks and cedars, look out as proudly as they did in the days of Calhoun. Three rooms of the mansion, the parlor, dining room and a bed room, and the office or library in the yard, have been fitted up with the Calhoun furniture and look as they did three-fourths of a century ago.

The eastern colonnade, facing the Electrical Building, has been selected for the public entrance; visitors approaching from that side will not encroach upon the private rooms of the family occupying the other part of the house. This colonnade is paved with flags, which have been worn by the feet of thousands of visitors, and give silent but eloquent testimony in honor of Calhoun. The front door opens into a small hall, barely large enough for purposes of passage and for the steep winding staircase. Through a door on the left the visitor enters the parlor, which is furnished as it was when Calhoun's family were young. It was then the scene of many social gatherings; there were five sons and two daughters, and they made the house gay and entertained much company. In this room, November 13, 1838, Anna Maria Calhoun and Thomas G. Clemson were married; fifty years later he died in an adjoining room, in lonely, desolate old age; bereft of wife and children, his only pleasure in the last years of his life had been in planning this great school for the youth of the State.

The parlor has another door opening out upon the eastern colonnade; a railing inside of this door was used formerly to prevent visitors from crowding into the room and handling the numerous articles too roughly. People came in throngs upon excursion trains, and it is said that the floor threatened to give way upon one occasion from the number in the room. The ceiling is low, the walls are neatly papered and the floor is covered with a handsome carpet; the room is well lighted by four windows; three of these are draped

with red moreen curtains, with black silk borders. These curtains are mentioned in an old inventory, made by Mrs. Clemson in 1852, while in Belgium, where Mr. Clemson was *Charge d'Affaires*. She brought them home with her to Washington, and then to Fort Hill after the war.

The high old-fashioned mantelpiece, painted black, supports two busts of Calhoun. In front of the fireplace is a very old piano of English make, from the factory of Gunther & Borwood, 31 Little Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. The instrument is trimmed with brass and handsomely inlaid; the slender legs are gracefully finished and a little drawer for music is on each side of the front. More than a century has passed since it first responded to the touch of girlish fingers, for it belonged to Mrs. John C. Calhoun, when she was Floride Calhoun. She was most carefully educated by her mother and given all the accomplishments of the day. Now this quaint little instrument, with its brass-trimmed legs, one pedal queerly set, its music cabinets and pretty inlaid work is viewed with much curiosity. Soft, muffled sounds, still harmonious and musical, proceed from its keys when touched. It is said that Calhoun loved music, especially Scotch ballads, and one can picture the fair Floride touching these keys with studied grace and warbling those artless melodies to her dignified lover.

There is a handsome set of chairs of the fashion of our grand-fathers—ten straight-backed chairs and two arm chairs, all of mahogany and haircloth. There is also a handsome mahogany center table, with black Spanish marble top, and a pier table to match, with dark marble top, supported by carved columns of mahogany; a large pier glass hangs above it. Another small mahogany table of antique pattern completes the list of furniture as the parlor was in the days when Calhoun was master. A small engraving of Patrick Henry is pinned upon the wall, and a small one of

Calhoun is framed in a home-made frame of seeds. Perhaps this was done by his invalid daughter, Cornelia. In one corner hang the dilapidated remnants of what was once a magnificent cloak of otter skins, given Mr. Calhoun by an Indian Chief. This was his traveling cloak, and securely wrapped in its folds, he could bid defiance to the weather during those long and fatiguing journeys which he was compelled to take before the days of railroads, when it took four weeks for him to go from South Carolina to Washington to attend the sessions of Congress.

The other interesting articles now on exhibition in this room belonged to Mr. Clemson. A small pedestal in one corner supports an extremely curious brass plate about twenty inches in diameter. It is thickly covered with engraved characters, evidently emblematical. There is a heraldic design in the center; this is surrounded by a broad band filled with letters, an odd jumble with no perceptible signification; the rim is covered with fanciful tracery. This plate was found by Mr. Clemson when he was a young man, in the streets of Paris, just after a French riot. It had evidently been dropped by the rioters after pillaging some building. No one has ever been able to decipher its meaning, although many connoisseurs have made attempts to do so. Impressions have been taken of the designs and lettering and sent to experts, but the meaning is still wrapped in mystery.

Two handsome easy chairs, covered with striped silk velvet, were purchased in Brussels, at the sale of the effects of Count Woyna, after his death. He was a German ambassador and a friend of the Clemsons.

The most elegant pieces of furniture in the room are a royal arm-chair and foot-stool to match, made of rosewood, richly carved and upholstered in crimson velvet. These were presented to Mr. Clemson by his personal friend, the good Leopold I., King of Belgium, the favorite uncle of

Queen Victoria. Each arm of the chair is decorated with an elaborately carved head of a handsome man with a pointed beard. It is said that these heads are likenesses of King Leopold himself. Mr. Clemson prized this chair and foot-stool most highly. They were associated with the most brilliant period of his life. He was nominated by President Tyler *Charge d'Affaires* to Belgium, June 17, 1844. As the representative of the United States he was shown marked courtesy by the members of the foreign diplomatic corps and by King Leopold, who soon became his warm friend, a friendship which Mr. Clemson valued most highly. Letters from the King to Mr. Clemson are now preserved in the college vault, with other interesting papers.

King Leopold was a man worthy of all admiration for character, intellect and culture; he was one of the richest men in Europe and brilliantly educated. In spite of his wealth, he was opposed to pomp and ostentation in his Court; still he loved the arts and sciences and the society of scholarly men. His gallery of paintings was famous, and some of the pictures in the Clemson collection were copied by special permission from the originals in the private gallery of the King. He was one of the wisest and most tactful sovereigns in Europe, and his abilities, good judgment and moderation were so highly esteemed that he was upon several occasions called upon to act as mediator in the political complications of European governments. He was the brother of the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, and he was greatly beloved by the English Queen and very popular in England.

One can easily understand why this beautiful chair and foot-stool, with their precious associations, should have been most highly valued by the Clemsons. Sitting now in the corner of the old parlor, they appeal to the imagination of every thoughtful spectator, and fancy can vividly picture court scenes of sixty years ago.

Suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room is a large blade of a sawfish. It has hung there for so many years that its history is forgotten, but it is possible that it was presented to Mr. Calhoun by his wife's youngest brother, James Edward Calhoun, who was an officer in the navy and sailed to many remote ports, bringing home a number of curiosities.

A sabot, or the wooden shoe of a Belgian peasant, lies upon one of the tables, and near it is a sword, sad memento of a tragedy, for it belonged to Ransom Calhoun, a nephew of Mrs. John C. Calhoun, who was killed in a duel with Col. Rhett, in 1862.

The last item of interest in the room was presented recently by Mrs. John F. Calhoun, of Clemson College. It is a large square of white satin, handsomely framed. Upon it was printed, in 1850, a tribute to Calhoun from the sorrowing citizens of Charleston. Broad mourning bands encircle it, and it is headed:

Tribute to the Memory of
JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN,
By the Citizens of Charleston, S. C.,
On Tuesday evening, April 2, 1850.

No man ever lived who was more loved, revered and trusted by his people than was the great Calhoun.

MRS. P. H. MELL.

An Old Mansion

An avenue of stately oaks made a fitting approach to the old mansion. Their interwoven branches, draped with festoons and long streamers of moss, formed a roof of green, through which the sunlight only occasionally leaked to coax into existence, here and there, little clumps of grass, which were seldom disturbed by the foot of the intruder.

Emerging from the avenue, you could see the old house sleeping on its little hillock, undisturbed by the gentle droning of the countless summer insects, while two tall pines of martial aspect stood one on each side of the entrance to guard its slumbers. The overgrown lawn and untrimmed hedges gave a deserted look to the grounds; but this was not borne out by the house itself, which, notwithstanding its need of repair, still had a peculiarly home-like look; and it would not have greatly surprised me to have seen the mistress in her hoop-skirts come out to receive her visitors.

The main part of the house, with its veranda extending almost the whole length of the front, with its massive columns, and with its quaint, old-fashioned windows, with their small, diamond-shaped panes, was built in colonial style and showed signs of great age; but the wings, which are in better repair and of different architecture, were added at some later time.

The house was partly covered with ivy, which hid the weather-beaten walls; and the high-gabled slate roof was overgrown with moss and ferns, while its overhanging eaves furnished homes for numbers of birds, which were the only signs of life about the place. The avenue of grand old oaks and the old house made a scene, which seemed too aged for America, but which, except for the unkept grounds, would have filled my idea of an old English homestead.

E. B. PLENGE.

A Trick of Cupid's

Both are bending slightly forward, with their elbows resting on the arms of their chairs, gazing thoughtfully down.

The girl's face is very dark and clear, the thick black hair throws great waves of shadow over the shapely forehead, while the large, dark eyes gleam steadily into the glowing coals.

Men's features are not worth mentioning, so I shall not describe this man, except to say that his face is an interesting one.

The girl moved slightly and said, "Mr. Brown, you promised to write a story for me, making me its heroine, and you have never done it."

"My dear Miss Emmie, how can you expect me to write a story without some fact as a basis? If you will give me data, I shall be happy to fulfill my promise."

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"Give me an account of your most serious love affair."

"And how am I to know that you will not tell some one else of this experience, if I tell you?"

"That you must risk, but have you ever known me to betray a confidence?"

"No, but must it necessarily be a real experience?"

"I will not agree to write it on any other condition."

"Will you swear that you will never tell another person what I tell you to-night?"

"Yes, go ahead."

She hesitated for a moment, then began: "He is a Jew, and I have known him ever since I was a child; a very fair man, with black eyes, and smooth, easy manners—a leader of society in our native Southern town. For a time I took no notice of his very evident preference for my society, but at last, when people began to tease me, I grew to hate the sight of him. I snubbed him; I cut him; I almost insulted him, but it did no good. He continued to give me his attention and devotion for three years, and then I left South Carolina to go to Baltimore to enter school, where it was discovered that I had a fine voice. I grew wild to have it cultivated, so after one session there, I returned home, determined to persuade my mother to let me go to New York, where I could secure the best training. My mother hesitated, and it was during this time, while I waited for her

consent, that this romantic incident occurred." She turned her face a little to one side and continued in a soft voice, "A party of us, one of whom was 'Jack,' now you know of whom I am talking"—and she glanced halfway around at her companion, but he was in a listening attitude, his head buried deep in his hands, and he made no answer, so she went on—"A party of us, one of whom was 'Jack,' as I said, went in the surf one summer afternoon. There was one odd man, for all the girls had escorts, leaving Jack and Mr. Watson—a comparative stranger—to take care of me. Entirely ignoring Jack, I turned to Mr. Watson and said, 'We go in together, don't we?' Taking in the situation at once, he said, 'Why certainly, I believe it was your unfortunate lot to fall to my care.' I had just time to catch the hurt expression on Jack's face as he turned away.

"I was having such a good time away out in the ocean, that I did not notice a strong undercurrent, which was dragging us far out, till, riding high on the crest of a wave, I looked about for the others, and saw that they were all on the shore, shouting to us at the top of their voices.

"When Mr. Watson realized that we were being towed from the land, a fright began to take possession of him, and he began a mad scramble for the shore, leaving me to get there the best way I could.

"I was already tired, and after making a vigorous effort to reach the beach, only to find that I was being swept further away, I gave up hope. I struggled feebly for a few minutes longer, then sank from sheer exhaustion.

"I think I was losing consciousness, when a strong hand grasped me; it was Jack's. I had hated him before, but now I was glad enough to put my arms around his neck, while he kept us both afloat. I don't know how long he had kept us up, but he had grown very weak and I was losing my senses again, when, with his head close down on mine, so that I could not see his face, I heard him whisper, 'I love

you, Laura ; I couldn't tell you before, but now I believe we are going to drown,' and then I felt his lips kissing my wet hair.

"That's all that I remember, till I found myself at home in bed. They had picked us up in a boat, just as Jack was giving out.

"I wrote him a grateful note, asking forgiveness for all former bad treatment, but he didn't come to see me before I left for New York, which was soon afterwards. My mother, to humor me, as I had not been in good health lately, decided to let me have my voice trained.

"Well, you know what I have done with my voice, and what more I expect, but that is another matter—now about Jack. Well, I had not been here a month, when he secured a good position with a big dry goods house in the city, and three months later he said over again, by this very hearth, what he had confessed to me when he was drowning ; and I, throwing all silly scruples as to his nationality away, let my heart speak and agreed to marry him. This ring, that you have so often asked me about, is my engagement ring."

Her voice died away into the stillness of the room, and they sat on in silence. The thin, gray veil of ashes had thickened into a mantle, scarcely disclosing the slumbering coals beneath ; a tiny cricket chirruped from its warm bed under the hearth ; the clock lengthened its monotonous "click," "clock," till the ticks seemed a half minute apart.

The girl turned her dark eyes full upon him. His face in the dim light showed as white as the stone on her finger, while the suppressed excitement in his eyes rivaled its glitter.

She stretched forth her hand and laid it on his arm. He shrank away ; it was the hand with the diamond on it.

Then he arose and said, "I am sorry that you told me that experience, for I don't believe that I can write that story after all."

He held out his hand to say good night, but she would not see it; she evidently wanted to say something, but did not know how to begin, for the rich blood kept her face in crimson waves.

Finally she said, "I am glad you wouldn't write that story. I'm so happy to know that you did not like the subject matter, for I have a confession to make. I made the whole tale up as I went along, there's not a word of it true, and—" She suddenly stopped, for she felt his hot breath upon her cheek.

He seized her hand and asked in an intense whisper, "And you mean to say you really don't love James?"

"Yes, I never loved him in my life."

"Emmie!" There was a world of hungry love and inquiry in his eyes.

"Charles!" And it was all answered.

The clock struck the first note of warning for the coming day, and the cricket went on with its song.

Education, the Foundation of the Republic

The moving spectacle of the centuries exhibits four institutions, as the foundation of the Republic: the home, the school, the state, and the church. Wherever these agencies have been wanting in the world there has been no civilization; where they have been strongest and freest, there has been the highest civilization. These agencies are closely linked together, and each reveals a phase of the social relations of man.

The fundamental trade of education is growth and training. Growth and training are not limited to the home and school. The wonderful fact is that we grow by giving and become strong by serving. Therefore, that form of state is best which gives man's social nature the most exercise. Of all governments, a Republic does this best.

The school is the institution whose special task it is to develop into fullness of being and doing, the future citizens of the Republic. The church and state develop men incidentally in the course of their other functions. The school trains them by a definite plan and with a fixed purpose.

Let us first recall a few of the elementary principles of our Republic. It exists for the protection and development of our people. It exists not for the governors, not for the benefit of any particular class, but solely for the benefit of all the people governed. That government is preferable which most adequately protects the race and trains the powers of its people. No government is of divine right, but that one which best maintains justice, love, and mercy among men, is divinest. Autocracy may have been best for a people in its childhood; aristocracy, for a people in its youth; but democracy is the best form of government for a people in its manhood. It is the best system we know to-day, not because it always affords the best protection to individuals, but because it trains and educates men most generally and effectively. Undoubtedly, our government in its present form is far from perfect; but it certainly contains the essential truth that government exists for man and not man for government, and in that still nobler teaching that we are all brethren, not because we are of one race or one church, not because we are citizens of this republic, but because we are all sons of one great Father.

In this republic of the Anglo-Saxon race all men have an equal chance to become free and, what is more important, all men possess an ever growing consciousness of freedom, and an ever increasing realization of brotherhood. In order that a man may have true freedom he must be educated. In the ideal republic, the citizens are all educated; for where ignorance is, the democracy soon reverts to an aristocracy.

Our Republic, realizing the danger of ignorance to its very existence, has resolved that every child in its bounds, rich or poor, white or colored, shall have an opportunity to get all the education it can take. Nothing less than this will meet the requirements and fulfill the ideals of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Men have, indeed, a right to govern themselves, but without education, they have not the ability. Suffrage is not a natural right, but a privilege given to those who qualify themselves for its proper exercise in accordance with a standard fixed by the state; all men, except abnormals, possess the capacity for education, and when educated, have the power to govern themselves and the right to take part in the government of others.

Education conserves all the good in the past of the race. It gathers up the fragments, so to speak, so that the new man takes up the burden of progress which his fathers laid down with their lives. It preserves the achievements of men as the foundation on which to build the more stately mansions of the soul.

Now civilization, as the product of education, employs five agencies: science, language, art, religious, and social, and political institutions. Science is the basis of all our thinking and doing. New needs are constantly developing which it is the part of science to supply. The modern university, which trains men to do these things, was the starting point of the present marvellous era of wealth-production and of social evolution. These great agencies are all preserved and advanced through the colleges and the universities. Without the institutions of higher education these agencies of civilization could not be maintained and strengthened, and the race would stand still and die.

Society constantly needs new leaders, and the colleges train them. The world's motto is: "For prepared men are prepared places." Progress in all departments of science,

art, industry, and social institutions, is in the hands of the man who knows. Ours is a day of experts. When we build a house, a factory, a bridge, or a railroad, we call in the man who has been especially trained for this work. In every field of industry, in all matters of health and sanitation, and even in charitable and religious work, we confide more and more in the specialist. We need specialists also in municipal and State affairs. The modern city needs sanitarians and physicians, it constructs and maintains public works, and so needs engineers and chemists, it conducts public finance and administers the business of the people, and so needs economists and administrators.

Since higher education produces more efficient men, and thus increases the productivity, the wealth and the power of the nation, it is the duty of the state or city to provide, not only free schools, but colleges and universities, for the higher training of its citizens. The university is at once the creature and the creator of the Republic; it is born of the people and it lives for the people. It is at one and the same time the school, the workshop, the library, and the lighthouse of the Republic.

We believe in diversity in education—that education should include all subjects that fit men for better living and better serving. No department of knowledge belongs to any one class. The whole material world is for all men to study and control; the whole intellectual world for all men to enter into and possess. As there are no classes in the democracy of men, so there are no classes in the Republic of science.

It is the duty of each man to develop to the fullest his own peculiar talents. As life and art grow more complex, society needs an increasingly diverse set of agents, and the ideal of democratic education should be to produce a co-operating population in which each individual has attained the maxi-

mun power and efficiency in the direction of his peculiar talents.

Our experience of the development and education of man teaches us that "In this world there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind."

A Storm at Sea

The barometer in the pilot-house had been steadily falling, but there seemed to be no danger near us. There was not a cloud in the hot afternoon sky, and scarcely a breath of wind disturbed the tranquil surface of the sea. It was not long, however, before a heavy, black cloud, extending half-way across the horizon and rapidly rising, and a sound like the mumbling of distant thunder gave warning of the approaching storm. The slight breeze that had been blowing died down, and the oily surface of the sea had a strange, lurid appearance in the unnatural twilight. Far off a strip of foam was advancing with almost incredible speed. This was the track of the storm. Time was barely given to turn the ship head on to the wind, when with a roar and a shock that made the ship tremble from stem to stern, the storm burst upon us. Immediately we were in the midst of an almost indescribable chaos. The wind shrieked through the rigging as if trying to tear the ship to pieces. The water churned into seething waves, which broke over the ship, sweeping the deck from end to end.

Suddenly the storm ceased, and a period of intense stillness followed, during which it grew steadily darker. The suspense became almost unbearable; for we knew that this was merely the beginning. This lasted for about five minutes, then with redoubled fury the storm was again upon us. To the raging of the wind and sea were now added almost incessant crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning, which lit up the scene for miles, showing us the angry waves

leaping up on all sides like huge jaws, anxious to devour us. Wave after wave, towering high over the stern, seemed about to engulf us, but each time the ship would rise on the crest, balance a few seconds, and then, with a rush, slip down in the next hollow. The rain and spray, driven with terrific force by the wind, made it almost impossible to stay on deck; so all who were not needed to handle the ship were sent below.

During the night the storm gradually abated, and the dim morning light showed us a dull grey sky and an angry sea, which did not quiet during the rest of the voyage.

E. B. P., '07.

Billy Mason's Tackle

Billy and the "old man" were having an argument. Hon. Jno. H. Lanford, or the "old man," as he was known in the office, was President of the Osceola Cotton Mills, and was, undoubtedly, the most prominent man of the town. Billy Mason, having finished the textile course at college, had secured a position with Mr. Lanford, in order to learn something of the management of a cotton mill, before taking charge of one of his father's numerous plants.

Billy had been at the mill only two months, yet Mr. Lanford and he had become great friends, and often, when there was not much work to do, they engaged in discussions on the live topics of the day. The "old man" enjoyed hearing Billy argue, for Billy could reason well. He would take the opposite side of any discussion that the "old man" brought up, just for the pleasure of disputing; and then, Billy liked to please Mr. Lanford, because—well, his "boss" had a pretty daughter, and this daughter had Billy's heart.

One afternoon, while reading a New York paper, the "old man" noticed the large amount of space given to results of the big football games all over the country.

"Billy, have you ever played football?" he asked, turning around in his chair and facing Billy, who was poring over a long column of figures.

"Yes, sir, I was on my college team," replied Billy, looking up from his work.

"Humph!" grunted the "old man;" "has it ever been of any benefit to you?"

"Yes, sir, a great deal; it gave me perfect health, and greatly improved my physique." Foreseeing an argument, he put up his books and gave his attention to the "old man."

"But, couldn't you have secured the same results without risking your limbs playing football?"

"I suppose so, sir," admitted Billy, "but I liked the game, and was never seriously injured."

"But others have been."

"No doubt of it, sir; but I think you will find that it is the inexperienced player who is injured, not the well-equipped, well-trained college man."

"Still, it is all the result of football. If they did not play, they would not be injured. Besides, what practical use has football been to you? Has it ever put any money into your pocket, or has it ever saved you from any labor?" argued the "old man."

"No, sir, I can't say that it has, but it may be of invaluable service to me some day."

"Maybe so, maybe so, but when it does, don't fail to let me know, hear, Billy."

The old man turned again to his work, very much pleased at having worsted Billy in an argument.

When the whistle blew for the mill to stop work, Billy, as usual, prepared to leave the office. Mr. Lanford called him back, however, before he reached the door.

"Have you any engagement for to-night?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Billy.

"Then stay and go home to supper with me. I shall be a little late, as I must look up some papers, which I want to take with me. But Nelly always waits supper for me, and I don't suppose she will be averse to a guest."

Of course, Billy was delighted at the prospect of an evening with Miss Lanford. Mr. Lanford was a widower, and Billy had spent many a pleasant hour with him and his daughter.

Soon the other employees left the office, and Mr. Lanford began to get his papers together. Billy seated himself in a large, comfortable office-chair, pretending to read a paper; but his thoughts were of Miss Lanford, whom he would see in a short time.

The "old man" soon got his papers together, and placed them, with a roll of money, in a bag. To-morrow was pay day, and his safe, being out of repair, he thought it best to take the money home with him.

Outside it was intensely dark, a typical December night. By the office window was a man, looking through a crack in the blind. He had seen Mr. Lanford place the money in the bag, tie it up and lay it by his overcoat. Then, as the "old man" turned towards the window, he slunk stealthily away. But he had seen enough, and he resolved to secure that bag. After making sure that everything was all right in the office, Mr. Lanford and Billy started for the Lanford mansion, which stood among a grove of cedars, about a quarter of a mile from the mill.

"How dark it is," remarked Billy, as they turned into the main street of the town.

"Yes, this is an unusually dark night," replied the "old man," "and what an awful sidewalk along here, too." He was on the inside of the walk, and carried the money bag in the hand nearest the buildings.

Suddenly a dark figure sprang from the doorway of a large store as they were passing by, snatched the bag, and,

dealing Mr. Lanford a stunning blow, fled up the street like a flash. Pausing only to ascertain that the "old man" was not seriously injured, Billy gave chase. At college he had been famous for his speed, and now his running abilities stood him in good stead.

For perhaps a hundred yards the street was fairly level, then it turned abruptly to the right, in a patch of woods. This patch of woods was the thief's goal, as their dark recesses would hide him in safety if he could but reach them. A lone street lamp burned brightly at the corner where the thief was to turn.

The "old man," recovering from the shock of the villain's blow, followed Billy as fast as he could.

Billy gained steadily, but it was very evident that the thief would reach the woods with his ill-gotten booty.

As the thief burst into the circle of light, it seemed to the "old man" that he beheld a panther spring upon its prey and crush it to the earth. It was Billy. He had brought down the fugitive at the very edge of the woods by a beautiful diving tackle, which had won him such fame at college. The thief had failed in his purpose, and the fall left him stretched senseless upon the ground, while Billy was only jarred, as the thief's legs had broken the fall for him.

The "old man" came up, panting from his exertions. "Are you hurt, Billy?" he cried; then, when he saw Billy get up, went on excitedly, "looks as if you killed him, too, though it is not much loss to the world. How did you stop him, anyhow?"

"By the aid of football," said Billy. WILLIAMS, '08.

Longings.

While bending o'er your studies, do your eyes get blurred
and dim?

Do your thoughts drift out, and far away
Across the smoky valley to the mountains standing grim,
To view the setting sun at close of day?

Do your nostrils catch the odor of the burning pine and
sedge?

Do you feel the touch of frost upon your cheek?
Do you hear the tall cane whispering on the rippling river's
edge,
Or feel the springy turf beneath your feet?

Do you hear the roaring thunder of the surf upon the sand?
Do you smell the fragrant salt upon the air?
Do you see the tall palmettoes as they hold their graceful
stand?
Do you swing your rifle on the bounding deer?

Do you hear the mellow music of the tumbling mountain
brook,
And about your limbs its cool caresses feel?
Do you note the golden-spangled trout tug wildly at your
hook,
And hear the whirring music of your reel?

Do you smell the reek of powder, as the smoke drifts 'cross
your sight,
And see it fade away in steely lines?
Do you mark the feathered rocket, that you dropped in hur-
ried flight,
And hear the whirr of wings among the pines?

Do you often sit and listen to the calling of the wild?

Do such visions always give you longing pain?

Then you know that you are doubtless only Nature's home-sick child,

And sighing, take your studies up again. TAYLOR, '05.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Second Term Examinations

Before this issue of THE CHRONICLE is ready for distribution, the final examinations for the second term will have begun. Previous to this year our College session has been divided into only two terms, but by action of the Board of Trustees, it is now divided into three terms, which gives us three final examination periods. This system is much disliked by some mem-



H. W. BARRE
President Columbian Literary Society
Second Quarter

bers of the corps, for examinations are the dread of all students, and some think that the fewer we have of them the easier it is for them to steer through College. However, this need not necessarily be so, for three examinations, each covering a short period of work, ought not to be as difficult as two, each covering periods of work one third longer, and we feel sure that every student here will be pleased with the three term session after a year's trial.

**"The Fort Hill
Mansion."**

In this issue of THE CHRONICLE, we publish the first installment of an article, "The Fort Hill Mansion," by Mrs. P. H. Mell. The Trustees of the College recently had the old mansion repainted and set apart four rooms in it as relic rooms. These rooms, under the direction of Mrs. Mell, have been fittingly arranged and are now open to the public. It is for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that these rooms are now open to inspection by visitors and cadets, and of giving the public at large some information concerning the historic old homestead; as well as, from an innate love of keeping alive the memory of our illustrious dead, that Mrs. Mell has contributed this article. It will appear in three installments, each of which will contain interesting information for those who cherish the memory of the great Calhoun.

**Next Year's
Football Outlook.**

Clemson's banner promises to again rise in the football world. Under the coaching of Heissman our record was ever bright; but with Heissman gone, we were somewhat lowered in the scale of college football the past season. However, we now have abundant hopes of regaining and even transcending our previous record. We have always had the material out of which to develop a winning team, and next year we shall have *the coach*, so it may be expected that Clemson will be one of the closest contestants for the championship of the

South. It was only recently announced to the corps that Eddie B. Cochems had been secured as coach for next season, which announcement has already called forth numerous prophecies as to how the "Tigers" will "Eat 'em up." Mr. Cochems is a noted player and a successful coach, and Clemson's efforts for sometime have been to secure his services. He was at the University of Wisconsin as assistant coach last year and was being considered for head coach there next year, so it is due to our good fortune that we have secured him. This lends a new and brighter prospect to our hope of success on the gridiron; and, with this as a stimulus, next year Clemson will put forth the best team that she has ever developed.

**Clemson's Status
Before the
Legislature.**

The Legislature has met, spent its session, and adjourned. Numerous bills were introduced for consideration at this session, some of which were made law, while others were killed. But the one of greatest interest to us at Clemson, and to the friends of Clemson, was that purporting to give Winthrop College a portion of Clemson's income from the privilege tax. However, even though the bill passed the House by a small majority, it failed to appeal to the Senate as a wise and consistent measure, and, when it reached that august body, it met its defeat.

The burden of the arguments in favor of the bill was, that the expenditures at Clemson are inordinate and that the growth and expansion of the College has been so rapid and great that it ought to be checked. It may seem to one unacquainted with the inner workings of the College that the expenditures are somewhat inordinate; but to those who are familiar with all phases of the College, and have observed the vast *College machine* working for a nine months period, it invariably occurs that the expenditures are not at all incommensurate with the work accom-

plished—with the great good returned to the State by the training given its boys who are to achieve its future industrial, educational, and civil greatness. Compared with other Colleges of the State, Clemson is yet in its infancy. So, the argument that it is growing too rapidly, and that its expansion should be checked, is fallacious. Not for a moment would we want any other institution crippled for Clemson; but, then, in the same spirit, we do not under any considerations want Clemson injured so long as it maintains a healthy and progressive growth. No mother would diminish the supply of food to one of her children, let its growth be howsoever rapid it may, so long as that child retains health and vigor, but will rather rejoice in its growth. And, so ought the State, rather than to cut down the support given Clemson, because of its growth, to take pride in its expansion and foster it as a "Promising child."

We of Clemson, rejoice at the defeat of this bill, because we feel that its passage would have been an irreparable injury to Clemson. While Winthrop failed to have any portion of our income allotted her, she will be provided for, as she always has been, by a generous and provident Legislature. We wish for her every source of income possible, and feel that Winthrop and Clemson are foster institutions of the same movement to increase South Carolina's educational facilities; and our petition to the General Assembly is that neither be injured by an unwise restriction of its source of income; but that they both may receive that generous support so necessary to enable them to continue the *forward march* by which they are leading the grace and chivalry of South Carolina to a higher plane of intellectual development.

**Compulsory
Education.**

Is South Carolina to have compulsory education? Our General Assembly says not.

This is the verdict recently handed down to the people by that representative body when its consideration

was directed to a bill providing for *compulsory education*. Must our people accept this action as final? We hope not, and feel that not many years hence this question will be revived in our Legislature and will then receive that favorable consideration which it so justly merits.

That South Carolina should have compulsory education ought readily to be conceded by all who are thoroughly alive to its needs. Statistics show that not more than half of the white children of our State are enrolled in our schools. This is indeed a dark page in the history of our State. A State is measured by its citizens, and its citizens are measured by their industrial, moral, and intellectual attainments. So, the State, that would stand out pre-eminent before the world, must have a progressive, energetic, and intellectual citizenship.

To rear such a citizenship requires the exercise of a fostering care on the part of the State. No State can be too vigilant of its citizens, in whatsoever direction this vigilance is exercised, and especially is this true in regard to its little children; for they are the material out of which must be erected the fabric of its future greatness. In them rests the germ of her future citizenship; and the training of them, in the way that they should go, should be a matter of deepest concern to those who are piloting the affairs of our State. The eloquent appeals in their behalf by those far-seeing legislators, who supported this bill, should be heeded by all and should so endear them to the children of our State that future generations will "Rise up and call them blessed."

No day has ever dawned with fairer prospects of a lasting advancement of our State's welfare, than would be the day when this State by a wise and judicious, yet generous, measure of compulsion shall go out into the by-ways and hedges, into the workshops and on the streets, and gather up its little children who are being trained only as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" and marshal them into the

school room, thus opening to them a new door of hope fraught with the possibilities of advanced manhood and womanhood. May this day for South Carolina be not far distant; and then we may expect her to continue in the forefront of States of the Union.



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

- - - - - EDITORS

The February number of *The Central Collegian* is indeed an oratorical number. It contains several essays, prominent among which are "Henry, the Statesman," "Civilization and Wars," "Evils of Selfishness," and "The Vanity of Glory," no poetry and very few write-ups of exchanges. The editorials deal too much with a theme concerning one of the students and not the student body. They are narrow. *The Collegian* could be greatly enlivened by the addition of a few good stories and some poetry.

The February number of *The Wofford College Journal* is somewhat better than its previous number. The lack of poetry is to be greatly lamented. With a good poem or so, we would consider *The Journal* an all-round well balanced magazine. The essays are varied and instructive. "The Grand Epic at Its Height" does credit to its writer. It is a studied review of the great poets of all times, and the poetry that they wrote. The article, "Is the Use of Force in Strikes Justifiable?" is a very good bit of argument, and, accepting his suppositions, we will have to consent to the conclusions that he draws. "Kipling as a Short Story Writer" is of very little value, so far as the literature of it is concerned. The stories are loosely hung together and



J. M. JENKINS
President Calhoun Literary Society
Second Quarter

probably could have been bettered had the writers given more time and pains to their preparation. "The Real Tragedy" is almost too sentimental for the space that it occupies. "Ned" is the subject of a love story that is well written. The hero, "Ned," rescues the woman that he had clandestinely married from a fire, and closes with her falling fainting into his arms, crying, "Ned, my husband." The editorials are well written. As a whole, *The Journal* retains the high standard it has always had among the magazines.

The Southern Collegian for January-February is above its usual excellence. But this double number does not contain the amount of matter that would be expected in it. The poetry is somewhat above the average, and *The Collegian* is to be congratulated on having her share of poets. The selection on "Memory" is fairly good, but the feet and meter do not agree in the whole selection. "Retribution," "A Murderer's Confession," "And Why Ignorance is Bliss" are very good. In the literary department the best is "Fables." It is the life work of a class of men from the time they left college until their ambition was attained and each name was made almost immortal. This piece is of course light, but the lesson that it teaches is brought out very forcibly. "The Stamp of Nature" is well written, and we must say has somewhat a different end to what we would expect. The other selections are good. The editorials are well written, and so, also, are the exchanges.

The most interesting feature of *The Concept* for February is the excellent editorials. We would congratulate *The Concept* staff on having that one shining feature in this issue. The editorials are varied in scope and broad in extent, and are the very embodiment of truth. Her dissertation on "Examinations" is exceedingly well written, and the

truth that she teaches is that we make them what they are. Some of the stories are very good, but they are not what we would expect from Converse. "Two Valentines" has a very simple plot, and is just as simple as the plot. The other things of like nature are "The Return," "How the Hermit Found the Man Hater, and What Followed" (what a subject, but that is in reality the story), and "Marthy." "The Same Old Story" is, we think, superior to the others. The writer takes an old plot and treats it in a different way to anything we have seen with a plot of this kind. The essays are very short and do not add materially to *The Concept*. The space filled by "Some of the Great Preachers of To-day" could have been put to better use, or the author could have treated her subject in a different way, and in her treatment mentioned only several good preachers incidentally. As a whole, *The Concept* is well worth a good review.

The literary department of *The Wake Forest Student* is very full; but, oh my! nothing but love stories. Can it be that our friends can write of nothing but love? "Out of the Depths" and "Under Love's Control" are both very clearly written, but the old age of the plots is very evident. "Kidnapped" displays more originality in this line than the others, and is so written as to hold our interest to the last. "Uncle Tom on Genealogy" is a good satire in negro dialect on the advanced thinkers of the day.

It certainly does the heart of an exchange editor good to get a magazine with as much poetry in it as *The Red and White* has. No matter how good the rest of a magazine may be, without a goodly amount of poetry it cannot be called *first class*. "Our State" is full of patriotic devotion to the land of one's birth, a feeling which every man ought to have. "Her Pedigree," "The Beautiful Snow," and "The

Man With the Hoe." are all deserving of special mention. "His Last Game" is, however, in our opinion, hardly true to life. It attempts to carry football tactics too far, and makes use of high-flown phrases, which, we think, would hardly be used on such occasions. "The Picture of the Girl" is the "same old story in the same old way." A man loves a girl, but is killed in battle; her picture is found next to his heart, pierced through by the bullet that caused his death. On reading it, we feel like saying, as girls do, "Isn't that perfectly dreadful?" The rest of the pieces are better than the ones just mentioned, however, and, considering all in all, the magazine can really be called *first class*.

The Georgetown College Journal is much below its usual standard of excellence this month. Its literary department contains nothing but weighty essays—not even one story. This should not be. Something should be done to get some lighter matter to offset such weighty essays. The other departments are very well gotten up.

We are glad to welcome *The Andrew College Journal* to our desk. The January number is very good. It contains several pieces of poetry that are short but well written. The most striking feature of *The Journal* is its number of short stories, which are very interesting and well written.

We wish, also, to acknowledge the receipt of *The Columbia Collegian*, of Milton, Oregon. The first selection, "Elocutionary Framing," is very good.

A Love Story.

He met her in the meadow,
As the sun was sinking low ;
They walked along together
In the twilight's afterglow ;
She waited, while gallantly
He lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him,
As radiant as the stars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
For, indeed, she knew not how ;
He was just a farmer's lad,
And she a Jersey cow.



E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

Practicing for the ball team has begun in earnest. Quite a number of candidates have presented themselves for the team. At this writing it would be a hard matter to select the men who will make the 'varsity, as the entire team, with the exception of Ellison and Goggans, will be made up of new men. On account of summer baseball, a number of last year's players are debarred, and Clemson will suffer greatly. We are not disheartened, by any means. Clemson may not be able to carry off the laurels this year, but we hope to make the games interesting to our opponents.

The prospects for track athletics this year are better than they have been in years. Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun, who has assumed charge of the team, and one who has taken honors in three or four western meets, is well pleased with the outlook. Dr. Calhoun wears the black "C," given him when

a student at the University of Chicago. Manager Wyse is arranging to have three meets this year, one to be on our Campus.

On Wednesday, the 22d inst., College exercises were suspended to celebrate Washington's birth-day. In the evening the Palmetto Literary Society celebrated its eleventh anniversary. The exercises consisted of two declaimers, two orators, and two debaters. The declaimer's medal was won by Mr. L. R. Hoyt, the orator's by Mr. D. H. Hill, and the debater's by Mr. L. W. Perrin, Jr.

Mr. C. E. Jones was the winner of the Rayhill medal, given by Prof. Rayhill for the best declaimer in the three societies.

Miss Sue Sloan, who has been very sick for the past two months, is able to sit up at this writing.

Cromer: "Who was that got expended (suspended) to-night?"

James: "Brooks, what kind of law is that they are trying to pass about repulsive (compulsory) education?"

The cadets will regret very much to learn of the death of the faithful old hackman, Sink Pettigrew. Sink was a faithful and honest old slavery time negro, and will be missed greatly by the cadets.

Prof. Bradley to Prep.: "Give me a sentence using the feminine gender of the word monk?"

Prep.: "The Nun climbed a tall tree, and swung down by her tail."

Prof. Beaty, who has been confined to his room with rheumatism the past month, is able to meet his classes again.

Prof. Furman was on the sick list two or three days the past month.

Reed: "These Saratoga chips are certainly fine."

Eh'dt: "Why, I thought I was eating Irish potatoes."

Prof. Martin: "Mr. Bradburn, what is a four-sided figure?"

Bradburn: "I don't know, sir."

Prof. Martin: "Then what is a four-legged animal?"

Bradburn: "A quadruped."

Prof. M.: "Now, what is a four-sided figure?"

B.: "Quadruped."

Col. Chas. D. Clay was called to his home in Kentucky on the 26th inst., to be present at the burial of his mother. Col. Clay has the sympathy of the entire corps in his sad bereavement. Prof. R. E. Lee will act as commandant until Col. Clay returns.

Juniors Hold the Championship for Another Year

The last game in the class football series was between the Seniors and the Juniors. The Seniors had won the only other game that they played by a large score, and the Juniors had tied a game with the Sophs; so the excitement ran very high. The Juniors received the kick-off, and it seemed for a while as if they were going to have a walk-over. They scored a touch-down, and then the Seniors braced and took the ball. They gained steadily, and when they got within about three yards of the goal line, the Junior supporters began to tremble; but time was out, and the score at the end of the first half was 5 to 0.

In the second half neither side succeeded in scoring. The ball shifted back and forth in the middle of the field until near the end of the half, when the Seniors took the offensive, and again, "time out," saved the day for the Juniors.

The following officers of the three societies were elected to serve for this quarter:

Columbian: M. L. Murph, President; C. J. Lemon, Vice-President; H. P. Stuckey, Secretary; F. T. Barton, Literary

Critic; J. H. McClain, Prosecuting Critic; F. B. McLaurin, Sergeant-at-arms.

Palmetto: W. S. Beaty, President; E. H. Jones, Vice-President; J. A. Gelzer, Secretary; L. S. Horton, Literary Critic; D. H. Hill, Prosecuting Critic; L. W. Perrin, Treasurer; T. S. Allen, Sergeant-at-arms.

Calhoun: E. E. Porter, President; J. C. Goggans, Vice-President; L. P. Slattery, Literary Critic; T. E. Keitt, Secretary; J. D. Graham, Sergeant-at-arms.

By far the most entertaining number of the Lyceum Course this year was presented by the Lotus Glee Club of New York in the memorial hall, on the 15th ult. The next number that will be presented will be the old English morality play, "Every Man," given by Rudolph E. Magnus, supported by a company of about a dozen.

It will give pleasure to the cadets and friends of the college to know that Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, President of Newberry College, will preach the baccalaureate sermon, and Dr. Snyder, President of Wofford College, will deliver the literary address, at commencement.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Clemson College Science Club, Friday evening, February the 19th, Prof. T. G. Poats gave an interesting as well as instructive lecture on "Radium and Radio Activity," illustrated by lantern slides. There was an unusually large attendance.

Bull, reading bills posted in front of theatre in Spartanburg: "I would like to see the Wizard of Ounc" (Oz).

"Prep." M., in recitation, gave the following description of an Indian: He found the Indians a wile nashum, but was very skilful in some things they is a people that lives on wile game they have many ways in catching there game by trapping, shooting with arrows and indian can slip-up close to a fish and dive and catch him most nearly every time. He had an indian guide.

Cadet Cunningham was called home to be at the burial of his brother, whose death occurred in Arizona.

"Pete" Brunson: "Professor, give me a chew of tobacco?"

Prof. Hook: "You look too much like a billy-goat now."

Prof. B. H. Rawl and Dr. L. A. Klein attended the meeting of the State Live Stock Association, which was held in Columbia last week.

Mr. David Kohn, of class '02, who is a First Lieutenant of the Columbia Light Infantry, spent a few days at the College recently, getting points on the new tactics which have been introduced here.

Miss Everlyn Blythe, of Greenville, is visiting the Misses Hardin.

The friends of Mr. B. B. Gossett, a former Clemson student, will be glad to hear of his good luck. Mr. Gossett recently resigned from the Naval Academy to accept the position of Lieutenant in the marine corps.

McL.: "Charlie, what is an avalanche?"

Abell: "A snow-flake sliding down a mountain side."
Ha! ha! ha!

Abell: "You think I don't know?"

Stokes: "Well, what is it, then?"

Abell: "Something you carry dead men on."

Prof. Rawl: "Mr. Peurifoy, what is the color of a Chester-white hog?"

Peurifoy: "Black, sir."

Byars to Col. Hardin: "A man in Marion, bored a flowing artesian well fourteen thousand feet deep to furnish power to run a fly fan. This well cost him twenty dollars."

Our Surgeon, Dr. A. M. Redfearn, has gone to Philadelphia.

Miss Helen Jean Reed, the elocutionist, of Converse College, assisted by Miss Agnes Law, the pianist of Converse College, gave an entertainment on Friday evening, February 24th, for the benefit of The Clemson College Annual

of 1906. Every one thoroughly enjoyed this entertainment, and all hope to have such charming and talented young ladies as Miss Reed and Miss Law with us again.

The annual contest of the Calhoun Literary Society will take place in the Memorial Hall on the evening of March 9th. The following is the programme:

Presiding Officer, J. M. Jenkins.

Orators.

E. E. Porter The End of the World.

R. F. Gooding The Decay of Nations.

Music.

Declaimers.

J. V. Phillips "The Sioux Chief's Daughter."

J. D. Graham "Ole Bull's Christmas Story."

W. H. Taylor "The Character of the Puritans."

Music.

Debaters.

Query: *Resolved*, that Japan will be successful in the present war.

Affirmative, A. R. McAlilley.

Negative, A. P. Dubose.

Music.

Awarding of medals.

The Civils vs. Yellow Jackets.

How doth the little Clemson Bee,
 Improve the shining hour?
 By making a nest in a *fallen* tree,
 To see the "Civils" look sour!

The Clemson Yellow-jacket, I'll be bound,
 Is an insect very rare;
 It makes nice *honey* by the pound,
 To hear the "Civils" swear!

The Yellow-jacket and the Bee,
 Are not by nature bold,
 But they can be as brave as me
To get a "Civil" sold!

Tuesday night, February 21, the Senior Dancing Club gave a dance in the gymnasium, which was pronounced the best given at Clemson this year. Excellent music was furnished by the College Orchestra, consisting of Messrs O. H. Bissell, T. Bissell, W. R. Smith and K. M. James. The visiting young ladies were: Misses Ella Reid, of Wall-halla; Eubanks Taylor and Annie Prevost, of Anderson; Miss Crowther, of Gaffney; Miss Blythe, of Greenville; Misses Thatch and Green, of Converse College; Miss Helen Bradford, of Clemson College. The Chaperons were Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. A. B. Bryan, Mrs. L. A. Klein and Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun.

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M. L. Murph, President.	H. P. Stuckey, Secretary.
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J. G. Holland, Capt. Team '04-05.	L. P. Slattery, Mgr.
L. P. Slattery, Manager.	J. C. Goggans, Captain.

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President of Palmetto Literary Society
Third Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VIII.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1905

No. 7



H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - EDITORS

A Debate

Query: *Resolved*, That Japan will be successful in the Russo-Japanese War.

AFFIRMATIVE.

In a debate of this kind, as to what may be the ultimate outcome of a war now in progress, it is necessary to eliminate all preconceived ideas of the military strength of the

two contending powers, and to consider these two points: firstly, the available forces in the field ready for the fight; secondly, the facilities for reinforcement from the base of supplies.

The first consideration bears directly upon the opening chapter of the war and involves the history of the wrongs of Japan at the hands of Russia. In the war between China and Japan, which ended in 1895, in victory for Japan, the chief object of the Japanese was the acquisition of Manchuria and Korea; for upon the occupation of this part of China and this peninsula by a friendly country depended the very existence of Japan. But Russia intervened by no authority, except that of might, maintaining that the possession of this part of Asia by a country hostile to China, would endanger the Chinese; yet at the first opportunity Russia seized this territory for herself, thus laying the Chinese and Japanese open to the same menace from which she pretended that she wished to protect China. This was just what Japan had expected; and her farseeing statesmen, besides having millions of dollars appropriated for the war fund, added to that fund the one hundred million war indemnity received from China. This war fund was to prepare for the coming struggle with Russia; and, therefore, Japan entered into the war with ten years preparation—the result of one of the most accurate guesses at the ultimate diplomatic relations between the two governments. Russia, on the other hand, confident in the belief in her invincibility, made no preparation, not even dreaming of the terrible conflict that was impending. Thus we find at the beginning of the war that the Japanese army in equipment and training is second to none in the world. Her naval training superior, and her tonnage, while not so great, by long odds more effective than that of Russia; for every ship in the Japanese service is modern, fully equipped and manned by the most intelligent and best trained sailors, gunners and officers in the world. Russia's navy

includes everything that will float, regardless of "age, color, or previous condition of servitude," is in fact more than ten years behind that of Japan, and is manned by men conscripted from landsmen over twenty-two years of age, and who consequently remain landsmen all their lives.

Russia's tonnage, at the beginning of the war was, in round numbers, 359,000, Japan's 208,000, but this ratio did not last long, for during the first week of the war Russia lost 75,000 tonnage; and before one year had rolled by, she had lost all of her fleet in the East, which was considered by the experts of the naval world sufficient to cope with the Japanese; so that now the tonnage is in Japan's favor.

In the army there is more to be considered than merely the number of men. For as it is commonly known, the battle is not always with the strong, but depends also upon the condition of the commissariat, auxiliary equipment, and most of all, upon the morale or the spirits of the contending troops.

The number of men that Japan can put into the field and maintain is variously estimated from 500,000 to 1,000,000. Taking the most conservative estimation of 500,000, Japan can keep these men in the field, and on account of the proximity of the field of action, can maintain and support that number for a very protracted length of time. Russia, possessing the largest standing army in the world, could at home muster 1,700,000 men, but in Manchuria could not place more than half this number, owing to the dissatisfaction and revolt now existing and the impending revolution of the lower class; and if she should put one million men in Korea, she could not supply them by the Siberian Railway, and Japan has control of the sea. The Siberian Railway, 6,000 miles long, and made of only 45-pound rails, totally unsuited for heavy traffic, passes through a territory with a temperature that is below zero more than half the year.

The rolling stock consists of old wood burning engines, and cars ill-suited for the task they are asked to perform.

Aside from all this, Russia has recently had to tripple the guards in Siberia to keep this railroad out of the hands of marauding Japanese, and in European Russia to protect it from revolutionists. This also limits the troops that Russia can maintain at the front. We have already heard complaints from the front because no more trains could be run, and that the present number, which is the maximum that can be run over the road, is insufficient. And again, no large army has ever been able to depend solely upon a railroad for supplies.

George Kennan, in his report of an interview with Russian prisoners in Japan, says that they claim that they are better fed and cared for in the Japanese prisons than in the Russian army. The food of the Japanese is put up in such a form that they can carry enough to live upon for from ten to sixteen days, while the Russians cannot go for more than five or eight days, and then their kits weigh about eighty pounds.

In connection with the auxiliary service of both nations, I quote an article from William Thorpe, who says: "The Russian officers themselves admit that most of the auxiliary services of the Russian army are inferior to those of the Japanese. The transports and commissariat department are defective and the hospital corps and medical staff are the worst in the world, ruling out those of the Latin-American States, which can hardly be called civilized from a military standpoint." In support of this statement, he brings up the figures representing the loss of men from sickness in Pekin during the occupation by the allied forces. Here Japan lost two per cent. and Russia nine per cent. The calculations of the Japanese were made upon this basis, and are concisely expressed in the words of a distinguished Japanese officer, who said, when discussing Russia's overwhelming numbers,

"We are prepared for that. Russia may be able to place two million men in the field. We know that in every war four men die from disease for every one who falls from bullets. That will be the position of Russia in this war. We propose to eliminate disease in our army, and soldiers must fall on the field of battle. In this way we shall neutralize the superiority of Russian numbers, and stand on a comparatively equal footing." To see the truth of this, we have only to look at the record of the Hiroshima Hospital, which shows that, out of 9,862 wounded and sick men received by the hospital, only 34 died; little more than one-third of one per cent., including the wounded. The Red Cross Society of Japan has a membership of 1,200,000, who are pledged to the support of the medical department of the army. This society has medical ships, perfect in every detail. One of these ships alone, in several trips, brought 2,406 wounded from the front without losing a single case in transportation. It also has hospitals established in every part of the empire, and began several years before the war to train nurses for military work. As a column advances, experts go ahead to examine water for bacteria. If the water is not pure, signs are tacked up and guards are posted to warn the troops. Towns in which the soldiers are quartered are thoroughly examined for contagious diseases.

We now come to the equipment of the two armies and navies, both as regards rifles and artillery. All the Japanese troops are armed with rifles of the latest type, equal or superior to those used by the United States in the Spanish-American War, while some of the Russians are armed with rifles that have been in service since 1870. In artillery, we have only to refer to the account of eye-witnesses of the battle of the Yalu, who say that the precision of the artillery alone was enough to decide the battle against the Russians; that the fire of the Japanese was so accurate, intense, and

rapid that within fifteen minutes after the fire began, not another shot was fired by the Russians.

The Japanese navy is similarly superior. In the battle with the Vladivostock squadron, the Japanese came out without injury by staying beyond the range of the Russian fire, and yet pounding the enemy to pieces with their long range guns and accurate marksmanship. The torpedo boats have not been so successfully used by any other nation as by Japan.

In the signal corps, the latest inventions are in use, including wireless telegraphy, heliographing, and one of the best systems of balloon observations in the world—superior in every way to the Russian equipment.

When the spirits of the troops is considered, Japan is far superior to Russia. Their religion teaches that the soul of a man killed in battle goes straight to heaven, and so they have no fear of death. Added to this, they love Japan and her mild government, and hate and fear Russia with her despotism. On the other hand, the Russians fight because they are told to fight, and that by a Czar who represents a tyrannical government, and who, in the language of Ambassador White, is not fit to be a collector for a haberdashery. The spirit of the common people, from whom the soldiers are necessarily taken, is against the government and against the war; and, as their officers as a rule are intemperate, they cannot have the confidence and love for them which has inspired men to dare, to do and to die for a beloved leader. Patriotism caused the Japanese, of their own accord, to reduce their meals from three to two per day, in order that they may contribute more to the war fund; patriotism sent the Japanese up the hills at Port Arthur to storm a fort claimed by experts to be invincible; and patriotism made them victorious in spite of charges that rivaled in bravery that of Pickett's men at Gettysburg.

In regard to reinforcement of the troops, Russia can put into the field about 1,700,000 men, by taking from Russia every man now subject to service. By the strictest conscription she could possibly raise this number to 4,000,000; but at the first hint of this conscription, all Russia would be in revolt; for fires of insurrection are burning not only in Moscow and St. Petersburg, not only in camps and fleets, but in the provinces where the yoke has borne heavily on unwilling necks for centuries. When from one of the provinces Russia called for 7,000 volunteers, only 276 responded. With this state of affairs at home, Russia will not be able to send anything like her whole army to the front. Besides, Russia must depend upon tax levies and loans for her war fund. With the lack of sympathy for the war at home, little can be raised by the first method, for the people will not and cannot, because of their poverty, respond to these measures. By loans Russia will increase her four billion dollar debt at a ruinous rate of interest.

On the other hand, Japan is prepared to maintain the war for more than ten years, and can put 500,000 troops into Manchuria, and still have 500,000 at home in reserve, which she can throw into Manchuria at any critical moment. But 500,000 Japanese troops will be sufficient to cope with the Russians; and without these Japan can carry on her home industries without interruption. Japan at present has enough money to meet the expenses of the war for some time to come; the loans secured in London and New York were not needed at that time, but were secured while victory was with the Japanese arms rather than at a higher rate of interest in the time of need; and to show the facility with which she can secure a loan at any time, it needs only to be stated that thirteen times as much was subscribed in London as was asked for. Thus Japan is in far better condition to continue the war than is Russia.

We cannot say that Russia is more civilized than Japan, simply because she is a Christian nation. When we compare the two nations in government, in education, and, in fact, in any branch of respectability, we find that Japan stands far ahead of Russia. Japan may be the heathen, and Russia the Christian, but it has been many years since innocent women and children were shot down in cold blood in the streets of Tokio, as was done a few months ago at St. Petersburg. Russia may be the civilized and Japan the barbarous nation, but it yet remains for the Japanese to close the daily papers and either publish no news of the progress of the war or a budget of falsehoods to satisfy a maddened populace.

Judging the future by the past, in which Russia has lost and Japan has gained Dalny, Port Arthur, Mukden, the winter headquarters of the Russian army, and the fortification of the Lio Yang, and the railroad from Port Arthur to Lio Yang, all amounting to over two billion dollars, we can see very plainly that the time is near when Russia will have to yield to the conquering arms of Japan. So far, Russia has lost every battle, her Asiatic squadrons, valued at \$100,000,000, control of the sea, and, up to January 1, more than 150,000 men, and since that time nearly all of her army in the East, and what remains is now in the disorder of retreat, Japan has lost 75,000 men. Thus, we see that Japan has by far the greatest success, both in battle and in the number of men lost, and this in spite of being on the offensive and of taking Port Arthur.

Summing up, I think I have shown that Japan's army and navy is better prepared, better armed, better attended and cared for, and better able to stand the rigor of the climate than those of Russia; that the superiority of Russia's numbers is offset by the superiority of Japan's medical service; that her soldiers have more spirit, determination, and patriotism in this war than the Russians have; that Japan is by far

the more civilized nation of the two; that, owing to domestic and foreign conditions, Japan is better prepared to carry on the war than Russia, and because of her proximity to the field of action, better able to reinforce her troops than is Russia, with her poorly constructed and badly equipped railroad, which is liable to be destroyed at any moment; that from this same condition of affairs Russia cannot send or maintain as large a force in the field as can Japan; and that by her glorious success in the beginning of the war, Japan has inflicted losses upon Russia from which it will be almost impossible for her to recover.

With these points in Japan's favor, he who can read the signs of the times, can but conclude that the pigmy empire of the "Land of the Rising Sun" will finally triumph over the tyrannical and gigantic nation of Russia in a victory as glorious and renowned as any the world has ever seen.

A. R. Mc.

NEGATIVE.

In supporting the negative to-night, I realize that I have to overcome a certain amount of prejudice against Russia, and a certain amount of sympathy that always exists for the weaker nation; but I ask you to lay aside all prejudice and all sympathy and view this question from a cold, logical standpoint.

With the possible exception of the United States, Russia is to-day in population, territory and resources, the greatest nation on the face of the globe; but with this immense population, this large extent of territory, and these boundless resources, Russia does not possess a single port that is free from ice all the year round; now it is useless to say that for such a nation, such a port is an absolute necessity, and in this necessity you have the key to the present situation in the far East. For over three centuries the energy of Russian

diplomacy has been centered on the possession of an ice-free port; this policy has been transmitted from father to son, from generation to generation, with a determination and a tenacity unparalleled in the diplomatic history of the nations. To accomplish this paramount object, Russia has already fought three wars, and to accomplish this object she is now waging the fourth—in which she will be successful beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Let us glance briefly at the past history of the two nations. Russia has a past of which any nation might well be proud—one of the last nations to become organized, she has, since the time of Peter the Great, extended her territory to the seas on every side—to the Caspian, the Black, and the Baltic, and has even pushed the confines of her mighty empire across the continent to the Pacific, and connected the East and the West with the greatest railroad in the world. Russia's first great feat at arms was at the battle of Pultowa, where Charles XII. of Sweden, the "Madman of the North," and the greatest monarch of his age, was completely annihilated. Then followed that grand period of conquests, at the end of which the Russian Colossus "Stood astride, with one foot on the Baltic, and the other on the Caspian." And now we come to the invasion of Russia by Napoleon with his grand army of half a million men. The story is too well known to dwell upon; the story of deserted, smoking Moscow, and of the terrible retreat of the French army across the frozen snows of Russia, harassed by the Cossack cavalry and leaving a long, black trail of starving, wounded and dead. It was there in the snows of Russia that Napoleon's power was broken, and the world is indebted to Russia, more so than to England, for Napoleon's defeat. Napoleon realized the vast power and resources that lay dormant in the great empire of the north, and he knew whereof he spoke in that solemn warning given to Europe—that unless she should combine in

a political unit, Russia would some day become a power that would conquer the world.

As to Japan's past, she has been an organized nation since 660 B. C., and has never succeeded in extending her territory outside of a few small islands, and the only achievement of which she can boast is the defeat of the Chinese, and that amounts to about as much as the defeat of one of our little South American republics.

Having considered the object of the war, and the past history of the two nations, let us compare them as they are to-day—their religion, education, population, territory and resources. The religion of Russia is the Graeco-Russian, or orthodox Catholic faith. This religion denies the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and authorizes all the people to read and study the Scriptures. What a contrast there is between this religion and the heathen religions of Japan—Shintooism and Buddhism. There are in the Japanese empire twelve different sects, 1,000 students and 84,000 priests that acknowledge the Shintoo faith; and there are in Japan 195,000 shrines and 199,000 temples under the sway of Buddha. It is an admitted fact that a country's religion is a test of its civilization. This being true, what is our forced conclusion as regards the civilization of Japan?

You hear a great deal of the superior education of the Japanese, but in all Japan there are only 4,000 students who attend the universities, while in Russia we have the University of old Moscow, with her 4,500 students, the University of St. Petersburg, with 3,700 students, four other universities, with over a thousand students each, and colleges too numerous to mention. In all, Russia has a grand total of nine million students.

The population of Russia is over 129,000,000, consisting chiefly of men of the Slavonic race—a race in every way equal to the other branches of the Aryan family. The population of Japan is 44,000,000, consisting of men of the Mon-

golian race—a race which always has been, is now, and will remain to the end of time inferior to the white race. The area of Russia is 8,600,000 square miles; about one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, and greater than the entire area of the moon. The area of Japan is not quite 148,000 square miles; in other words, Russia is over fifty times as large as Japan.

Next, we come to the consideration of the resources of the two countries. I do not use the word comparison, for there is absolutely no comparison between the resources of Russia and those of Japan. Russia is a country of boundless resources. Both the forest region of the north and the open plains to the south produce large quantities of grain. Russia is famous for rye, barley and oats, and rivals the United States in the production of wheat. In southern Russia, we find grapes, tobacco and corn; and south of the Caucasus, olives and cotton are produced. The Ural Mountains contain rich deposits of gold, silver, copper, platinum and the precious stones; and it is to Russia that the world must look for her future supply of petroleum. Russia possesses the greatest lakes in Europe and the greatest lakes in Asia, and the Aral and Caspian are the greatest seas in the world. As to the resources of Japan, about all that can be said is that they are not worth mentioning.

As to the armies of the two nations, Japan's war total is not quite half a million, while Russia's war total reaches the enormous aggregate of five million men. The Russian army in the East to-day consists chiefly of reserves, men between thirty-five and forty years of age, and unfit for the best service. But troops are being sent to the front at the rate of 35,000 a month; these men are the flower of the European army, and when the spring campaign opens, there will be another story to tell.

Now, Mr. President, and honorable judges, with an inferior religion, inferior civilization and an inferior race, with

a country only one-fiftieth as large as Russia, and an army only one-tenth as large, what possible chance has Japan of ultimate success? Sirs, I tell you, that her case is hopeless—absolutely hopeless.

My opponent contends that Russia will be unable to carry on the war on account of internal troubles; but Russia has already shown in the troubles she has had in the past that she is great enough and strong enough to crush the few peasants and fanatics who are conspiring against the government.

Again, my opponent says that the victories of Japan during the last year go to prove that she will be successful in the end. But the success of one nation at the beginning of a war is not even an indication of the final result. Take the War of Secession, for instance; the North, like Russia, was unprepared for the war, and at first met nothing but defeat after defeat at the hands of the greatest soldiers led by the greatest generals that ever marched to victory or defeat; but in the end, the South was overpowered, and, in the natural course of events, Japan must meet a similar fate. For another example, take the Boer War; for eighteen months that brave band of Boers defeated every army that the mighty British empire could send out. But the Boers were unable to hold out against the superior strength and resources of Britain, and the banner of the South African Republic went down in defeat before the standard of St. George. So will Japan be unable to resist the strength and resources of Russia, and her banner must go down in defeat before the standard of the Great Northern Bear.

Yet again, my opponent says that the Japanese soldier is superior to the Russian soldier. But, sirs, as a fighter and as a patriot, the Russian soldier has no superior; for proof, I would point you to the deed of that Russian company during the campaign in Turkestan; the battle was raging in all its fury, and the Asiatics were slowly driving the Russians from the field—driving them back in defeat—unless the artillery

could be brought into action the day would be lost; but the artillery was separated from the rest of the army by a deep ditch. Into this ditch a whole company of Russians hurled themselves, and the cannon were galloped across their bodies to the front, saving the army of the Czar from defeat. Sirs, I ask you to search the annals of history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, and see if anywhere you can find a deed that equals in heroism, bravery, and self-sacrifice the deed of that Russian company in Turkestan.

Again, my opponent holds that one line of railway will be unable to furnish supplies and reinforcements to the large army of Russia in the East; but it has already been shown that the Trans-Siberian Railway can furnish supplies for the Russian army in Manchuria and at the same time transport reinforcements at the rate of 35,000 a month. When the warm season begins the army can be sustained by the surrounding country, and then the reinforcements will probably reach a monthly average of 50,000 men. At almost every stage of the war, Japan has lost more men than Russia; at every stage of the war, Japan is being drawn further and further from her base of supplies. It is only a question of time before her army and resources will be exhausted, and she must accept peace on terms dictated by Russia.

Now, Mr. President, and honorable judges, do you think that the nation which in the past defeated Charles XII. of Sweden, the conqueror of whom all nations stood in dread; do you think the nation which in the past defeated Napoleon, the man who pulled down and established empires and kingdoms at will, the man whom the combined powers of Europe leagued with those of Britain had failed to defeat; do you think the nation with such a past, do you think the nation which stands out to-day as one of the mightiest on earth; sir, I ask, do you think that this proud nation of Russians is going to accept defeat at the hands of the hated Japanese? Such a thought, such a proposition, is beyond

the bounds of reason; it is contrary to every law of nature; it is contrary to every law of the human race; it is contrary to every law of God. Sirs, such a thing can never be—the Slav will never be conquered by the Mongolian.

Now, I think that I have proven beyond a reasonable doubt, by all the traditions of the past, by all the indications of the present, and by all the possibilities of the future, that Russia is sure to be successful in the present struggle; and that the star of Japan, which has risen so brilliantly, will be dimmed by the clouds of adversity, and finally eclipsed by the grandeur of the Great Northern Bear.

A. P. DuBOSE.

Did You Say "Snakes?"

Last summer, several neighbors and I made arrangements to go over to a near-by lake for a picnic. The day was appointed, all details were agreed upon, and we all made preparations accordingly.

The place to which we intended going was only a few miles off, and was known as Silver Lake. I do not know whether this was from the color of the water—which all who have been to the coast country would be inclined to doubt—or from the large number of little silver fish caught there; but I suspect it was the latter. It would hardly be called a lake, in one sense, either, for it was long and narrow, something like a river. It was fringed along the edge with thick undergrowth, and farther back from the edge where the lake was deep, many large trees grew. Here, beneath the spreading branches of the majestic trees, was an ideal picnic ground. The lake seemed to have a good reputation for different kinds of adventures taking place on its placid bosom. In fact, the summer before I had lost a pair of glasses in its muddy waters in no common way, and since then seemed constantly lured back there, most likely with the

hope of catching a large, stately fish, wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

Well, the early forenoon of the day appointed was unusually fine and clear, and found us all assembled on the picnic grounds. Of course, fresh fish was to be one of the special features of the occasion, and the forenoon was spent accordingly, trying to catch some; but as usual, on such occasions, no fish graced our frying pan. Nevertheless, our dinner passed off pleasantly enough.

After dinner, I determined to try my luck by myself for awhile, and accordingly boarded a small log boat—only those who have tried them know how irrational and tricky they are—and started up a small arm of the lake—a particularly brushy and snake-infested place.

You who have fished in the low country know what fine, fat moccasins we have; in fact, only that morning, I had come too close to some of them for comfort. I had found myself out on the end of a log, with deep water under me, and one of these big old moccasins coming toward me from the other end. In this case, only a long jump saved me from a muddy bath, or the poisonous fangs of the moccasin, which at the time appeared to be nearly as large as a stove pipe.

To resume my story, however, I had been here for some time, had really caught some fine bream, and was just getting another good nibble, when—"Heavens and earth!" a big moccasin was coming in at the other end of the boat! I threw the paddle at him, which, of course, went wide of its mark, and fell overboard, while the old fellow still seeming to be possessed with a desire for closer acquaintance, continued to crawl toward me. Just imagine, if you can, the plight I was in. There I was, in a cranky log boat with my only paddle thrown overboard—while, of course, my fishing pole had been dropped at the start—and the moccasin still coming toward my end of the boat. Yelling did no good,

and I had just come to the conclusion that both of us could not stay in the boat, and that as *he* seemed determined to stay, *I* should have to make my departure, unless the bait can would make a suitable weapon—when—“Wow! bloody murder! another was coming in at the other end!”

That settled it. With a final yell, over I went. Though unable to swim a stroke, I kicked and struggled desperately, swallowing liberal quantities of muddy water all the while, and at last nearly gave up. But nature seems to have favored me, for once my feet touched bottom, my height enabled me to keep my chin above water, which would have been impossible for an ordinary person (how I blessed those long legs)! While my two unwelcome visitors were peacefully taking possession of the boat, I stood thus, unable to move. Help soon came, however, as the rest of the party had heard some of my war whoops, and knew that something was going wrong. I was helped out to the banks, and, badly soaked up and scared as I was, you may be sure I was glad to get home again. Since then, I have had no desire to go fishing where there is danger of finding snakes; in fact, I much prefer to catch my fish from good, clear, salt water, free from anything worse than sharks.

'08 (6 ft. 4½ in.)

The Fort Hill Mansion

(CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. P. H. MELL—SECOND INSTALLMENT.)

After inspecting the parlor of the Calhoun Mansion, the visitor should go to the dining room on the right of the entrance hall. When imagination restores the old order of things and reanimates these rooms with the people and scenes of long ago, the dining room is the one of most interest in the house. Here it was that the great men of South Carolina and other States would assemble around the hospitable board of the Senator. He spent the time from April

to November, each year, at Fort Hill, and the house was full of guests, who were welcomed with the open hospitality of the days of Southern prosperity.

Governors, Congressmen and statesmen of all ranks came to discuss weighty matters of political importance; relatives and friends came crowding in with affectionate interest and loving pride; and strangers came to pay their respects and offer their tributes of admiration to the great man. And all were entertained around this table in this room. If its walls could speak, what volumes of "Table Talk" could be published; what sayings of genius, wisdom, wit, humor and plain, shrewd common sense.

Memories of the past make us look with great respect upon this room. It is very old; no one knows when this part of the house was built, but it was here when the place was purchased by the Calhouns before 1825. It is long and low, with papered walls, board ceiling, big fireplace and high mantel, painted black; there are four small windows.

The state dining table occupies the center of the room; it consists of two very handsome wide mahogany tables with claw feet connected by cross bars. These are extended to their full length and form one long table; each will fold with very large leaves which almost touch the floor when lowered; the center leaves are square and fit perfectly when the tables are joined, the outer leaves have rounded corners, making the table more symmetrical when extended. These tables can be used singly or together and folded to suit convenience. Their dimensions together are five feet in width by twelve feet in length.

A smaller mahogany table was used ordinarily by the family; it has a round top and several leaves and measures when closed forty-four inches in diameter.

A massive piece of furniture fills nearly the whole wall opposite the fireplace. It is an odd combination of a wardrobe and bureau; the drawers are in the center, with a mirror

frame on top and a wardrobe on each side with shelves and pegs for hanging clothes. This was in Mr. Calhoun's bedroom, but is now placed in here for present convenience.

The mahogany sideboard is high and narrow, instead of being low and broad, as the sideboards of that time were commonly made. Two cellarets with sloping tops are placed upon it. These were used for wine bottles and decanters.

Visitors are always surprised and pleased to find two Washington relics here; two pieces of furniture that belonged to George Washington. Mr. Clemson's sister married a nephew of Gen. Washington, who received some articles from Mt. Vernon before it passed out of the possession of the family. These two pieces were among them and were afterwards owned by Mr. Clemson, who gave them to the college. It is inspiring to know that Clemson College is thus in touch with the great and noble Washington; relics of Washington are almost priceless in these days and these two are most highly valued by the college authorities. One is a strong, plain, straight-backed, sprawl-legged wooden arm chair used by Washington at Trenton. Tradition says that the negroes on the Clemson plantation believed that any person who sat in this chair for fifteen minutes would not be able to tell a lie for sixty days. It is needless to say that there was no trouble in keeping them from touching it.

The other Washington relic is a large old sofa, an unusually fine specimen of colonial furniture. The frame is of black mahogany, elaborately carved and upholstered with haircloth; dolphins gracefully curved and twisted form the legs and arms; the straight high back is broken at each end by a deep oval curve which frames the head, neck and wings of an eagle "displayed," to use a heraldic term, beautifully carved with pose spirited and alert. Tradition says that Washington used this sofa at Litchfield. Another tradition told by Mr. Clemson was that, when Washington and his committee were planning a design for the first American

dollar, he copied the pose of the eagle carved upon this sofa. Certain it is that the two designs are very similar, and this fact seems to confirm the story.

Everything connected with Washington is of deepest interest and greatest value, and the boys of Clemson College should be proud of the fact that they have here visible reminders of the man whom all sections of this country delight to honor.

This room was Mr. Clemson's favorite sitting room in the later years of his life. His invalid chair is placed here, a perpetual memento of him. Seated in front of the fireplace, he had an extended view from the windows on either side. On the north, an avenue of cedars and a lawn bounded by a row of magnificent hollies, beyond that a wooded slope, then a big field of 125 acres, beyond that the far blue mountains. On the south, the grass-covered yard with its venerable oaks, the historic little study of Calhoun, beyond that the orchard and garden, and the noted Fort Hill in the distance, the hill which gave the name to the plantation. These views were greatly enjoyed by Mr. Clemson, whose artistic eye fully appreciated their beauties.

After leaving the dining room, the visitor ascends by a steep and winding stairway to a little passage in the second story. A door at the head of the steps opens into what was the guest chamber when the Calhoun family lived at Fort Hill. It is the room over the parlor, and is of the same dimensions, with a large fireplace and high black mantel and four small windows, which look out upon the front and back colonnades.

The principal piece of furniture in the room is a very heavy mahogany French bedstead, with high rolling head and foot boards. A bureau and washstand match the bed, and are made with drawers, gracefully curved in the old style. The mirror is dim with age, and one wishes longingly that the images could have been preserved that have

flitted across its surface in the past; the thoughtful countenance and piercing eyes of the Senator; the laughing faces of children; the sweet blushes of a bride, all were reflected in this surface which is so dim to-day.

This bedroom set matches the huge wardrobe combination down stairs in the dining room, and were last used by Mr. Clemson in his own room. A pretty little bow front triangular washstand fits in one corner and a small oval folding table with straight legs and inlaid border stands in the center of the room; a low, straight-backed wooden chair completes the furniture.

Against the wall is placed an old trunk which was full of Calhoun letters and papers when the property came into the possession of the Trustees of the college. These valuable papers are now in the college vault and the trunk is prized because it is associated with the memory of Calhoun.

This was always called "Calhoun Clemson's Room," because he was accustomed to occupy it when he visited Fort Hill. He was a grand-son of Mr. Calhoun and the only son of Mr. T. G. Clemson. His mother was the best beloved child of her father; she was more like him in talent and character than any of his other children, and he turned to her in later life for the loving sympathy that understood and appreciated his thoughts and ambitions.

John Calhoun Clemson was born at Fort Hill in the summer of 1841, and from infancy he was Mr. Calhoun's favorite grand-child; he mentions him in every letter to his daughter, sending him a kiss when he was a baby, and when he grew older, the message was "love and a kiss from grand-father." A little sister came before the Clemsons went to Brussels, in 1844, who is also remembered in every letter from the grand-father. Calhoun Clemson was a handsome, bright, interesting boy, and learned very rapidly. When he was only five years old he wrote a letter to his grand-father

with his own hand, and the following sweet little reply is taken from the Clemson collection :

“Washington, 27th Decr., 1846,

“My Dear Grand-son :

“Your letter made your Grand-father very happy. He was happy to hear from you ; happy to learn that you were well and to see that you could write so pretty a letter. He sent it to Grand-mother in South Carolina, that she might be made happy too by reading it.

“You must tell your sister that she must learn to write, too, and that I wish to get a letter from her.

“You must also kiss her for Grand-father.”

The last letter ever written by Mr. Calhoun was to this beloved daughter and the last words were, “Kiss the children for their grand-father.”

After the expiration of Mr. Clemson's term as *charge d' affaires* in Belgium, he returned with his family to Washington, where they were living at the beginning of the war.

The Clemsons sympathized most warmly with the South and drew upon themselves the attention of the authorities at Washington, who watched them closely, and were preparing to order their arrest, when they were warned by a friend in time for Mr. Clemson and his son to make their escape at night and cross the Potomac in a row boat. They walked all the way to Richmond and offered their services to President Davis. Young Clemson was immediately appointed a lieutenant in the army and began his duties without delay ; Mr. Clemson was sent to the Trans-Mississippi Mining Department.

John Calhoun Clemson was a fine man and a gallant soldier ; he was tall and handsome, charming in his manners and very popular.

Soon after the close of the war, Mr. Clemson purchased Fort Hill, and this room was assigned to his beloved son.

He became a civil engineer and was devoted to his profession; life was full of promise to him. After his sister, Floride, married Mr. Lee, of New York, he was the sole joy and light of the house, the hope and pride of his parents.

In 1871, Mrs. Lee died, and only seventeen days after her death, this noble young man was cut off in the flower of his youth; killed near Seneca in a railroad wreck caused by the collision of two trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad. Col. Simpson, President of the Board of Trustees, writes: "The loss of their two children was a terrible shock to Mr. and Mrs. Clemson. Desolate, they mourned the loss of all the brightness of their lives; but unsearchable are the providences of God, for it was then that these two stricken, sorrowing parents determined to unite in so disposing of all they had left of their property as to bring their fellow-men as much happiness and prosperity as they could have wished for themselves." Consequently, they made their wills leaving all their joint property to found this college at Fort Hill.

The great Leland Stanford University of California was founded under similar circumstances. In each case a grief-stricken, childless couple determined to devote their means to the education of the youth of the country in order that coming generations may profit by their wealth, and so hold in perpetual honor and reverence their names and the names of these beloved sons.

Calhoun Clemson lies buried in the Episcopal churchyard at Pendleton. We deeply deplore the early death of one so promising, cut off in the prime of young manhood, his bright, ambitious dreams unrealized, the hopes of parents blighted. Yet to-day six hundred active, energetic, restless youths are here at his old home; their feet tread the ground where he played as a boy; their eyes view the scenes so loved by him. In the hurry and push of their busy lives, in the midst of their duties and studies and games, let them pause for a moment and give a pitiful and sympathetic thought to

the noble young man sleeping in the village churchyard. For his tragical and untimely death was the means ultimately of endowing the youth of South Carolina with the blessings and benefits of Clemson College.

MRS. P. H. MEILL.

"Over the Hill From the Poor House

The little town of Mountain Pass is one of those relics of days that are no more. It is a quiet, unpretentious place, inhabited by men who go about with a careless and diffident expression on their faces, as if they were not interested in anything or anybody, nor any one interested in them. They mingle not with the people of the outer world. Still they were so remote that it would have been very inconvenient if they even wished to do so. Their surroundings were very rough but picturesque. Great cliffs surrounded the place on two sides, some of which jutted far out over the sleepy cluster of houses below, seeming, as it were, to form a protection to the lazy, enchanted inhabitants.

No railroads had as yet been built in this wild, mountainous country. No great ingenious tunnels had been bored through the massive rocks, which lay hidden in the body of the mighty peaks, nor thin network of steel yet spanned the deep fathomless canyons that lay between Mountain Pass and more polished civilization. No, there was not even the good public road of to-day, but only a crude narrow wagon road, which had gradually been worn down by use for more than a century. The wild red-skin was the one who found and first traveled it.

Some years past gold was discovered here. So the news flashed east and, in a short time, rude log huts dotted the valley, which was, but a short time previous, covered with a coat of verdant green. The call of the eagle from its perch on high, the yelp of the wolf in his night wanderings, and

the song of the nightingale were all superseded by the working songs of rough miners, as they worked unceasingly through the long hot summer day. Among the many who were carried West by their mania for gold was one, Dr. Joseph W—, a physician from Maryland. With him went his family, composed of his wife and two children. One a bright-eyed maiden of some sixteen summers, the younger a handsome smiling brown-eyed youth, the idol of father and mother.

At first, success attended our prospector, but later, the vein began to fail, and failure and starvation loomed up on all sides before the wild gold seekers. A disease also broke out in the village and carried off many thousands of the inhabitants before it closed its awful ravages, the beautiful daughter of Dr. Joseph W— being among the number. And financially embarrassed men were to be encountered on all corners and at all their gatherings.

In the meantime, young John W—, Jr., for this was what his fond parents had christened him, had rapidly developed into young manhood. His constant association with the rough and uncultured miners had moulded him into a different boy from what he was when he had first come West. The many fairy stories told him about the States out East had caused a restless mind to picture great and glorious things toward the rising sun, and he must go. He would not be stopped. Yet the tender love of his mother held him.

But something happened which brought on a crisis and caused him to leave, notwithstanding the heartrending cries and the tender pleadings of his dear mother. His father, who of late had become a habitual drunkard and gambler, because of the many adversities which beset him, came home cross and frenzied one morning from a gambling den, where he had spent the night in a drunken brawl. While in this condition, for some cause not easily explained, he struck his son. Although young W— resented this, neither in words

nor by blow, he did it in another way. He wrapped his few belongings in a large red handkerchief, and, after implanting a long, farewell kiss on his mother's lips, he turned toward the rising sun, which had not yet climbed the high peaks that stood silent sentinel over Mountain Pass.

After an hour's journey, he reached the top of a high peak overlooking his home. The sun had just climbed high enough to spread its rays over the peak and into the village below. How beautiful everything appeared to him! Never, no never, could he recall a time when, in his wanderings over these rugged peaks in search of eagle eggs, the scenery had so appealed to him. Perhaps he had stood here for some minutes and it is likely that he would have stood much longer had not the shadow of a large bird, as it swiftly swept low over the horizon, aroused him from his day-dreams.

With a dull weight at his heart, he continued his footsteps eastward. After several days of tiresome journey he came to a village, here he applied for work, but was met with a smile of suspicion and of a, "No, we don't need any one." At last, his energy being all exhausted, he lay down by a large sparkling spring, in the shade of a mighty oak, and fell into a deep sleep, in which he dreamed that success crowded him on all sides—both fortune and fame.

Several years have now passed since we left young Joseph W— lying dreaming by the crystal spring. Many changes have been wrought in Mountain Pass. It is winter now. Thus far the weather has been very temperate. The great peaks have kept the wind away, but to-day it is sweeping down the valley from the north. The thermometer has rapidly fallen to zero, and the inhabitants have become much alarmed at the sudden change in the weather conditions. For some time the wind blows thus, then begins to get more placid. Light clouds have gathered here and there, the thermometer rises, and a light snow begins to fall, which, as the day passes, falls faster and thicker. By nightfall,

Mountain Pass lies under a white coverlet of a four-foot snow. The town is soon wrapt in slumber. The inhabitants are enjoying that sweet sleep which comes just before dawn, little dreaming that a human being is out in the cold, chilly air, when there is a rap on one of the doors. The inmates moved in their warm beds, but did not waken. Again and again the sharp rapping sounds on the still night air until one of the inmates being awakened, came to the door. After rubbing his hands across his eyes a time or so, and making one of those broad yawns so characteristic of the mountaineer, he welcomed the stranger in by the fireside, which still contained a few dying embers that had been covered during the night. While the stranger was warming his frozen frame, the person who had taken him in, George Farmer, scrutinized him closely. His dress was that of an Eastern gentleman. His manly features and large brown eyes, evershadowed by a thick set of dark eyelashes; his large Roman nose, and his rich silvery voice, all bespoke a gentleman. After warming himself, the stranger ventured the question, "How long have you lived in this house?"

Farmer, noticing that the stranger's lips trembled when he asked this question, quickly answered, "some five or six years."

"Where does Dr. Joseph W— live now?" said the stranger.

"Do you mean the old Dr. W—, who used to live in this house, and who was always drunk?" asked Farmer.

"Yes," replied the stranger, through a suppressed sob.

"Oh, he was killed several years ago in a game of chance, while drunk. He spent all his money gambling and drinking. After his death, it became known that he had mortgaged all of his property in order that he might have the wherewith to satisfy his thirst for drink and his habit of gambling. His poor widow—she is an angel—is now at the village home for the poor." Here he was interrupted in

his quick, short-sentence narrative of the W— family. For the stranger, becoming unable to control his emotions, was sobbing greatly now. Gazing at the young, clean-shaven stranger a moment, in surprise, he exclaimed, "You are the long-lost son of W—, aren't you?"

Being so unnerved, young Joseph acknowledged his identity. Stirring himself, he arose, and with an air of decision, said, "Where is the home for the poor?"

Going to the door, Farmer pointed out the house, for dawn had now come. Reaching out his hand to bid Farmer farewell and to thank him for his many services, Joseph W—, Jr., started towards the place where his mother was now spending her lonesome life. Knocking at the door of her home, which was a rude log hut of three-room capacity, he was answered by an old woman, who said that she would get Mrs. W—. But being over anxious, he followed silently behind the woman. Entering a little, neatly furnished room, he beheld his mother down on the floor, scrubbing it with rags. She saw him as quick as he saw her. Some may not have recognized him after his long absence and wonderful growth, but not she, for, with a bound and a cry, she was in his arms, crying, "My son, my son!" And then she fainted away in his arms. Reviving her from her swoon, he held her to his breast, fondly caressing her, running his large hands through her silvery hair, and kissing her pale, thin, wrinkled face, which told its own pitiable tale of misery and of woe. He then told her of his life while away. How in a dream he had seen fortune and fame, which he afterwards had realized, and that a sweet little girl wife waited eagerly for their return.

Next day, after making a handsome donation to the village of Mountain Pass, and doing many other philanthropic deeds, they started on their journey to the East. And just as the long shadows of evening were lengthening over the quiet little village of Mountain Pass, they stood on the high-

est peak overlooking the place, gazing for a last time on the resting place of her husband, his father, her daughter, his sister.

J. V. P., '06.

A Purpose at College

It is quite possible that every student upon first entering college is filled with the ambition to improve himself in every respect, to get the greatest good from his college course, to lend a helping hand at every opportunity, and to reflect great honor upon his institution. Such are high and noble purposes, but it is too often the case that in a short period of time, many realize their own insignificance, become discouraged at the strong rivalry which exists, and succumb to the influences which detract from an ideal manhood.

College students may be divided into three classes. There are those who are carried along by the popular current, who have no regard for law and order, who have no conception of the meaning of duty, and who are early engaged in idleness and rowdyism. Every one will concede at once that such students can derive no benefit from college training, that they are a stumbling block in the way of others, and are a menace to good society.

There is another class of students, but of a higher type, who value their college training according to the grades which they receive. The minds of such students are ever centered upon their text books, in order that they may receive high grades and the praise of their teachers. They have no time to engage in athletics, or to spend in the best of mental training, the literary society, or to develop the spiritual nature. Everything else is given up to gratify this one desire.

An ambition which prompts one to desire to excel in his studies is commendable, but no broad-minded student can afford to sacrifice all other opportunities for improvement to

surpass in this one respect. So far as the real value of grades is concerned, they are worthless, for they do not show the real merit of a student's work. Some students are able to express themselves better than other students, and by the use of this faculty mislead the teacher as to their real knowledge of a subject. In this way they receive a better grade than is merited. Not only this, but teachers are human and often are influenced in grading by their likes and dislikes. Thus we see that this class of students are deceiving themselves, in that they do not receive what should be prized most highly.

The highest and best class of students is represented by one who cares for nothing more than justice in what he does. At all times he conducts himself as a true gentleman. He knows the value of his own time and respects that of others. A reasonable amount of study is put on his text-books, and the remainder of his time is given to reading and thinking of the real problems of life. He takes a hearty interest in all that pertains to the public life of the institution. He strives to do original thinking, to draw correct conclusions, and to adjust himself to all circumstances. Such a student will be better fitted to cope with the practical affairs of life than one whose chief aim has been the mere learning of facts contained in books.

The college student is open to conviction. It is a period when the mind is not affected by preconceived ideas. It is the greatest opportunity in life for investigating and making impartial conclusions. These conditions make student life a period, above all others, for the formation of high and noble ideals by which the after life will be controlled.

J. E. J., '06.



M. L. MURPH
President of Columbia Literary Society
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Acquittal of Judge Swayne

The United States Senate sitting as a court of impeachment to try Judge Swayne, Federal Judge of the Northern District of Florida, has acquitted him of all the charges brought against him. Of course, if the evidence submitted at the trial was not sufficient to establish his guilt, the above verdict should most certainly have been rendered. I will not venture to say

whether or not the verdict was correct, but it seems evident that the opinions in the Senate as to his guilt or innocence depended entirely upon whether or not the Senators passing on it were Democrats or Republicans. It is difficult to believe that such a partisan verdict could have been reached, had each Senator acted with a proper sense of justice and honesty. It is hard to understand how the same evidence in a case like this can make one impression upon the Democrats and an entirely different one upon the Republicans. It would have been rather remarkable indeed had all of the Senators reached the same conclusion. Some differences of opinion might have been expected, but these differences certainly could not have been so distinctly partisan in their character had a strict regard for justice prevailed. Had there been enough Democrats in the Senate, the verdict would have been guilty, but as the Republicans were in the majority, the Judge was acquitted. Have we reached the point that the most august Court in our country will acquit or condemn a citizen, independently of the evidence submitted; basing their decision solely upon the party affiliation of the accused? Is this a commendable example for this high-minded and highly honored body of men to set for their more humble and less favored fellow-citizens who are called upon to serve as jurymen?

**The
South Carolina**

At last a battleship is to bear the name of South Carolina. It would seem that our State, being one of the original thirteen, and having figured significantly in many stirring events in the early history of our country, should have long since been thus honored. But alas for South Carolina—foremost among the States in supporting the Declaration of Independence and performing a leading role in the councils of our nation when in its formative period—all of these things being done in the spirit of an unflinching loyalty to the cause

of freedom and to the rights of the rising nation, causing the people of our common country to look to the proud Palmetto State with a feeling of love and profound admiration—a crisis was reached in its own affairs when it was forced to defend its rights as a State against the usurpations of the Federal government. The spirit characteristic of South Carolina, when exercised in its loyalty to the nation's cause, called forth the very highest degree of praise and admiration, but when exercised in defense of what was believed to be one of the State's constitutional rights, it engendered a feeling of bitterness, of hatred, and of prejudice on the part of those who had previously been wont to sing its praises, which has endured to this day. This was an unpardonable injustice to South Carolina, but happily, through that indomitable spirit of resistance, she promises to survive it all.

Is the naming of the battleship South Carolina to be regarded as a sure sign of a renewal of that former kindly feeling for our State? Can it be interpreted as presaging a revival of that generous attitude so nobly assumed by our fellow-countrymen towards our State in the days before sectionalism assumed such unlimited sway? If such may be the correct interpretation of it, the South Carolina has already won a noble victory, and let us hope that such may be the case. But whether or not its first mission may be rightly conceived to be that outlined above, when it shall have been completed and shall have received its assignment in the navy, let us hope that it may be one of the best war ships in our navy, and may know only victory by which it will lend added lustre to the name that it bears.

Theodore
Roosevelt

On the fourth of March, Theodore Roosevelt was again inaugurated President of the United States. He begins this administration under most auspicious circumstances. The government is at peace with all nations; the prosperity of the country is unprecedented, and partisanship was never at a lower ebb.

Very few public men have had a more remarkable career than has Roosevelt. He was a graduate at twenty-two; a member of the Legislature at twenty-three; a delegate at large to the national convention at twenty-six; ranchman in the far West that same year; beaten for Mayor at twenty-eight; United States Civil Service Commissioner at thirty-one; Police Commissioner of New York at thirty-seven; Assistant Secretary of the Navy at thirty-nine; rough rider at forty; Governor of New York at forty-one; Vice-President of the United States at forty-three, and President before he was forty-four. His first presidency, however, was an accident. But such is not the case now, for he is President by the overwhelming choice of the people. His victory in November was the most signal in the history of American politics. He no doubt enters upon the duties of this great office unpledged to anything but his own ideas. He has assumed immense responsibility. He is now President of the whole country, and surely every true American, whether a Democrat or a Republican, can sympathize with him in the difficulties he must encounter, and can applaud him for any commendable triumphs that he may achieve. No doubt the people of all sections and of all parties will wish for his administration unmeasured success in the advancement of all policies that may contribute in any way to the greatness and glory of our country.



E. E. PORTER
President of Calhoun Literary Society
Third Quarter



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

We are glad to welcome *The Brenau Journal* to our table. This magazine is neatly gotten up, and is especially good for the first number. The pieces, "Brutus Was a Patriot," "Brutus Was not a Patriot," and "To Be, or Not To Be," are all well written and clearly stated essays. "As Fate Decreed," though its plot is rather aged, is so written as to hold one's attention to the last. The poems are above the ordinary. We congratulate the staff on getting out such a good issue as a beginning, and wish for them unlimited success in their noble undertaking.

By far the best part of *The Newberry Stylus* is the editorials. The editor-in-chief voices our sentiments exactly in what he says about purity in athletics. It is a great pity we cannot get more men to look at such things as he does.

The best exchange for this month is without doubt *The Southern Collegian*. "The Value of Criticism" is a forcible argument on critics and criticism. "It Just Happened," is a very good love piece, and has not such an old plot as most such stories have. "The Rivals," "His Revenge," and "Letter of a Freshman to His Girl" are well written. "Taming Cupid," has a very unusual plot, and is right interesting. The poems are unusually good, making the magazine, as a

whole, the best one we have had the pleasure of reviewing this month.

The Trinity Archive is fully up to its standard. The poetry is well worth studying and it well balances the other matter. The fiction is very good, but it does not balance the very creditable essays that we find. Among the essays are the write-ups on the lives of "Joseph Pearson Caldwell," and "Gen. Matthew W. Ransom." Both are very good. "Two Notable Academic Occasions" is very good. The writer takes the delivery of "The American Scholar" by Emerson, and an ode recited by Lowell, as the two events that mark great and distinct changes in the academic life of America. The love stories are somewhat beneath the standard set by the other part of this number, but they are well worth reading. It is a pleasure to read the editorials. They are varied and deal with their subjects in such a concise way, that it would be a pleasure to read more of such. The exchange department consists of lengthy and seemingly just write-ups on the magazines that we have read. We would be glad to see more poetry in the next number.

The Crimson and White for February 28, contains some very good reading matter. The stories, "On Being Photographed" and "Lover's Leap," were read with pleasure.

The Georgia Tech, for the first of this month, is, as usual, not up to the standard that would be expected of "The Tech" students. The composition on the "Locomotive of To-day" is very instructive and interesting. *The Tech* is full of athletics and jokes and very little of anything else.

They say that opposites should wed;
Too much alike, you'll clash;
And so I'm looking for a girl
Possessed of lots of cash.

—Ex.

The Chinaman praises his T's,
The mandarian praises his Q,
The gardener praises his turnips and P's,
But I praise you.

The mariner loveth the C's,
The billiardist loveth his Q,
The husbandman loveth his cattle and B's,
But I love you.

The foolish hath need for the Y's,
The actor needeth his Q,
The pilot hath need for two excellent I's,
But I need U.

The hunter seeketh the J's,
The shepherd seeketh his U,
The college boys seek their final B. A.'s,
But I C Q.

—*Ex.*

She lingered near the window,
And watched the passers-by;
And crept up close behind her,
And heard her softly sigh.
Then, unawares, he seized her,
And pressed her close—oh, my!—
'Twas not the maid and mistletoe—
But a spider and a fly!

“What do you think, *now*, Bobbie?” asked his mother, as she boxed his ears. “I don’t think,” replied the boy. “My train of thoughts has been delayed by a hot box.”—*Ex.*

Which reminds us of a certain long-winded speaker, of whom some one said, “He has a good train of thought, but poor terminal facilities.”

A Geographical Love Song

In the State of Mass. there lives a lass I love to go N. C. ;
no other Miss. can e'er, I Wis., be half so dear to me. R. I.
is blue and her cheeks the hue of shells where waters swash ;
on her pink white phiz there Nev. Ariz. the least complexion
Wash. La. ! could I win the heart of Minn., I'd ask for
nothing more, but I only dream upon the theme, and Conn. it
o'er and Ore. Why is it, pray, I can't Ala. this love that
makes me Ill. ? N. Y., O., Wy., Kan. Nev. Ver. I propose
to her my will ? I shun the task 'twould be to ask this gentle
maid to wed. And so, to press my suit, I guess Alaska Pa.
instead.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Be not deceived—love comes into life but once, and the
woman who is in love with herself can never love another.—
Tiger.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

Superintendent of Education O. B. Martin was at Clemson recently consulting Dr. Mell and a special committee from the faculty, with reference to the State Summer School, which is to be held here. The school will last from June 21st to July 19th. Clemson, with its magnificent buildings and historic surroundings, will be an ideal place for such a school. Mr. Schilleter has made arrangements to accommodate 600, and we feel safe in saying, that the teachers will long remember Mr. Schilleter's great hospitality.

"Every Man," the great fifteenth century morality play, was presented to a large and appreciative audience in the Memorial Hall, on the 21st ult. It was through the efforts of Prof. D. W. Daniel that lyceum members were enabled to see this famous drama for half-price.

At the recent contest of the Calhoun Literary Society, the following gentlemen were awarded the medals: Orator, R. F. Gooding; declaimer, J. V. Phillips; debater, A. P. DuBose.

Mrs. Brodie, of Leesville, has returned home, after spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Hook.

Mr. A. Strother, of New York, is visiting his cousin, Mrs. K. H. Finlay.

Mrs. P. H. Mell will attend the marriage of her niece, Miss Annie Fleming, of Virginia, which will take place in New York city. Miss Fleming has visited Clemson, and is well remembered here.

Recently, Col. Clay had a check roll call of the companies immediately after church, and caught a number of cadets "beating out."

What if Col. Shanklin should be called upon to have a check roll call of the faculty some morning at chapel?

Miss Lydia Fuller, of Columbia, is visiting Miss Belle Hardin.

Mr. B. H. Rawl left on the first of April to assume the duties of his new position with the department of agriculture. His territory will be in the Southern States. Mr. Rawl is the fourth man to go from Clemson to the department of agriculture within a year. Through the departure of Mr. Rawl, Clemson will not only suffer in her losing him from the faculty, but will suffer from the loss of his leadership in the college band, to which he has devoted a great deal of his time.

Miss Nellie Reed, of St. George, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. K. H. Finlay.

Dr. L. O. Howard, Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and head of the Bureau of Entomology in the agricultural department at Washington, has been selected as speaker for the annual banquet of the Clemson College Science Club, to be held on the 28th of April.

Davis: "Hodges, you haven't a bit of scruples about you."

Prep. Hodges: "Scruples? No, I haven't got any of those things on me. What do they look like, anyhow?"

Mr. Webb von Hasseln, a former Clemson student, was a visitor here recently.

Rat Belew: "If you join the track team, will the coach teach you to track anything else except people?"

The Hawthorne Musical Club gave a delightful entertainment here on March 6.

Kinsler: "Do invalids (infidels) believe in the Bible?"

Woodward (looking at boy holding a horse): "Say, Sam, wouldn't you like to have a valet?"

Sam: "Yes, I would like to have one of those things up here to ride around in."

Mr. Marston, of Richmond, Va., has been on the campus visiting his son.

Wood (writing on examinations): "An antiseptic is an anecdote (antidote) against poison."

A literary club, consisting of members of the academic faculty, has been recently organized.

The students have not been allowed to leave the college for the past month, on account of the prevalence of smallpox.

Prof. : "Mr. M'n, what is the difference between loan and lend?"

Mr. M. : "I loan you fifty cents, *you* lend me a dollar."

Prof. K. (to section in recitation room) : "I want each member of the section to write a composition on 'My Favorite Animal.' "

Rat Huggins : "Suppose, we have no favorite animals?"

Prof. K. : "Well, I suppose you have a girl?"

Rat H. : "Professor, my girl is no animal."

Prof. K. : "Why, isn't she a 'bird?' "

Mr. L. P. Slattery and W. H. Taylor, of the Senior Class, have returned from Chesterfield, where they have been to make a calculation of the horse-power that could be developed by a certain stream in that county.

T. S. Perrin, '03, visited his brother, L. W. Perrin, recently. "Tom" is always a welcome visitor.

Dr. Edwin Boone Craighead, former President of Clemson, was inaugurated President of Tulane University on the 16th ult.

S. S. S. (after No. 37 had passed) : "Fellows, did you notice that girl on the oppersition (observation) car?"

Prof. C. : "Mr. Reeves, what dangerous animals are there in South America?"

Reeves : "Boa constructor (boa constrictor)."

Beginning next Saturday evening, Mr. W. D. Weatherford, Interstate Y. M. C. A. Secretary, will commence a series of meetings under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of this place.

A grand stand is being erected for the comfort of the ladies during the baseball season.

Prof. P. T. Brodie attended the meeting of the executive committee of the State Teachers' Association in Columbia. The committee selected Clemson as the place for the next meeting, which is to be held the latter part of June.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, one of the foremost orators on the American platform, delivered his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," in college chapel, recently. Dr. Conwell held the undivided attention of the large and appreciative audience for two hours.

Clemson will cross bats with the University of Georgia on the 1st of April. This is the first game of the season with Clemson, and is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

Miss Sue Sloane is back in the library, after a long period of sickness.

THE CHRONICLE staff was most delightfully entertained by Mrs. P. H. Mell on the evening of the 24th ult. Games were played and the prizes were won by Mrs. A. B. Bryan, Miss Sue Sloan and Messrs. C. E. and E. H. Jones. This was a most enjoyable occasion for all present, and fully attested to Mrs. Mell's exceptional ability at entertaining. All went away feeling that nothing could have been done that would have added to the pleasures of the evening.

Clemson College Directory

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COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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President of Palmetto Literary Society
Fourth Quarter

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VIII.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1905

No. 8



H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - EDITORS

The Fort Hill Mansion

(CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. P. H. MELL—LAST INSTALLMENT.)

The office or study in the yard completes the list of rooms open to the public. All country houses in the South before the war had these offices in the yard. Here the master of the plantation kept his accounts and transacted his business. His overseer and foremen and the slaves made their reports and complaints to him here; the men who came to see him on

business found the planter here; his library was here, and if he was fond of literature, he read and studied in quiet here. These offices were necessary on every plantation, and the home was thereby rendered more private and comfortable for the use of the family alone and their guests.

A flagged walk led formerly from the end of the back colonnade directly to the office. The building has a porch in front and underneath is a walled excavation twenty feet in depth, formerly used as an ice house. A description from an ^{*}old magazine gives an account of the old office as it appeared in bygone days:

"The statesman's favorite haunt was his library, which occupies a square, one-storied structure by itself, a hundred feet or so in the rear of the house. One gets a good idea of the grandeur of the old estate from the porch of this little building, whence he can view the three hundred acres of park and admire the gigantic, symmetrical examples of oak, cedar and other trees that group themselves picturesquely in this noble demesne. Beyond it the hill slopes away to the river bottoms, which, overflowed yearly, are perpetually fertile, and to the greensward or black fallow that marks the swell of old Fort Hill. At his right, close by, is the old house-garden, now a tangled, odorous jungle of roses and grapes; at his left, a varied landscape, with the spires of old Pendleton, the county-town, in the distance; behind him a valley full of woodland, out of which rise the hills and park and large white house, where the Senator's brother-in-law resided.

"The library has its sides filled with book-shelves, and these are packed with volumes of every description, though largely the literature of the law and rostrum. Calhoun's own speeches appear in several editions, and there are many books that bear the marks of his pen. A marble bust of the Senator occupies a pedestal in the corner, and here is the

* Scribner's Magazine v. 21 (1881) p. 892

table at which he wrote, the chair in which he sat and the pictures that pleased his taste."

A picture of the office and its furniture is given in this old magazine, and a faithful copy of the arrangement has been made by those now in charge.

The most sacred and solemn memories of the place are connected with this study of Mr. Calhoun's. We feel as if it should be entered with bared head and quiet footstep, for a mighty soul once dominated this spot. Momentous national problems were discussed here by the Senator and his gifted associates; great thoughts sprang from his brain here and were penned by him at this desk—thoughts that vitally affected the history of our country and shook it from North to South, from East to West.

The boys of Clemson College are perfectly familiar with the history of Mr. Calhoun, and have the most profound respect and admiration for his memory and when they visit this little office they will find themselves drawn nearer to him than ever before; it needs very little imagination to picture him here seated at his desk surrounded by the familiar furniture daily used by him.

A large open fireplace with tall, heavy black mantel faces the door; the walls and vaulted ceiling are painted in oak; on the right and left are small windows that light the room. A large pine table painted oak to match the walls stands in the center of the office; against the wall to the left of the fireplace is the old desk where the statesman spent so many hours of deep thought and study, and where he planned and wrote those grand orations which compelled admiration from both friend and foe.

High book shelves rise to the ceiling on each side, empty now, for the books were carried to the college library for safe-keeping, and were burned when the college was destroyed in 1894. A standing bookcase painted oak to match the walls occupies the right center of the room, a lounging

chair is placed beside it, and an old settee is on the right of the fireplace. Before a window is a quaint little cabinet with an upper drawer and cupboard below; between them a semi-secret compartment covered by a revolving lid. It is said that Calhoun kept his valuable papers in this cabinet.

An old trunk stands in one corner and two pairs of crutches, which bring sad memories of Mr. Clemson in his invalid days and of "little Miss Cornelia," the crippled daughter of Mr. Calhoun. When about twelve years old she fell from a swing, and never recovered from the injury; her figure was dwarfed and bent. She was tenderly beloved by her father and the very best surgical treatment was given her, but the case was absolutely hopeless.

A handsome jointed fishing rod and a rifle case tell of bygone sports; a branch of an antler upon a bracket on the wall is all that remains of a noble pair of stag's horns hung there by Calhoun himself and killed by his own rifle. He was an excellent shot and generally carried a gun when he walked or rode over the plantation, and rarely missed his aim.

A model of the old ship, the "Constitution," is upon the mantel; every school boy knows the history of this famous vessel. Mr. Calhoun owned a beautiful sideboard made of mahogany taken from the officers' cabin of this ship. It is now in the possession of one of his descendants. Upon the mantel once stood a fine steel engraving of Davy Crockett, the famous Tennessee backwoodsman and Congressman, whose romantic life is full of interest. He sent his picture to Mr. Calhoun with this inscription, which is clear and legible now:

"I am happy to acknowledge this to be the only correct likeness that has ever been taken of me.

"DAVY CROCKETT."

This engraving was done by Childs & Lehman, of Philadelphia. It is very rare now, and is priced ten dollars by

collectors. Unfortunately the face has been greatly damaged by the destructive little paper moth during the years while the office was closed. It is an interesting relic, however, because of the autograph of this noted man.

A small old-fashioned wedge-shaped carriage trunk excites much interest, for it is a reminder of the days when the Calhoun family went to Washington by private conveyance, a journey that took four long weeks. In these days of steam and electricity a person can go half around the world in that time. A century ago, when a large family planned a journey, there were many preparations before the day of departure; every corner of space in the carriages was utilized by trunks and boxes and bags holding articles to be used during the trip. There were horses for the men of the party, and carriages for the ladies and children; these, with the wagons full of baggage necessary for six months' stay in Washington, made quite an imposing procession. Calhoun mentions a journey to Washington on page 233 of his published "Correspondence." The date is in the fall of 1825. He writes that he will leave Abbeville with his family about the middle of October, reaching Columbia about October 25th; from thence proceeding to Washington by way of Camden, Cheraw, Fayette, Raleigh, Warrenton and Richmond, arriving in Washington between the 15th and 20th of November.

Two framed drawings are on each side of the mantel. They are plans of canal locks on the Erie Canal, N. Y., drawn by William Ransom Calhoun, under the direction of D. H. Mahan, Professor of Engineering in the United States Military Academy. Wm. R. Calhoun was a son of John Ewing Calhoun and a nephew of Mrs. John C. Calhoun. He gave these drawings to his uncle while he was a student at the academy. After his graduation he was a Lieutenant of dragoons; when the war began he was made Colonel of the 1st South Carolina Artillery, C. S. A.; he was killed the 22d of September, 1862, in a duel, by Major Alfred Rhett,

who belonged to his own regiment; he was buried in the family burying ground on his father's place, the old Keowee plantation, now owned by Mr. Ramsay Doyle. His sword is preserved in the parlor of the Calhoun mansion, and has been already described in a previous article.

The walls are covered with old maps of great interest. The oldest is a "Map of Mexico, Louisiana and the Missouri territory, including also the State of Mississippi, Alabama Territory, East and West Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, drawn by John H. Robinson, M. D." He dedicates this map to several men of distinction, and signs himself as a member of various learned societies, and also as "Brigadier General of the Republican Armies of Mexico." The date is 1819.

The next map in point of age is one of South Carolina, drawn by John Wilson, of the South Carolina Board of Education, and dated 1822.

The third map is very curious; it is called a "Geographic Chart with Revolving Circles, Questions and Index;" it was made by William Bricknell, Jr., in 1833. There are three of these Revolving Circles; the names of the different States are printed on the edge of the circle and beneath each name is a long list of answers to all sorts of questions relating to the population, crops, other statistics and geographical data. There are three wedge-shaped triangular openings in the map. The questions are printed on the left side of each opening; the circles revolve behind them. For instance, if information about South Carolina is desired, revolve the circle or disc until the name South Carolina appears in the opening; then the replies printed under the head of this State will appear opposite the proper questions. It will be seen that the questions remain stationary and are the same for every State; but each State has its own set of replies to the questions; it is a quaint, curious but very convenient arrangement.

The fourth map is one of the United States made by the famous geographer, Mitchell, in 1833. Our grand-fathers of that day studied faithfully Mitchell's Geographies and Webster's spelling book, and many secretly think that there are no better books now than the "old blue-backed speller" and the old Mitchell's series of geographies.

The last map is as clear and fresh as if recently made. It is called "A Reference Map of the State of Louisiana, Original Surveys of the United States, which shows the Spanish Grants, Townships, Sections or Mile Squares, Settlement Rights and Plantations." It was made by John La Tourette, New Orleans, La., in 1845.

These maps are described here in detail because connoisseurs and lovers of old books are greatly interested in old maps like these and can appreciate their value.

This article concludes the series upon the Fort Hill mansion. The writer will be deeply gratified if they have aroused the interest and curiosity of the boys, and if they will devote a few hours to visiting the old mansion and examining its many interesting objects. These visits will result in pleasing and valuable memories for all future years.

MRS. P. H. MELL.

Concerning a Brickbat and Containing a History

One bright day in the early spring, while walking down by the side of a small stream that wandered along through the edge of our town, I saw on the muddy bank an angular muddy brick-bat, which looked as though it had been there for many years. I was walking toward it, when I thought I saw the bat turn slightly in its bed. There must be something under that bat, thought I, and so thinking went to it and picked it up, more with the intention of throwing it at some tree than anything else. I carefully turned it over and saw that there was nothing there save the print of the brick

in the mud. I was about to turn away with the brick in my hand, when it exerted a pressure much like the pressure exerted by a ground-mole. (Have you ever tried to hold one?) Curious brick-bat, thought I, and with that shook it and held it to my ear, much as does the little boy when he finds an egg and wants to hear the chicken "peep." If you can, believe me, that brick-bat was making a sound—and more than that, it was talking. I sat down on the bank of the stream near an old elm tree and held it close to my ear. "I have a story to tell you," it said. "What story can you tell," I thought, and seemingly knowing my thought, the voice continued, "Yes, I have a history to tell you, though it may not be a *big story* like some history, it is nevertheless a history, the history of my life." I now held it off in the palm of my hand and looked at it. "I am a remnant of a distinguished house, as rough as I now look," the voice continued. "My ancestors are of the best. Some of them have been known to weather the storms of life for over 6,000 years. These were the Babylonian brick, which are known to date back to 4,000 B. C. These old fellows were much larger than I am, the standard size then being about 1 foot square. Many times we were made giant brick, sometimes as large as five or six feet square and four to six inches thick. But, like men, we must needs grow smaller. We now have very few giant brick, and our standard size is now $8\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$, as set by the National Brick Manufacturers Union." "Union," commented the bat, "united we stand, divided we fall. You people have just begun to believe in the truth of that, and yet it has been the motto of the brick for time immemorial. Well, to continue, about my ancestors, we had some in Assyria, some in Egypt, as I recall it. They were nearly all an impure brick, our native clay being mixed with straw. Our native mother clay was kneaded with the feet to the proper thickness and wetness, and then the straw intermixed. We were then moulded by hand and sun-dried.

They did not in some parts give us enough sun as we were growing, and hence in many ruins you people have found us all stuck together, we having been placed in the walls too moist.

"With civilization, we brick, too, moved west, and, too, we gradually improved. Our size became more of a standard, and smaller, and we were kiln-dried—burned until hard by a hot fire. People in Babylon and Egypt had done this occasionally, but now it was practiced more and more.

"We passed through Greece and Rome in time, and as near as I can place it, we made our entry into England before 1260. At any rate, some very old brick have been found near Suffolk, England, which bear that mark. Many an honorable place did we fill there. Many of us were used in the building of the famous Westminster Abbey. Two more famous structures we were used in before that, as I consider it, leaving out the Pyramids of Egypt. Those were the walls of Babylon, and the Tower of Babel. In building the walls of Babylon, brick were made from the clay dug in the trenches without the wall, and the wall built as the trenches were deepened.

"The earliest brick of the so-called Flemish make appeared in England in 1620, and the first in America were made in Virginia, a Southern State (I say this because I am a Southern brick), in 1612. We followed to New England in 1647 and to Philadelphia in 1685. Since then we have taken part in the building of many of the most prominent structures in America and in other countries. I might mention a book full of them, but the tax on your memory would be enough to supplant that on the real estate upon which they stand. They have been large and small, public and private, skyscrapers and tenements.

"I am an arch brick. You know we bricks have degrees, degrees of hardness. We are arch, reds and salmons, the arch being the highest degree; and I tell you I am as proud

of my degree as a Royal Arch Mason is of his. I am, furthermore, a machine made brick. I forgot to mention just now that a hand machine for making us was invented by Nathaniel Adams, of Cornwall, N. Y., in 1835. Of course, the machine I was made in was not a hand machine. Since the time of that invention they have made many improvements. They nearly all run by power, and there are almost as many different kinds of machines on the market as there were bricks in the kiln where I was burned. Bricks, bricks, bricks, they make us by the soft mud, stiff mud, and dry mud processes (and sometimes with no mud at all); we are side cut, end cut, pressed and repressed Philadelphia (no matter if we were made in Baltimore or Sumter), and who knows what form they do not put us in with those infernal machines.

“However, let me return. I am a brick (if I do have to say it myself, I am at least a part of a brick), and I must not be grumbling about who made me and how, and, really, I am not grumbling. But, to proceed, I was, as I said, a machine made brick. My clay was mined from beneath the surface, as is often done when the surface clay gives out, and must be more and more practiced as the manufacture goes on. I consider myself, therefore, more pure than most of the bricks that have been made from the surface clay. Then I was washed and weathered to the proper texture, as the man who made me did not own a machine to do it for him. When I was ready I was poured into the hopper of the machine, which was of the soft mud type used by so many of the small manufacturers, and pressed by curved arms at the bottom into one of the many moulds that were automatically fed into the machine. I was then taken out, carefully removed from the machine, and placed on a board along with a number of others. We were carried to a long, low shed and there placed on a shelf to dry. After about a week we grew dry enough to handle, and I was then taken among

the first to the kiln, which was a temporary one for burning the brick. As I intimated before, I arrived early in the building of the kiln, and was, therefore, placed in the arch. As the kiln was built up above me the pressure on my sides gradually increased, until the kiln was done. Then they started the fires, one at one end of my arch, and one at the other. They were slowly allowed to approach each other. Gradually I grew warm, and when the fire reached me, hot. In a few minutes I was very hot. If any one ever was steaming hot, I was then. Every particle of moisture in me was for getting out, and my body soon became dried and stuck together closely. I soon got used to the heat as I had been to the pressure. After about a month the slow fires were stopped. I grew cooler, and, to my wonder, for several days after the fires were stopped, I grew steadily smaller. Once cool, the pressure above me began to lessen—they were taking the salmons above me to market. The reds came next, and finally, I was removed to take my place with the rest. I was as hard—as hard—well, as hard as any brick. We were all piled out on the yard after being sorted. My shipping day came with the rest, and I was taken to—I knew not where. I landed in this town, a college town, I believe it now is. There I learned I was to be used in the building of the college. My, but that seemed an honor to me in those days.

“Passing over intermediate incidents, I came to be a front brick, and when the excavations were filled up I stood just four tiers above the ground. Tier after tier the brick were piled above me for three stories high. There was great pressure on me then. The pressure in the kiln was not to be compared with it. I had a position of responsibility to fill. There was great weight upon me. Still I was proud that I had the strength and could fill such a prominent place. For some years all went well. I saw many students come in at the door of the college and many go out of it. Many dis-

tinguished men passed in and out, and many a game of football and baseball I have seen fought out on that campus green in front of the building.

“One night I saw the sky around me light up as if from the top of the building. Gradually it increased in brilliancy for over an hour. I began to feel a warmth and I knew that the building was on fire. Soon the college bell began to ring and crowds gathered around. The fire grew hot and finally reached me. It was beyond the control of the people fighting it. I thought that I had enough burning in the kiln, but now I was having more. Bricks cracked all around me, but I grinned and did not budge. Though the men standing near that wall did not know it, I was the very brick that saved their lives. If I had parted, the wall would have fallen, and with it twenty-one men would have been buried beneath the ruins.

“Well, that building burned down, and I was one of the few whole brick left in it. They tore down what remained and began to rebuild. After lying in the scrap heap for a few weeks, hoping to be again put back in the walls, I was carried with a number of half-brick to a residence where, believe me, they were to make a walk from us. What a degradation, I thought, for a brick that had served so faithfully, to be put down upon the ground and trampled upon. But, I did not go quite that low. My owner picked me up one day, scraped the mortar from my faces, and carried me into the house for to keep the door ajar. Well, I liked that better, for though I was kicked about pretty sharply sometimes, I was not trampled upon often. I served there until better times came and the gentleman bought an automatic door spring to take my place. They now had no more use for me and I was consigned to the back yard. Then commenced the great troubles of my life, which have tried me sorely.

"I had not been in the back yard long, when one day the cook came out, with her dress all hooked up ready to scour the kitchen—an axe in one hand and a tin can in the other. She looked at me for a few minutes, and then looked around to see if she could not find a brick that would suit her purpose better. The instant she spied me, I knew that all was over. I knew there were no other bricks of a size there—all rocks. I tried to cry out but could not. She picked me up finally and placed me on a stone. She raised her axe and came down upon me with a terrific blow. The stone broke under me and I lay still. 'Hard headed brick,' she said, 'I'll fix yer.' With that she fetched a second rock and again placed me, this time swinging the axe around her head. The force of that blow severed all my connection with my fellow *bats* at last. One by one she gathered them in and beat them to dust. 'From dust we came and unto dust we must return,' thought I, and, at the sight, particles of moisture gathered on my broken face. She caught me up, the last corner of the broken brick, and tried to mash me, but there she met her match. I was all too hard. She had *enough* dust any way, and with that she threw me into the corner of the fence and left. The next day she came out again with a knife, and coming straight up to me, scraped that thing on my face, much like a doctor does the arm of a patient for vaccination. Now, what under the sun did I want to be treated for small-pox that way at this late day? I never needed vaccination, though I *have seen* some bricks that looked as though they had the small-pox. Well, she scraped me—well, just like the doctor does the arm of a patient—but I afterwards learned that she merely wanted to sharpen the meat knife.

"The next day, after the cook was through with me, there came the little boy of the house, caught me up and threw me at his mother's pet chicken. Well, unlike the winged bats of nature, I flew straight to the mark. The chicken,

too, found me a hard brick. With a caw, she dropped over with a fracture of the bill. They said this chicken had teeth, but it never had them any more—I knocked them all out. By order of that boy's mother, I was next day thrown into the garbage wagon, along with everything else of a size that that boy could throw, and consigned to the trash pile at the river. I, heavy and hard, sunk to the bottom and lodged on this mud bank here, where you found me."

Here the voice paused, and then went on: "You see, therefore, that I was once an honorable brick. I have done my duty, and my life as a brick is over. The water has slowly disintegrated me as it ran over me on the bank, but I am a hard brick yet, and my corners are still sharp. Try me and see; there's a hawk on yonder tree." "I'll try you," I said, and with that I raised up from my seat by the tree and threw with all my might at the bird. It struck a limb glancingly, and, flying over the creek, hit the water with a dull splash, and disappeared. That brick-bat was gone. I watched the ripples on the water for a few minutes, and, placing my hands in my pockets, sauntered up the slope to the house.

T., '05.

The Boundary of Our State

It is not my intention to write a history of the State, but will be content to mention a very few instances, to prove the fact, that South Carolina has always taken a place in the front rank of her sister States.

South Carolina was the first State to throw off the rule of the proprietors and become a royal province. Her sons were foremost in the prosecution of the war for American independence, and also in all other conflicts that our country has had with other powers. And then, too, she was the first State to secede from the Union, and was ever in the forefront in the great struggle that followed. However, it is

not such facts as these, but the separation from North Carolina, with which I wish to deal; and especially with the peculiar shape of the line which divides the two States.

Now, some will be inclined to say that all this discussion is out of place, and will impatiently ask, why I make such a great ado about nothing. My reply to such comments is, that I have tried to add something to the very little that has already been written about that important event. Again, there are some who will have doubts about the truthfulness of the incidents that follow. In order that such unbelievers may cast out all doubts, I will say that the person who told the facts to me, was one whose reputation for truthfulness went unquestioned. As for me, I give him full credit for the whole of the account. But, alas, poor soul, he is dead, and I alone am left to tell the tale. This is very unfortunate, since he could have added greater force to the telling. Thus realizing my unfitness for the task, I shall begin and ask that you let your imagination fill in any portion of these incidents that may seem incomplete.

South Carolina was made a separate province in 1729, but it was not until 1738, nine years later, that the boundary line was run out. But nine years was not a long time in those days, when men traveled on foot and lived a hundred years. Three commissioners were appointed to survey the line, and they carried along with them all the servants necessary to do their cooking and carry their baggage. Two of the commissioners, Harris and Simpson, lived near the coast, where the boundary starts, and the third one, Philips, lived farther inland, just where the boundary makes its first bend. So it was agreed between the three, that Simpson and Harris should start the line, near their homes, and run it by the home of Phillips, thus saving him the trouble of going down to the coast. In due time, the party arrived at the home of Philips, where he joined them. As Philips was a loyal son of South Carolina, his home was left in the Palmetto State.

After remaining here for several days to refresh themselves, they decided to proceed with their work, and run the line directly west.

It must not be supposed that these commissioners worked every day. That would be requiring too much of men who lived in an age when there was more time than anything else. There being no reason for hurry, they availed themselves of every opportunity to attend camp-meetings, picnics, fox hunting, parties, public dinners, and all other forms of public amusement common to that day. When there was nothing better to be done, they always resumed their work.

In this free and easy manner, the line was extended westward, without any change in direction, until nearly half of the work had been accomplished. They were then at the point where the line, without any apparent reason, changes squarely to the north and wanders about in a broken line, for several miles. However, there were some very good reasons for every change made here, as I shall presently show. The party had, for several days, proceeded without interruption, in a westward direction. But they stopped for a few days' rest at Cureton's farm, near the point where the line turns northward.

There has always been some uncertainty as to what attractions there were at this farm to keep them there so long. Many think that our heroes went to the dances that occurred so constantly around there, and were indifferent as to whether or not they progressed with their work. Whether this is true or not, I cannot say; but certain it is, that they sampled some excellent corn whiskey while they were there. And when they were told that it was made at a distillery just a few miles to the north, they decided to go by the still, and get enough to carry them through the mountainous part of their journey.

As soon as they were out of sight of Cureton's farm, they changed their course to the north in search of the whiskey

still. After going in this new direction for one day, they were informed that the still was further to the west, whereupon, they changed their direction more to the west, and after traveling a few miles in this direction, found the still on Sugar Creek. Here they remained for many days, eating, drinking and making merry, but with no thought that to-morrow they might die. The liquor was better than all expectations. But at length their famished appetites were moderated, and they began again to turn their thoughts to the work in hand.

Now, at that time, there lived on the Catawba River, some miles south of the whiskey still, one Mrs. Mason, a very old lady. She had often heard that the climate in South Carolina was very unhealthy, and she had always hoped that she would never have to live in South Carolina. Therefore, when she learned that the line would likely go to the north of her home, she was greatly distressed. She at once dispatched a messenger to the still, with her trouble, and a request to the commissioners that if it wouldn't be too much trouble, she would like to be left in North Carolina, as she feared the change to an unhealthy climate might prove fatal, at her advanced age.

The messenger arrived just as the party, laden with jugs and demijohns, was starting out. Although they had determined to let nothing else change them from their westward course, yet they were so full of either love or whiskey, that they cheerfully changed their course to the southwest, just to let the good old lady remain in North Carolina. The servants, however, were so heavily burdened with demijohns, that they were permitted to proceed by the shortest route to Armor's, the nearest ford on the Catawba River. Here they rested until the surveyors could run a line to the south of Mrs. Mason's home, and then rejoin the whiskey relay at Armor's Ford.

And here, before we go any further, let me say that, regardless of what others may think, there is no doubt in my mind, that by being left in a healthy climate, many years were added to that good lady's life. At any rate, she was still living many years later, though it is doubtful if she is living yet.

The party having safely arrived at Armor's Ford, it seemed that there was nothing in the way to prevent them from once more resuming the westward direction. But we find from our maps, that this they did not do. The line tends slightly toward the northwest.

Various explanations have been offered to account for this fact. Some say that the commissioners all being from South Carolina, they intentionally inclined the line to the north to obtain some mountain country for the State. Others say that it was done to gain back as much as had been lost with Mrs. Mason.

But I am inclined to disbelieve all such selfish motives on the part of such noble men. I rather believe the explanation accepted by those who know most about the matter, and I recommend it to those who wish to be on the safe side. The explanation is that the compass was affected during its sojourn at the whiskey still. The needle became so completely saturated with the intoxicating odors from the liquor, that it lost its head, and forever afterwards went astray, deviating from the way it should go. It constantly turned its nose toward the mountains, to catch the scented breezes from the hidden distilleries.

There remains but little more to be told. When the commissioners arrived at the foot of the mountains, their liquors were nearly exhausted. Thus, deprived of any stimulator, they were compelled to pass along the base of the mountains, instead of passing over them. It is true, that several small mountains were passed over, but when they came to such peaks as "Cæsar's Head," they were compelled to surround

them. Thus we see for the want of whiskey, South Carolina has been deprived of its share of the mountains, and North Carolina has thereby gained a double share of them. This, no doubt, is the reason why North Carolina is more devoted to whiskey than is South Carolina.

Their labors having been faithfully performed, our party turned its steps homeward. We shall not bother to accompany them on their return journey. We will just remark that they again visited the famous whiskey still, and while there they inquired about the health of Mrs. Mason. It is needless to say that she was reported as greatly improved in health, since all suspicions of disease had been removed. Microbes of malaria, mosquitoes and yellow flies had been confined to their proper habitation.

The Decay of Nations

In reading history, we are struck with the number of nations that have passed from the world powers into oblivion. We read of Israel, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and so on down the long line—nations that at one time or another have each been the most powerful in the world. Alexander the Great, at the height of his glory, when Greece had overrun all Asia, sighed for more worlds to conquer. Yet little did he think that before many decades had passed Greece would cease to exist as a nation. Time was when to be a Roman citizen was the highest honor a man could wish, and Rome proudly styled herself "Mistress of the World." In spite of all this grandeur and glory, however, Rome, too, was blotted from the map of nations. And so the story reads the whole way through. Nation after nation has risen, and for the space of a few short years has run its course with meteoric grandeur and glory, at the end of that time only to sink forever into the sea of oblivion.

Why is it, then, that to-day we hear of these nations only in history? Why could they not have remained at the height of their glory? What has been the cause of their downfall and ruin? Surely there must be some reason for all this. Some dreadful malady must have caused the decay and death of all these nations.

Yes, there were causes for this—dreadful maladies attacking nations and sapping their very life-blood. In view of these facts, then, let us consider some of the things which cause the “*decay of nations*.”

The first cause of decay which we would mention is the policy of social and religious intolerance pursued by some countries. All movements toward social and religious reform tend to the betterment and moral uplifting of a nation. They show *unmistakable* signs of the development of individuality and of individual improvement. To stamp out free thinkers on such questions is to rob the country of some of its best men. It was this spirit of intolerance which “burned the heretic at the stake, banished the Huguenot, destroyed the lover of freedom, and silenced the agitator.” Did this spirit ever bring good to any nation? Spain introduced the “Terrors of the Inquisition” to make the Dutch accept the Catholic religion, and what was the result? They rose in revolt; after a long and bloody war won their independence, and Spain lost one of the fairest parts of her magnificent empire.

By the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the banishing of the Huguenots, France lost a great part of her best and most law-abiding citizens, a people, without whom and whose descendants, France can never hope to occupy so high a place among the nations as she would otherwise have done. The nation which pursues such policies as these must *inevitably* decline.

Another fruitful cause of decay was the tendency of earlier nations to oppress and grind down the working class. The

history of the first years of Rome is that of one continuous struggle between the Patricians and the down-trodden Plebians. And, mark my words, Rome did not achieve greatness until she righted the wrongs she had done to the common people.

Later on, in Europe, feudalism increased this tendency, in some cases with very disastrous results. The families of noblemen were raised up in luxury and comfort, with never a thought of anything but pleasure. They refused to work, thus laying an extra burden on the already over-taxed peasants or common people. In France, this was the direct cause of the French Revolution and Reign of Terror—a time, the horror and degradation of which have never been equalled in the history of the world. It is needless here to recount the horrible scenes enacted in those days when men were slaughtered like oxen, and human blood ran as water. Suffice it to say that in this case the old adage, "Survival of the Fit," was reversed, and we see the "Survival of the Unfit." And this it was which was most to be lamented. The people who perished at this time, while some of them may have been vicious and cruel, were literally the best the nation had—best from the standpoint of morals, education and race development. Since that time these people, the flower of France, have been without descendants. The men who remained were far more brutal and degraded than those whom they had guillotined; the women far less beautiful and refined than those at whose death they had jeered and shouted. And, although these things happened years ago, France feels the effects thereof to this day.

Next, let us look at the effects of vice and corruption upon the health of a nation. These include the drink and drug habits, and are worse than the ones just mentioned, inasmuch as they further and help them along. These evils brought about the downfall of the Israelites and the Assyrians, the Arabs, and the Moors. Little vices, insignificant

as they may seem at first, like the small leak in a dyke, gradually increase in volume until they burst all barriers, and deluge the whole country with their pernicious and degrading influences.

In speaking on this subject, Bishop Candler sums up his argument in these words: "All the nations that have risen and perished have died as suicides. They died not while their veins ran full and strong with the warm currents of healthy blood, kept pure by poverty and struggle. They staggered under self-inflicted blows inspired by brains heated by the intoxication of luxury and hearts corrupted by the surfeiting of wealth."

A picture on a calendar recently gotten out, shows very clearly the hold which these vices have upon the people of to-day. An automobile comes flying down the road, amid great clouds of dust and dirt. On the front of it is a huge "Death's Head," a ghastly, hideous grin from ear to ear. In its mouth are two lines which go back to the seat. Here we see a young man and a young woman, the very picture of health. Both are handsome, and on their faces we see the red flush of young manhood and womanhood. The lines lie loosely in the woman's lap, while the man holds uplifted a glass of sparkling wine. A short distance in front of them is a steep precipice, towards which they are going as fast as the machine can carry them. Under the picture we read these words, "Who cares?"

In this picture there is a moral taught. It ought to warn us against the great impending dangers towards which we are at this day madly rushing on. Do not the words show clearly the tendency of the present generation? Do we not see to-day young men and young women, intoxicated with pleasure, and drunken with wine, hastening to as certain destruction as that which awaits those in our picture? And think for one moment what the guiding power of the machine is. It is controlled solely and completely by the

Death's Head, which is steering it straight as an arrow for the precipice. We turn away in horror; for a moment more, and they will be hurled to death on the rocks below.

"But," we say, "can nothing be done to save them? Do they not know of the danger which awaits them?" Yes, they do know, but "Who cares?" "Who cares?"

But great as the evils already mentioned are, there is one evil greater and more far-reaching than all of them—war. War has destroyed more men, made fatherless more children, and caused the decay of more nations, than have any three causes.

One of the English poets warns his country against this slaughtering of men in the following words:

"O, thou, whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never run,
O Cromwell's England, must thou yield
For every foot of ground a son?

"What matter if our galleys ride
Pine-forest like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Stern warders of the house of pain.

"Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet,
The flower of England's chivalry?
Wild grasses are their winding-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

"Peace, peace, we wrong our noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
*But childless and with thorn-crowned head
Up the steep road must England go."*

A nation mourns not only for its unreturning brave, but also for the fair women and brave men who would have been the offspring of these courageous soldiers. Therefore,

we see that war not only destroys the best men of a nation, but, in addition, it deprives the country of these noble warriors' descendants, the latter evil being by far the greater of the two. This latter evil was the cause of the decline of Greece. Her noble sons left no offspring; and the fathers of her later generations were the stable-boys, scullions and slaves, of whom she could make no use in her Asiatic conquests. In a recent war, a poet, lamenting this state of affairs, appealed thus to her:

"Of all thy thousands grant us three
To make a new Thermopylae."

But Greece had not three, not even *one*, such as had stood at Thermopylae, and she soon succumbed to the fierce onslaughts of the Turks.

"Rome perished for want of men." Not that her population was small, but that those who were left were not real men. In numerous wars and civil strifes she had slain all her best men, chief of whom were the "small farmers," the "hardy dwellers on the flanks of the Appennines," for, as says a prominent writer, "The main spring of the Roman army for centuries had been the patient strength and courage, capacity for enduring hardships, instinctive submission to military discipline, of the population which lined the ranges of the Appennines." In the wars, the ranks of these men were terribly thinned out, while the number of slaves who did not go to the war, increased very greatly. *"Only cowards remained, and from their brood came the new generations."* As has aptly been said, "The barbarians settled and peopled the Roman empire, rather than conquered it."

Having shown the effects of war upon nations, let us glance at some of those which are more peaceably inclined. The phenomenal success of Japan in the present war is due, in no small degree, to the fact that for two centuries she has enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace. During this time her

manly and noble sons have remained at home, and become the fathers of the present generations. And, now, when the crucial test has come, Japan, who has husbanded her strength for two hundred years, is able, with scarce a handful of men, to defeat warlike Russia with all her millions.

Having considered the causes which lead to the decay of nations, the question naturally presents itself, "Will this be the case with America?" Shall it be with us as Lord Byron says it is with other nations:

"Here is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom and then glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last;
And History with all her volumes vast
Hath but *one* page."

America is at present the richest country in the world, and she is growing richer every year. What shall we do with this wealth? Shall we so worship the goddess of pleasure and of wine that we shall be blind to our duties to higher beings? Shall we sit with folded arms while we are being borne on this ever-increasing tide of evil to a death terrible, swift and sure? Unless we do something to stop this tendency, there awaits us at the end of our journey an ignominious death and eternal oblivion.

Let the American people rise in their manhood, and say to the world, "Behold a country where God is known and honored; a country where speech and thought are as free as the open air; a country untainted by the vice and corruption of wealth! Then shall we have a noble country indeed! A nation that will withstand the repeated onslaughts of disease and decay, and that will last till the Archangel sounds his trumpet and time is turned into eternity.

R. F. GOODING.

John Carew, Cavalryman

For many days there had been a succession of forced marches, skirmishes and manoeuvring for positions, and on this, the eve of a memorable battle, Stewart's cavalry was camped on the edge of a dense forest, at the foot of a small mountain.

Occasionally a scout would drop in, report and quickly ride away. The veterans of the saddle, safe under the protection of their comrades on duty, were wearily preparing their scanty meal and paying not the least attention to the dull and ominous growl of distant artillery. Their dirt-begrimed, ragged and blood-stained uniforms, with careworn faces, told plainly of the severe service they had seen lately.

Some hours later, towards evening, while the blood-red sun, gazing angrily with his single eye through the misty, smoky atmosphere at these messengers of death, was slowly settling himself among the leafy treetops, a solitary horseman was outlined on the top of the mountain. Something about this horseman (or was it the horse) attracted the attention of a group of soldiers sitting and lounging on the wavy grass in front of their tents. As the horse and rider drew nearer, one of the soldiers muttered a few words to his companions, and then their weary faces were lit up with smiles. The horseman rode into camp, and, tethering his horse some distance away, strolled up to the group of loungers.

"Pretty good little scrap over yonder," he remarked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, and, raking up a handful of twigs, which he deposited upon the dying embers of a fire, preparatory to cooking his evening meal.

As he stood, leaning against a tree, waiting for his small piece of meat to cook, one could not help but admire him. Tall, handsome, graceful, this trooper was the impersonation of manly beauty and physical endurance. A well shaped

head, surmounted by a heavy growth of rich black tangled hair, was firmly set upon a pair of broad, athletic shoulders. The piercing black eyes, twinkling merrily in mischief or flashing unquenchable fire in anger, set in fringed sockets, beneath delicately arched brows; the high forehead, square jaw, firm chin, all proclaimed this man's character.

One defect, if indeed it may be called a defect, was evident when he was not in the saddle. Continued riding had given him the inevitable "Cavalry Bend."

Such was John Carew, cavalryman.

John was idolized by his comrades. Not a day passed that he did not play some practical joke on a fellow-trooper, and sometimes he even dared to commit a folly with a superior officer. Punishment—well, he had received his share, and now an act that would have caused another fellow to be sent to the outposts for a week, was only laughed at in John Carew. In battle, he fought like one possessed of the devil; in camp, he was a mischief maker.

Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to sit for hours with his comrades, telling some absurd yarn, and the greater the danger that threatened him, the more absurd was the story.

On this night, just a few hours before the beginning of one of the greatest recorded battles in history, John Carew told the following story:

"Well, boys, I don't suppose that any of you are particularly anxious to go to hell when you are dead, and most certainly not while you are still living. It might have been my fever, but I'll swear by a stack of Bibles waist high that I went there last night."

For several seconds he sat looking intently at some glowing embers, and puffing rapidly at his pipe. The group of soldiers around him nudged each other, drew up closer, puffed their pipes, and waited.

"Col. Harrison's regiment was considerably mixed up in that skirmish over yonder yesterday," he resumed, "and I got a scratch in my temple, but I didn't dream it, I know." He put his hand up to his head and parted the thick black hair. A deep jagged furrow was cut in the side of his head by a minie ball, and showed up red and ugly in the firelight. "It is better now," he said, in answer to their anxious looks. "They had put me in bed, and it was about midnight when I woke up. For a long time I lay in a semi-conscious condition, when suddenly I was aroused by a distant and peculiar noise. The air was dense, and from the sky, empaneled in heavy black bands, at irregular intervals, forked tongues of lightning shot forth, accompanied by that dull roar of thunder, the warning guns of heaven. All of a sudden, there was a tremendous flapping of wings, and a flash of lightning, more prolonged and brilliant than its fellows, outlined at my tent door a huge black owl, whose eyes, green as emerald, shone with dazzling brilliancy throughout the tent. When the light had died away there was absolute silence for a while, and then I heard one of the most dismal, heart-rending cries of all my life. Thrice did this ebony-hued creature repeat the cry, then, with another mighty flap of his wings, he was gone. Far out in the forest his mate answered in tones equally doleful.

"I lay like one stunned, not daring to move, and afraid to breathe. An irresistible desire seized upon me, and trembling with fear, I hastily dressed myself and left the tent. The same unseen power led my halting footsteps away from the bivouac and into the forest. The lightning had ceased, but the clouds grew denser, and the pitchy darkness closed in all around me. Light was unnecessary, however, for, as a small scrap of iron is inexplicably drawn towards a large magnet, so was I drawn onward by that something in the possession of my soul, and of which I could not even conjecture. Onward and onward I walked, until it seemed that

I should never reach my destination. My only desire was to press onward. Once I emerged from the thick undergrowth, but came precipitately to the edge of a deep pit, the presence of which was made known more by intuitiveness than by mechanical efforts, and I turned about, only to stagger back from the mouth of a yawning chasm, from the depths of which there appeared to my dazed imagination a conglomeration of distorted, deformed demons, hurling balls of fire at each other, and emitting the most horrible cries. Long I stood there, spell-bound, gazing with idiotic fascination into those mighty depths, till at last, almost overcome by the nerve-racking cries and powerful odors, issuing forth in clouds of colored smoke, I turned away and plunged forward into black emptiness; stumbled, fell, staggered to my feet, fell again—and plunged head downward into a gaping abyss.

“At last I awoke, and there, standing before me was an object, a description of which is well nigh impossible. It stood, perhaps, three feet high. The shanks were thin, and were terminated by large flat webbed flaps. An abnormally large head, from which shone what appeared to be a pair of freshly blown coals, was ripped by a horizontal slit through its entire width. This creature motioned to me, and I, obedient to some will more powerful than my own, followed him. The path it chose was rough, and it was with difficulty that I dragged my leaden feet in the wake of its agile little body. Many and dangerous were the paths we threaded, it dashing ahead, actively scaling precipitous peaks and fearlessly descending into the ugly mouths of terrible looking caverns, and I painfully and hesitatingly following. A faint yellow light appeared intermittently in the distance, and towards it my guide hastened. The fearful cries, the groaning and rasping of tumultuous rocks, and the overwhelming odors of the horrible place we were in had benumbed my senses, and I plodded wearily after my guide.

"We had now entered a dark tunnel, the ragged walls of which, dank with slimy ooze, were alive with peculiarly shaped, sinuous reptiles. Suddenly we came to the end of the tunnel, and the magnificent sun, shining in its ever present resplendence, shed its sweet effulgence on the beautiful scenery about me. Dazed, dreaming, I stood there, blinking idiotically, while that imp of Satan sat perched upon a rocky eminence, grinning at my amazement. The weather was of spring; nature was in her glory; everything appeared to be perfect. On one side of a rippling brook a herd of soft-eyed, glossy-backed cows grazed and lowed in the rich, wavy grass, while on the other side a flock of merinos calmly stood and watched their young, running and playing in the height of their mischief. In the branches of a tall, gnarled old oak, standing like a sentinel in the middle of the pasture, many nimble-limbed squirrels jumped and chattered, while higher up a bevy of highly-colored birds vied with each other in the production of song. A gentle slope led up to the top of a high mountain in the distance, from the top of which, carelessly leaping from crag to crag, was plainly discernable a pair of chamois, and lower down the mountain a few antelopes were slowly and carefully picking their way to their licks. Far out to the left, I could see the dome of a mighty building stretching itself into the skies.

"As I looked at these, the works of art and nature, I was aroused by the far-off hoot of an owl, far back in those depths from which I had just come, and I shuddered as I made the contrast. I looked around for my escort, but he was gone. Afraid to remain near that horrible place any longer, I made my way hurriedly towards that building in the distance. Not a soul was in sight, but the freshness of the fields and the presence of animals forced one to conclude that the place was inhabited by some one. As I walked along, I pondered heavily. Vague thoughts seized upon my mind and distorted it into insinuating suppositions.

What was the meaning of all this? Was I really dead or dreaming?

"Gradually coming up to that wonderful building, I was impressed by its magnificence and extent. It seemed to spread itself over infinite space, and carved of solid stone, the rarest morsel of inventive genius. A worthy description of such a building cannot be written.

"Walking up to a large door, I vigorously rang the bell, and in answer, there ambled forth a creature, the exact counterpart of my former guide. With a hideous grin, that sent my blood cold, this gaily bedecked creature motioned me to follow him. He conducted me through a great many richly furnished apartments, and presently we stood before an exceptionally beautifully carved door. Something prompted me to look up, and I stood paralyzed. God in heaven! what I saw there was enough to send my heart out of my mouth. Printed in large, prominent letters, were these words

"THIS IS HELL."

"Underneath were printed in smaller capitals,

"SATAN'S PRIVATE CONSULTING OFFICE."

"I stood for perhaps a moment, then, my voice coming to me in a gasp, I let out one of the most blood-curdling screams that ever issued from the mouth of human being, and I would have dashed out of the place, but that demon in the possession of my soul willed otherwise, and I must stay and see it out. I kept repeating the words above the door, and at each repetition I unconsciously laid more stress on the second word. I had scarcely regained my senses, when the door flew open, and I was in the presence of the Devil!

"There he sat, a powerful scaly monster, his long forked tail and webbed feet coiled beneath his sinuous body, and in his mouth, from which protruded long yellow tusks, he held

a fragrant cigar. His fiery eyes were rapidly following his long, claw-like fingers over the files of many documents, and for some moments he did not notice me.

"My mind was a blank during this short interval, and when he finally looked up, and seeing me, began unwinding his long, ugly body from the chair, I was so afraid that I became brave, and laughed in his face. 'Why, hello there, John Carew; by the great horn spoon,' he said, 'I am so glad to see you. Have a cigar and tell me about the boys as you smoke; I can spare a few moments.' His manners were so friendly that I was reassured, and following him to a seat, I gave him a brief account of each of you. The more we talked together, the better I felt, and at the end of a few hours, I felt perfectly safe in his company."

Here, John Carew stopped, and, replenishing his pipe, smoked quietly for several minutes, while his comrades, used as they were to his wonderful stories, huddled themselves together, and gazed with awe and amazement at their hero.

"Becoming more and more at ease," he continued, presently, "I critically surveyed and noted every detail of the furnishings. The carpets were rich and soft, and rockers, lounges and sofas were promiscuously scattered about. On the wall, to the right of his beautiful desk, there was a small push-button of solid silver, set in trimmings of gold. Double sliding doors, half open, revealed the presence of a large library, the books in which were beautifully bound in gilt. A flood of light beamed from clustered chandeliers, and I smoked and was satisfied.

"Presently, the devil asked me if I desired to be shown around, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he kindly consented to act as guide. By this time I was perfectly at ease, and I remarked to myself, when we had returned, 'If this is hell, I'm glad I came;' but the worst was yet to come.

"When I was seated, Satan told me to make myself comfortable, while he finished a little business on his hands just

then, and I proceeded to do as I was bid. Settling back in a big easy rocker, with a fragrant cigar between my lips, I thought of you boys back here, and, honestly, I wouldn't have traded places with you if I could. I was certainly feeling good. Presently I made bold to walk about in the rooms and explore them more thoroughly. Hardly had I reached the door, when the devil, hastily rising, called out to me, 'Don't hurry, John, I'll attend to you in a moment,' and he pushed several times upon the silver button in the wall. I stood there trembling, all my fear returned, and went sick when I heard the threatening rattle of chains in the next room. A creature in the devil's own image appeared before the devil, and for my life, I could not tell from where he came. Sergeant's chevrons were on his sleeves, and his mien was subdued in Satan's presence. He who held my fate in his hands calmly gave his orders, while I, with bated breath, stood listening and trembling. Not one word was spoken about me, and, when he had dismissed his sergeant, I was feeling very much relieved. Glancing up, Satan saw me crouching at the door, and he called out in loud, distinct tones, 'By the way, Moloch, heat up No. 48 for John Carew.' "

John's story was interrupted at this point by a most thrilling yell, emitted from the lusty throat of one of his hearers. It seems that this absurd yarn had so wrought upon the nerves of one of the soldiers, that just at this point, when a large owl, perched upon a limb just over him, had hooted at the story, he could contain himself no longer. It was with some difficulty that he was quieted, and when those old soldiers came back to hear the end of the story, John Carew, wrapped comfortably in his large blankets, was peacefully sleeping.

Turbulent Waters

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WOVEN INTO A SPIDER'S WEB."

A light touch on his shoulder, and a calm, sweet, musical voice brought our dreamy and contented lover from out his quiet musings. It was the touch of one whose sweet and gentle disposition had led him to make his final declaration of love, to which came in a faint voice the answer, "Yes," She was the first to break the silence since her answer. For their love was too deep for utterance. Sitting at her feet, with his back turned partially to her, he had been enjoying the "love ditty" of the queen of birds, the mocking-bird. As he sat there in his dreamy reverie, it seemed to him that the soul of this queen was reiterating the declaration which he had just made, yet in far more beautiful language. But the soft touch of his fair companion brought him from this fairy land of dreams.

Charley, our love has only existed during the calm; we have not had a tinge of romance, have we? I have always wished that my courtship might be tinged with a touch of romance. I would like to perform the part of a heroine."

"What do you mean, Helen? Do let me act the part of the hero in the story of 'Helen of Troy.'"

"Yes, yes, yes; just the way of men. They always are knocking at the door of fame or fortune."

Little thought they that before their courtship was to reach the smooth sailing waters of the gulf that it was destined to wend its way over a high precipice, and through a dark chasm, which at one point in its career a little obstruction would have turned it into the stormy and turbulent waters of the Atlantic. Yet she could have truly quoted the little lines:

"God doth move in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform."

The shadows of evening began to quietly envelop them. Storing the clover garland which she had wreathed for him away in his pocket, he gave her his arm and they silently and slowly wended their way along the grassy path and hawthorne hedge to her home, where there was the usual good-night kiss at his departure.

On the morning following, when he awoke somewhat later than usual, the early morning journals had been brought. Picking up one of the papers, he was confronted with the following headline in glaring letters: "Old Gen. Farmer Murdered."

Then with haste and with fevered excitement, he read the few details, which were vague. It seemed that robbery was not the intent of the one who committed the deed, for his watch and purse had been left untouched.

Without getting his breakfast, he started for the home of his betrothed, whom he knew was in great grief over the death of her father, for she was the idol of his heart. He was nearing the spot, where the crime had been committed, when there was a heavy hand laid on his shoulder from behind, and a detective placed him under arrest. Although he made bitter denial against such a charge, he was hurried to the jail. There the detective told him that one Henry R— had reported him to the authorities as being the last man seen with Gen. Farmer prior to his death. He said that about 8 o'clock in the evening, he passed you and the old General on the sidewalk. He further said that you two were in a hot dispute over something, and that he heard you remark, "She shall be my wife, though I cross your dead body in possessing her."

With downcast eyes, young Charley H— acknowledged that he had made some such remark. He then told his captor of the interview between Gen. Farmer and himself on the night previous.

"I left Helen, his daughter, at her gate about dark. Proceeding slowly on my way home, I met her father, whereupon we entered into a light conversation. After much meandering I succeeded in telling him that his daughter had given me her promise and that with his consent we would hasten the happy day. When, much to my disappointment, he became furious and threatened to thrash me and disinherit his beautiful and much loved daughter, should we attempt such a mad act. At first I was quiet, but his raving got me rattled, and I do remember saying that I would make her my wife although I be compelled to cross his dead body in so doing. Yet those hastily spoken words were barely beyond my jurisdiction before they were regretted. My soul had already warmed to the old man, for his daughter was his only comfort left to him in his old age. He had always given her her every desire, and I realized then that had I left this to her, she would have successfully anchored it. Yet little thought I that these hastily spoken words, precipitately uttered, would ever be more thoughtfully considered."

After quietly listening to the statement, the detective closed the cell door upon the prisoner, and quietly walked out, leaving him to meditate over the happy yesterday, the gloomy to-day, and the (?) to-morrow. The only consolation which the prisoner received was a short note from Helen, which thus ran:

"I am not able to see you, yet I know you guiltless of the crime of which you are accused."

They were few and hastily written, yet they comforted him to know that she, the one for whom he lived, yet trusted in him.

The day slowly crept by, and after a restless night, broken by unhappy dreams, he was taken before the council for investigation. Circumstantial evidence doomed him for the spider's web. Although counsel for defense were employed,

and spoke with fiery eloquence in his behalf, the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree, and the judge sentenced him to be hanged. Helen came often to see him, and gave him comfort, saying that she would do all she could to yet save him to her. It was on one of these visits that while she was returning to her house that she passed by the place of her father's murder. Noticing scattered fragments of brick lying about on the pavement, and remembering that she had discovered a small fragment of the same sort in her father's coat pocket when he was brought home, she immediately formed a theory. Looking up at the high tower, she saw where a brick had been dislodged. Going to the janitor, who lived near-by, she questioned him concerning the rubbish which he had carried away from the place on the morning following the murder of her father. He did not remember carrying any brick away, but showed her the rubbish which he had hauled away that morning. After some examining in the pile of refuse, she discovered the fateful brick, and there, too, were blood-stains on it. Now, if the theory which she had formed was only true, her lover would have his freedom in twenty-four hours.

Hastening to the Sheriff's home, she entreated him to appoint a committee of investigators to consider her theory. After a thorough examination into the facts, the committee gave as their final report the following:

"To J. H. W—, Sheriff of C— County, State of S. C.:

"June 6th, 18—.

"Sir: After a long and thorough examination of the facts given us and of the vicinity in which the crime was committed, we, the appointed committee, have arrived at the following conclusions: that Gen. Farmer was not murdered by the accused, Charley H—; that no person or persons are responsible for his death; that the deceased came to his death by being struck on the head by a brick which having become

decayed during the winter, became loosened in its place, and on this fateful evening was dislodged by a gust of wind or some unknown cause, and on account of its loftiness attained a very great velocity by the time it reached its destination. Therefore, we recommend the freedom of the accused, Charley H—, who was convicted on purely circumstantial evidence.

“Respectfully submitted, J. R. K—,
“Chairman Committee of Investigators.”

Upon receipt of the above, the Sheriff forwarded it by telegraph to the Governor, who at once sent the Sheriff necessary papers for the pardon of our much-wronged prisoner. Going to the cell of the prisoner, the jailor gave him his freedom, and whispered these words in his ear: “A woman hath saved you.”

Going into the outer office, they came upon Helen, who was waiting there to receive her lover, whose life she had won. Their meeting was very, very emotional, which might be expected under existing circumstances.

A few days later, Charley H— and wife strolled out to the same big rock on which they had enjoyed themselves so much on the evening of the calm which had preceded the storm.

J. V. PHILLIPS, '06.

Roads

Almost from time immemorial, there have been routes for communication between places of importance, but it is not known definitely what people first conceived the idea of building roads. We learn of road-building in the early Scriptures, and we are told that the Carthaginians developed the art quite extensively, and that the Romans learned it from them. However old it may be, in some countries a woeful ignorance of the subject prevails.

Roads may be considered a fair index of the civilization of a country. If we examine the history of a nation that has risen from a state of savagery to a higher enlightened degree of refinement, we shall find that as they increased in population, wealth, and intelligence, their roads were improved in a corresponding degree. The roads of a country form a primary element in its material and social development, and their construction and improvement are evidences of its growth and progress. They may be compared to the root and branches of a tree, reaching out in different directions and acting as channels by which food is taken in for the development of the tree. They are the circulatory system of a nation by which the life-giving elements are distributed, and as we increase the number and efficiency of roads, the remote parts of the nation are more fully developed. On the other hand, if there are not a sufficient number of roads, the extreme parts must suffer and remain undeveloped.

The effect of roads upon city development is very marked. Cities are to a large extent, dependent upon the country around them, and as the number and character of the roads which lead from them are increased and improved, so are the agencies which make for their life and development enlarged and multiplied.

Agriculture is directly dependent upon roads for its success and reward. Roads are the medium by which the field products are transferred to the city and the heavy fertilizing materials and other necessities are brought to the farm. Not only this, but the character of the roads affect the profitability of the farm products. If the roads are poor, the cost of transportation is higher, and the more distant parts of the country cannot engage in diversified farming. But if the roads are of a good character, the cost of transportation is reduced to the minimum, and the farmers are enabled to produce various crops, that would otherwise be unprofitable. Examples of this kind may be found in different parts

of the world. In South America, the carcasses of cattle are unprofitable, because of poor transportation facilities. In Spain, valuable crops are allowed to waste for the same reason. In some parts of the United States, agriculture and mining are unprofitable, because of bad roads or no roads at all. Other instances may be given where this condition exists.

The moral and enlightening effect of good roads is almost inestimable. Telford's road, in Scotland, probably did more towards improving the social conditions of that country than any other one agency. Such has been the case in Ireland. In the United States, the rural delivery of mail is dependent upon the roads, and the attendance of children upon the public schools is more or less affected by the public highways. To a great extent, the spreading of religious influences is dependent upon the public road system.

From these facts, we conclude that, if the roads affect the material development of our country, if the effective working of all educational agencies is dependent upon roads, if the moral condition of a community or a State may be improved by improving the roads, it becomes us as intelligent citizens, to increase our knowledge of road-building and to endeavor to apply it.

J. E. JOHNSON.

An Experience

Sitting on the deck of the trim four-masted schooner Alice, two days out from Key West, on a beautiful summer night, the captain, a gray-haired veteran of many a fierce battle with the sea, told me the following story of how he nearly lost his life at the beginning of his career:

"It was on one of my first trips, my second, I think it was, that I shipped on the three-master Lucky Star, then working along the New England coast. The old schooner was in pretty bad condition, with her rotten spars and rigging and

patched sails, and I would never have taken the job, if I could have found anything else to do; but I had been in the little town for a week without work, and had spent my last cent, so I was glad to take the place. The skipper said that he would leave with the flood tide early the next morning, and advised me to spend the night on board. Accordingly I went to my room, got my belongings, and carried them down to the ship. The crew soon found that I knew very little about the sea, and of course, jollied me a bit; but after that I got along well enough with the men, who were really a good-natured set of fellows.

"Well, we left port before daybreak the next morning, and with a good breeze we were soon well out to sea. We touched at several small places on our way up the coast, unloading our cargo and taking on lumber. The hold of the ship was divided into three compartments, for the convenience of unloading, and we had emptied the forward and filled it with lumber, and had almost filled the aft one, when we ran into some heavy weather off the Maine coast. The storm was not very severe, and though the sea was running high and the wind was sharp and bitterly cold, we could have weathered it easily; but part of the cargo worked loose and started some of the seams, which let in the water much faster than the pumps could get it out. There was a slight chance that the vessel would float on her cargo, but it was so slight that no one cared to risk it, so the captain determined to run to the coast, dangerous as it was, and try to get to the leeward of some island.

"I was of little use on deck, so the captain ordered me below to restack as much of the cargo as possible. Glad of a chance to get out of the wind and rain, I hurried to the cabin, got a lantern and went down into the aft-hole. Everything seemed all right, except that the water was already pretty deep, but I could do nothing with that, so I went on to the main hold, which was connected with the aft by a small

door in the partition. Here things were in a terrible state. Boxes and barrels were rolling from side to side in the water, grinding and knocking against the sides of the ship, as if at any moment they would punch a hole through her hull. Hanging up my lantern, I went to work, and in about an hour had the greater number of the boxes piled in the corners of the hold. But during this time the sea had been getting rougher and rougher, and the water had been steadily rising. All at once the bow rose on a great wave; the water rushed towards the stern; I jumped for my lantern, but before I could reach it, it was smashed by the wave, and I was left in total darkness. As the ship pitched downward, I was swept from my feet and rolled over and over amid a great number of boxes. Almost drowned and badly bruised, I scrambled to my feet and felt my way to the door, only to find it wedged by a great box.

"Then I felt the full horror of my position—caught in the hold of a sinking ship, with no chance of escape. I struggled at the box until every muscle in me ached, but instead of loosening, it seemed to wedge tighter. I jumped on it, and tried to break in the top, but it was useless. Giving up all hope of getting out through the door, I tried every board in the partition, but they were all firm and solid. I climbed up on one of the piles of boxes and beat on the deck and called until I was hoarse, but of course, no one could hear me above the roar of the storm.

"Exhausted, I sank down on a box just out of reach of the water. As I sat there in the darkness, with my clothes almost freezing on me, and the cold spray dashing over me, the minutes seemed hours, the regular beat of the pump seemed to go slower and slower, until there was a whole lifetime between the strokes. Each time the ship rose on a wave and then sank down, down, until it seemed as if she would never rise again, I shuddered with fear and crouched back in breathless suspense, and then each time she rose

again, would come the momentary relief. I began thinking how it would end; the water would rise higher and higher, I would be forced up and up, until I could go no farther, and then— I could stand it no longer; with a cry of despair, I dashed for the door, but was immediately driven back by the water.

“I could only wait for help or death. Inch by inch the water rose. It reached my feet. Slowly it climbed up my legs; it reached my knees. The ship was rolling less now and my hopes rose. I thought that we were getting to leeward on an island, but it was not so, for we still kept on. The water in the ship was steadying her. It crept up; it reached my waist and still it rose. My legs were becoming numbed. At last it reached my shoulders, my neck, my chin. The ship gave a lurch and it covered me. I swam out under the hatchway. I could probably keep my head above water here, but a deadly chill was creeping over me, and I knew that I could not last long. Surely it seemed that my absence must have been noticed by this time. I could hear the men walking about above me, not six inches away, and called again and again, but no answer came. What was the use of prolonging my agony. Every time I moved terrible pains shot through my body, and the thought of sinking beneath the cold water no longer seemed so horrible if only I could rest my aching arms. I released my grip for a moment and slowly sank, but the icy chill on my face and head broke the deadly spell, and I struggled up and regained my hold. But soon the spell crept over me again, and I was just releasing my hold for a second time, when the hatch was lifted and drawn back, and a dozen hands reached down and drew me out.”

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

International
Agricultural
Bureau

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is the chief mover in a plan that is being formulated for the establishment of an International Agricultural Bureau. The idea inducing this movement, however, was suggested to the King of Italy by Mr. David Lubin, a citizen of California. In international circles, the project is being much discussed, and notes have been issued



F. C. WYSE
President Columbian Literary Society
Fourth Quarter

to the various powers, calling together an international congress for its consideration. Just what will be the results of this congress, should it meet, cannot be foretold.

The idea involved in this movement seems to be that the price of agricultural products is not determined by local and national conditions alone, but also, pre-eminently by international conditions. Also, that at present this international field, in regulating these prices, is completely controlled by commerce and finance to the exclusion of the rightful party in interest—the farmer; whereas, through the aid of the proposed International Bureau, the prices will be regulated and fixed with a strict regard to the interests of the farmer. This certainly is a very nearly correct view of the situation, and a reversal of this situation would be of inestimable value to the farmers and would turn to them millions of dollars which now go to swell the coffers of those who “Toil not, neither do they spin.”

**The Summer
School for
Teachers**

The State summer school for teachers will be held at Clemson this year. Clemson is to be congratulated on being chosen as the place for holding this session of the summer school, and will no doubt be vastly benefited by it. There are numerous ways in which Clemson may be benefited by this assembly of the teachers of the State. The public school teachers are the ones who will come here, and as they are the ones who prepare our boys for college, if they will be observant enough to note the perfect equipment of Clemson and draw therefrom the proper conclusions as to the advantages Clemson is prepared to offer, it will be a means of bringing about a more favorable consideration of Clemson, when it is to be decided to which college these boys shall go. This, of course, will be very desirable, notwithstanding the fact that Clemson does not necessarily need advertising in order to get students, for being favorably known is conducive to the prosperity of any institution.

However, Clemson will not take to itself all of the good that is to be derived from this assembly of teachers. Clemson is an ideal place for study, and with the strong faculty that is being engaged, will afford an excellent opportunity for those who intend to increase their efficiency as teachers. Not only that, but the campus will then be attired in its most beautiful garb and will afford reasonable and attractive walks to relieve the monotony—if such should really creep in—of the routine work. Clemson has numerous historic associations, all of which should be of interest to every teacher in the State, and should appeal to them very forcibly. Not to say anything at all about the delicacies that will be served by Mr. Schilleter, we feel safe in saying that all who come to the summer school at Clemson will go away feeling that the time was spent both pleasantly and profitably.

Cotton Growers' Organization

On several previous occasions, efforts have been made to get the farmers to organize, but so far all of these efforts have failed. And, now, another gigantic scheme is on foot to bring them together and organize them for mutual protection. If the broad plans, as laid down by the New Orleans convention, are carried out and the organization is properly supported by the individual farmers, it seems to possess greater possibilities for good than any other organization of its kind yet attempted. Its success, however, will depend upon several conditions. In the first place, it is, of course, necessary to have good management. Every effort should be made to exclude politics and unscrupulous men from its management. Those who control and direct the organization should be men of experience and good business qualities, who can be depended upon to conduct its affairs, both wisely and honestly. But it must be remembered that the managers can accomplish nothing without the support of the individual farmers. Hence one of the conditions most essential to

the success of the organization is that the farmers give it their full support.

The farmers were never in better shape to stand together and support a movement like this than they are to-day; and, by concerted action on their part, they certainly can control the cotton situation. But if the crop this year should be anything like as large as it was last year, there will be no possible chance of preventing a great decline in prices, and, hence, a calamity to the South. The reduction of the acreage for this year certainly is a matter of sufficient importance to command the serious consideration of every farmer. Duty and self-interest should impel them to give it their most earnest attention, and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will do this.

The Jamestown Celebration

On the thirteenth day of May, 1607, the first permanent settlement in America by the English was made at Jamestown, Virginia. On the thirteenth of May, 1907, three hundred years after the founding of that colony, there will be opened at Jamestown a celebration fittingly commemorating the date of its founding and illustrating the effect that it has wrought upon the progress of the world. This is indeed a noble project, worthily conceived. May its success far transcend the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. It should appeal to the patriotic instincts of every true American, and create within him feelings of intense gratitude, that, from a beginning so feeble, so hopeful, yet withal, so full of discouragements and disappointments, there should have arisen a civilization so grand, so glorious as is ours.

This celebration is to be participated in by all nations, through either military or naval representatives. Congress has made liberal appropriations for its promotion, and President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation inviting all nations

to join in the grand display. So it may be sincerely hoped, that nearly all of the nations of the world will honor the occasion by sending their representatives; and it is devoutly to be hoped that the Jamestown celebration will eclipse all previous efforts of its kind.



C. P. BOLLENGER
President of Calhoun Literary Society
Fourth Quarter



C. W. MACK
R. F. GOODING }

- - - - - EDITORS

We gladly welcome *The College Message*, of Greensboro, N. C., to our table. It has some very deep matter in it, but is lacking in bright, witty stories. No poetry and very few good jokes. These are essential features of a well rounded college paper. *The Message* could be improved by a better balancing of its contents than is shown in the April number.

The Gray Jacket, for March, has its usual amount of poetry, fiction, stories and jokes. The series of articles called "Tourist Letters," in this number is, indeed, interesting. The stories, "Priscilla" and "Mike Dillon, How He Saved Cartersville," are fairly good. The poems, "The Cynic's Lament," "A Delineation of Mental Aberration," and "Baby Talk," are very creditable. The exchange department is very short, but contains some just and pointed criticisms. The editorial department is not as good as might be expected.

The March number of *The Red and White* does not measure up to its usual standard. But as matter of excellence is hard to find in the spring time, we can't blame them for publishing "Found by Chance" and "Why Men Are Fools." There is real interest to be found in "The Lasting

of a Nation." The author sets forth ingeniously some very real and evident facts when he argues that the industries of America are great. The poems in this issue are on a par with the other magazines, and are somewhat above our liberal criticisms. We notice that athletics occupy a very important position in this number. A write-up of all the baseball games to date, with the present batting record, being given. It is also amusing to read the many good jokes that the editors have gathered up.

The Wesleyan comes to us sadly lacking in poetry and stories. The first two articles, "Origin and Present Form of Christianity in Russia" and "The Greek Church in Russia," are not treated in a way to be entertaining, although they are on vital subjects of this day. *The Wesleyan* makes a poor attempt at the sketchy conversational tale in "The Glow of the Fire," also in the series of tales labeled "Sketches." The editorial department has one, and only one, editorial of any good. But the striking feature of this number is the varied jokes and locals.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

- - - - -

EDITORS

Mr. W. E. McLendon, of class '01, was on the campus visiting his brother, recently.

Quite a number of cadets attended the oratorical contest at Greenwood this year. The contest was held in the auditorium of Lander College. This added much to the comfort of the visitors, as the place where it has been held heretofore was entirely too small to seat the immense crowd.

Clemson boys continue to distinguish themselves. Recently Mr. A. A. Merrick, of the Junior Class, and Mr. B. R. Todd, of the Freshman Class, won scholarships to the United States Naval Academy.

Mrs. P. H. Mell has returned from an extended trip to New York and Virginia.

The campus is beginning to assume a look of spring now. The flowers and grass recently planted are growing well, and are now protected by a neat chain fence.

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class, Mr. Thos E. Keitt was elected editor-in-chief of the '06 Annual, to fill the place made vacant by Mr. Merrick's departure.

As the Lenten season is drawing to a close, the German Club members are beginning to look more pleasant. The club is arranging to have a dance some time in the near future.

Miss Annie Laurie Mell, of Athens, Ga., is visiting Mrs. P. H. Mell.

The quarantine against smallpox has at last been raised, and the cadets are now allowed to visit their homes.

The last entertainment of this season's Lyceum course was given on the night of April 12th, when the Pringle Concert Company played to a large and appreciative audience.

Mr. Reed Miller, a former student of Clemson, but now of New York City, recently gave an entertainment in the Memorial Hall, for the benefit of Clemson athletics. Mr. Miller has an excellent tenor voice and controls it well. Quite a large crowd from Anderson attended the entertainment.

Misses Bessie Salley and Floride Calhoun, of Chicora College, Greenville, recently spent a few days on the campus with the parents of the latter.

The Clemson Minstrel Club is daily rehearsing the comedy which is to be presented soon. It is hoped that all the cadets will attend, as the proceeds will go to help pay for the special edition of THE CHRONICLE.

Professor and Mrs. Keitt entertained the Junior Agriculturals recently.

Heyward Gibbes (passing a bar in Macon): "Say, boys, ain't that a pretty bank?"

Ask "Bill" Latimer of what kind of goods his souvenir of the Senior flag was made?

The Chamber of Commerce of Anderson has extended to Clemson a flattering invitation to have our encampment there this year. Owing to the examinations coming just at the time we would go on the encamping trip, Dr. Mell had to decline the invitation.

Why doesn't Senior Blake dress up these days?

Routh, looking at thermometer on inside of car: "Say, Slat, look at this cyclometer."

Moss: "Doctor, is this the right proportion?"

Dr. B.: "Just about as near as a barrel of apples is to a peck of peaches, as a basket of biscuits is to a cart load of brick-bats."

Professor: "What is the definition of the word 'wheelwright?' "

Prep.: "The right side of the wheel."

Lieut. Col. Ezra B. Fuller, U. S. A., a former Commandant of Clemson, was the guest of Col. M. B. Hardin the past month. Col. Fuller has general supervision of the State militia.

Professor: "Give a sentence with the feminine of the word lad in it?"

Prep.: "I know a beautiful ladess."

Sam. Sherard: "What is the yellow peril, we keep reading about? Smallpox?"

Recently the post office was broken into and the large amount of thirty-nine cents carried off. Last year about the same time the post office was broken into and the burglars obtained about three hundred dollars.

Mr. George A. Hanvey, class of '98, and Mr. J. M. Burgess, class of '02, have accepted positions on the Clemson faculty.

Col. Clay has made arrangements with Chief Musician Slattery to have the band to give an open air concert every Friday afternoon. An arc light and seats will be arranged on campus.

Prof. Morrison: "Mr. Walters, into what three divisions is the government of Australia divided?"

Walters: "Railroads, telephones and telegraphs."

At the recent meeting of the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees, it was decided to allow the cadets to wear the khaki uniforms as a summer uniform.

Klugh: "What are you writing, Caughman?"

Caughman: "Some constricted (constructed) sentences."

Furtick, spelling as he wrote, "Ungreatful."

Jones: "Boy, that is not right, it is spelled 'ungrateful.'"

Furtick: "I know better than that; you can't fool me that way."

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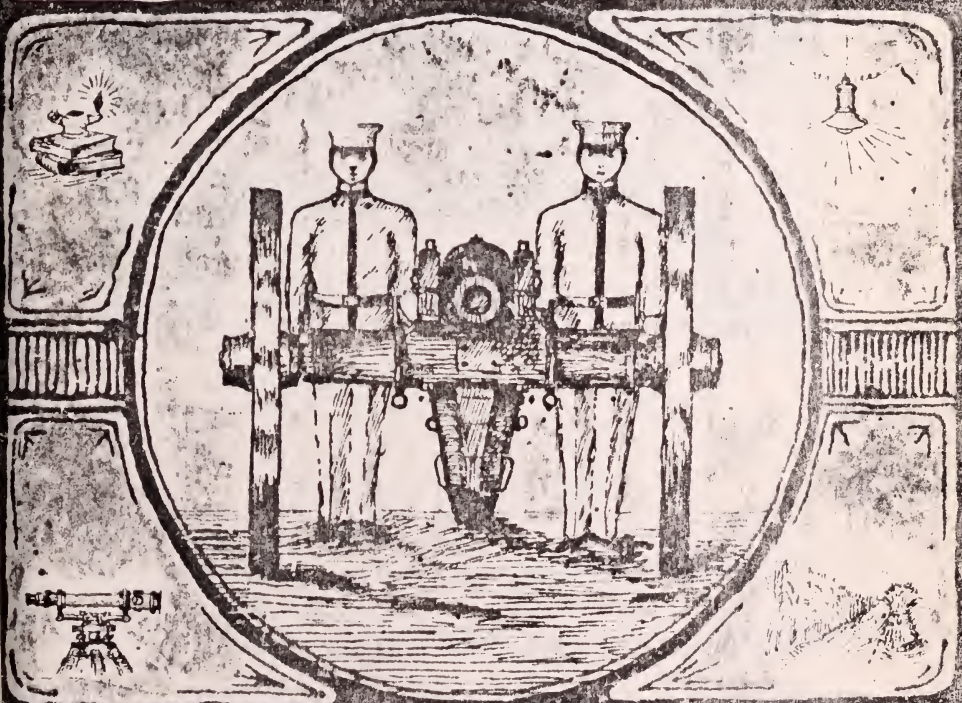
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JUNE, MCMV

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. VIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1905 No. 9



H. W. BARRE }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - EDITORS

The Great Commencement

See! There they stand together—they stand the chosen few.
They are stepping out from the threshold to take up their
work anew.

And who shall say that they have not done; or they did not
do aright?

And who shall be judge of the works of youth; youth-done
in the morning light?

Aye! Who but the great Creator, who marketh the work
of all;

Who gradeth us each on our labor, and sees if we stand
or fall?

He hath no examinations, but keepeth each thought and
word.

And thus are the marks recorded in the mighty school of
the Lord.

So when the last great bugle call from out the sky shall
sound,

And when the mighty sleeping host uprises from the ground,
The Lord shall give diplomas to the winners in the race,
And then the great commencement for eternity takes place.

W. H. T., '05.

The Majesty of the Law

Man has ever been a transgressor of laws. His record throughout all ages has been an admixture of vice and virtue. Created in the image of God and given dominion over the earth and all thereon, he was placed in the Garden of Eden, where nature, with lavish spontaneity, was ever ready to minister to his wants. Such was his first allotment on earth, in the enjoyment of which he was restricted only by the divine edict, that of the Tree of Knowledge he should not eat. What a glorious day for man! What a prospective millennium for the human race! Yet of what short duration was this Utopian estate of man! How soon did he yield to the subtle and beguiling influences of evil, wherewith came his downfall, the entailment upon humanity of a state of sin and misery against which it must ever battle, and his transfer from the serene abode in Paradise to a new state of life wherein chaos reigned supreme!

In this new life man was left to shift for himself. He wandered about as did the beasts of the field, attracted here and there by such products as nature offered freely to satisfy his necessities and maintain his existence. The new-born race was infant and untutored, and, in its immature state, order and harmony were yet to come forth to perform their duties and assist in its nursing, its education, and its final development. There were no guiding stars, no benevolent spirits, to indicate the course men should pursue—to direct them in laying the foundations of a social structure, which should offer shelter and protection to all.

But human affairs were then in the first stages of development. All mankind was ignorant. Mental sterility was a universal affliction, and, hence, the perfection of social relations was exceedingly slow. The ties between man and man were summed up in simple kinship, with the underlying principle that all men not united by blood were enemies—a state in which man felt nothing in himself but impotency and weakness. His fears were excessive, as appears from instances of savages found in forests, trembling at the motion of every leaf and fleeing from every shadow. For a time these fears induced them to shun one another, but the evidences of them being reciprocal soon engaged them to associate. So, gradually, men who were not blood relatives became known to one another on terms of peace and mutual tolerance and advantage. Interest, necessity, and pleasure, made them associate together, and by these associations was the stagnancy of centuries disturbed; and the sun of knowledge started on its mission of shedding the light of civilization throughout the world.

Thus intelligence began to assert itself, and as its civilizing influences were being felt by man, his advancement became more potent; the evolutions of human society became more rapid, its members more numerous, and its functions more complex. These societies slowly became more set-

tled, and began to have different and wider interests, which, in time, led to the absorption of several of the smaller ones by the most powerful. Everywhere this process was going on, the organization of society becoming more perfect as the members became more civilized.

In all of these early societies there existed some primitive form of law, which, in most cases, was little more than the observance of the customs. But governments then were much less complex than now, and were not separated into administrative departments, so that the same person or body was entrusted to make the laws, to interpret them, and to enforce them. However, as the community was developed, separate magistrates were appointed to apply the law, which, often being unwritten, led them to depend as much on their own judgment as on the law. This led to great abuses; the abuses led to protests; and the protests led to the introduction of written law, which has ever been the guardian of human rights, the promoter of personal liberty, and though the restraining, yet the fostering element of human society.

Hence arose through long and successive periods of development that mature form of law which stands as the essential bulwark of all civilization—that law which has been the most potent factor in securing individual liberty and promoting individual interests; and which shelters the independence of the poor and worthless with as much jealousy and alacrity as it does that of the rich and deserving.

Nor is its action less efficient in guarding the moral rights of man. For it marks out the limits of the family and provides general remedies for the grosser violations of its integrity. It is the constant and visible representative of an universal interest that stands guard over the individual interests of each man and household. The most scrupulous of men might be tempted to invade the moral rights of their neighbors, if they were not forcibly reminded by the vigi-

lance of the law that these rights are sacred. So, too, the weak and credulous might, from time to time, be easily induced to part with their moral birthright of liberty, and to become themselves the contemptible slaves of the strongest in the community, if the law did not stand by them to remind them of their legal rights and to warn transgressors of their moral duties. Thus it is well for all men, in the course of perfecting their moral natures, that law stands ever at hand a grand and practical witness of the claims of their fellow-men, of the subserviency of the individual person to the State, and of the subordination of all individual action and life to the accomplishment of the general aim of humanity.

All laws, however, to be effective must be obeyed, and one of the most pressing duties of the State is to compel obedience to its laws. Yet to-day, there exists, among the citizens of our own Southland, a spirit which stands out in violation and bold defiance of all law. There is on the part of the people a disposition to seek to accomplish desirable ends by the use of wrong means, which, if not checked, will transform this country of ours, which is held up to the world as "The land of the free and the home of the brave," into a veritable nursery for anarchy and crime. When the calmness of the people has been provoked to the point of anger, they forget that tempered indignation and the orderly processes of law will more quickly dispel immorality and crime than a surrender to passion. They forget that lawlessness breeds lawlessness; that hatred begets hatred; that revenge incites revenge; and that, if we sow the seeds of lawlessness, hatred and revenge, we cannot expect to gather the fair fruits of civilization, but shall garner the harvests of anarchy and self-destruction.

This spirit of disregard for law has brought upon us a condition of crime and violence scarcely more than equaled among the most savage and barbarous peoples of whom we have knowledge. It has brought into our midst that arch

fiend, *murderer or mob*, which, injecting its virus into the passions of our people, is drenching our soil with human blood; and we cannot escape the condemnation which the Lord in his wrath will surely visit upon us; for "The voice of our *brother's* blood crieth unto us from the ground."

Confronted with such a crisis, we should pause and reflect. It is time for us to inquire whither we are drifting, and to investigate the cause of our degeneracy, and to exert ourselves towards its removal. So iniquitous a state of things could not have arisen, save as the result of some powerful cause; and, as it is to our courts that we look for the administration of justice and the punishment of criminals, is it not possible that in them there exists a certain laxity in the exercise of their functions to which this condition of things may be attributed. Certain it is that instances can be cited where the courts have failed to convict criminals when their guilt was as certain as anything human could be—instances wherein jurors, with all evidence of guilt laid before them, with our daily press clamoring for conviction, and with public sentiment reminding them of their solemn duty, have, waiving all responsibility, committed most flagrant outrages upon justice.

But in the courts we find another element to which must be attached no inconsiderable portion of this blame. For, while it is the duty of the jurors to decide upon the guilt or innocence of a culprit, it is the duty of the lawyer to present the testimony to them, and the way in which this is done, usually in a large measure, determines their decision. There has always been a stigma of immorality attached to the profession of law; and there can be no doubt that the temptations to an unfair representation of facts, to an abuse of rhetorical language, and to an unconscientious allegation of false, or denial of true, convictions are constantly present to the lawyer, and often assail him with overpowering force. It may be said of the lawyers, as of other men, that the more com-

plex the duty, the nobler is the successful achievement of it and the deeper the disgrace of an unworthy failure in it. But for him, as for other men, a standard of integrity and faithfulness to moral truth is set, and any symptom of an immoral use of his opportunities should be regarded as a gross and inexcusable deflection from that standard.

Thus, with each of the two ruling elements of our courts operating to defeat justice, we cannot expect majestic justice longer to remain enthroned in our midst—we cannot expect

“Sovereign law, that State’s collected will
O’er thrones and globes elate,”

longer to “Sit empress, crowning good repressing ill.” For it is when men come to feel that the judgment of a legal tribunal reflects the judgment of their own consciences and of the best, and the truest of their fellow-men, that their reverence for law becomes more intensified and their fear of breaking it more effectually and constantly active.

In the ancient city of hanging gardens, Belshazzar, indulging in high revelry, surrounded by satraps, wives and concubines, was not blind to the writing on the wall. Struck with awe, he commanded the feast to end; he sent for men of lore to interpret the mystic words; he recognized in them portents of his impending fate. So, may we, surrounded by all the embellishments of civilization, yet living in an age of growing disregard for law, not be blind to the writing on the wall! But may we grasp the correct import of its mystic words; may we fathom the disaster which they portend; and may we, before our fate shall have overtaken us, escape by regarding law as an instrument of government, and enforcing for it respect as the guardian of our most sacred rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The individual can discover his aim, his vocation, and the true use of his faculties only by association with others. It is out of this association, first, in the primitive family, then

in the primitive state, and then in that higher form of the state in which the competing claims and functions of the state, the family and the individual life are mutually adjusted that human nature attains its true proportions. But this growth is not achieved without personal and national mishaps, and disastrous calamities. However, it advances, and man remains ever steady to his aim, and that which steadies and keeps him firm to his conscious or unconscious purposes, protecting all men against the imperfections of each and each against the pressure of all; personating the past, the present, and the future; imperiously addressing all, yet whispering to each, and clothed with an infinite majesty, is law.

L. E. BOYKIN.

A Bit of Detective Work

Everybody remembers the robbery of the Allison College vault about three years ago, but perhaps they have never heard how the burglars were caught. As I was an important factor in their apprehension, I will tell how we shadowed and finally secured the wary safe-crackers.

Allison College is a great State institution, very rich. As it is situated at some distance from any large city, it has a vault and safe of its own, where the college money is kept. Along towards the beginning of each term, when the quarterly dues are being paid up, the money in the safe sometimes amounts to over five thousand dollars.

Although the vault is in a building directly in front of the cadet barracks, and despite the fact of a night watchman and a man sleeping in the office within three feet of the vault, this same vault was entered and robbed of six thousand dollars in cash and four hundred dollars in local checks, on the night of February 22, 1900.

The vault is built of brick, with a four-foot foundation, and the walls are about three feet thick. It has two sets of iron doors, both working by combination. The big safe

is placed inside this vault. The walls inside the vault are lined with shelves, where all of the valuable books and papers are kept. The safe is in the centre, about three feet from each wall.

The manner in which the burglars entered was this: They had started under the building, at one side of the foundation, and cut a hole about a foot and a half in diameter, back into the bricks, and then turned upward, entering the floor of the vault back in one corner, under a pile of books. To guard against discovery, they had taken out two or three bricks from the nearest pillar, made the hole large inside, and then, after filling it with the brick dust from the hole in the vault, they had carefully stopped the hole up again. After they had made their way into the vault, they simply opened the safe, having found the safe combination by some method. When they had taken everything they wanted, they closed the safe again, and slipped out through the hole, taking care, though, to conceal every clue.

When the robbery was found the next morning by the treasurer, the wildest excitement prevailed. Blood hounds were brought immediately, but they could do no good, as there was not a single track around the place. Every plan imaginable was tried, but they all proved fruitless. A reward of three hundred dollars had been offered for the capture of the burglars—two hundred by the Governor of the State and the rest by the people of the State at large.

It was several days later that my room-mate said to me, "Buck, lets you and I catch those robbers and get that reward."

"Good Scots, Jim! You know we never could do that!" I exclaimed.

"We can try, anyway, Buck."

Now Buck and I, both cadets at the Allison College, loved to read detective stories, and we devoured everything we could find on the subject. And now here was a chance to

try our hands at the work ourselves. So we went to the President of the college, laid our plans before him, and secured his permission to work on the case.

"Jim, I believe I will use Sherlock Holmes' method of inductive reasoning."

"All right, go ahead, but I am going to try my own methods. You tend to the reasoning, and I will work up the evidence."

The first thing I did was to go to the Treasurer of the College. He told me that no one knew the combination but himself, and that the State Treasurer had a copy of it in the State vault. Both proved an alibi. So that eliminated both of them. But how did the burglar know the combination, then? There were but two ways. Either the man who had changed the combination knew, or else an expert had opened the safe. This last was not at all probable, as an expert would not fool with so small a sum as six thousand dollars. When I asked the Treasurer, Mr. Hagood, about the safe, he said: "The safe was put in there in '94, by the Dayton Safe Company. The combination has been changed once since then, in '99."

"Did you know who changed the combination?" I asked.

"Why, yes. When the safe was being put in, a young fellow attending college here, Otis by name, secured a position with them, and he it was who came back in '99 to change the combination. But he wouldn't be apt to remember it, as he had to destroy his copy of the combination as soon as he turned it over to the Treasurer."

"Well, Mr. Hagood, do you know where this young man is now?"

"No, I do not," he said.

For the first time that night Buck and I compared notes. While searching for marks around the hole, Buck had found a chisel under the books over the hole inside the vault. The chisel evidently belonged to the college, as it had the

number 37 stamped on it. He had found no tracks whatever around the hole under the building, but on top of one of the sills he had found some upon stands. What did this show? Simply that the fellow had worked in a swing to avoid making tracks. But how did he get to his work? Buck had followed the sill on back to where it ran into the wall, and on top of it, in the dust, were prints of hands, where the man had pulled himself, hand over hands, to the hole. And, looking closer, he found that the print of little finger on the left hand was bandaged. At the end of the sill, under the building, are some loose boxes, where the fellow must have crawled to the outside, where his tracks would be lost in the pathway with the rest. But a very minute examination revealed several prints of a shoe just under the edge of the building, and the shoe evidently had football cleats on it. So our man must be a football player.

On investigation Buck had found that the chisel came from the college machine shop, and belonged to the locker of Harry Edmunds. Instructor Herbert, who had remained rather late in the shop one night, remembered to have lent it to the night watchman several weeks ago, to pry open a door with, and it had never been returned. This little piece of information started me on a new track. Who was this night watchman, anyway? When I looked at his clock records I found that he had missed the tour from 3.30 A. M. to 4.30 A. M. on the night of the robbery. He was a tall man, black-haired, with heavy black moustache and whiskers. He had been watchman for two years. His name was Otis James. He said that he came from Dayton, and that he used to work in the Gregory Machine Shops there. As they had no record of any man named James ever working for them, I had him arrested and carried to all the shops in Dayton. The superintendent of the Dayton Safe Company recognized him and had him to shave off his beard. He then proved to be James Otis, who had been

discharged for suspicious conduct. He it was who had changed the combination on the Allison safe. He had a brother now in Allison College, who was tall like himself, and played football.

I then turned my attention to the brother, Charley Otis. He must not know that James Otis is suspected.

About ten days after the robbery, Charley Otis applied for an honorable discharge from the college, and it was granted. He then left for Allston City, where he secured a room for two at the hotel. But he was disappointed in his room-mate's coming, and he left two days later at midnight. We caught him on the train near Memphis and searched him thoroughly, but failed to find the money. He only had twenty-three dollars, his clothes and some school books. But somehow I happened to look into one of the books and found that it was only a shell. It contained three thousand six hundred and thirty-seven dollars, but no checks. The leaves of the book had been pasted together and then the inside cut out, making it look like a book on the outside.

Thus it was that we caught the two wary safe-crackers and secured the reward. "H.," '07.

A Woodland Manoeuvre

"Francis LaBorde, a happy, handsome Frenchman of twenty-two, had cast his lot with us Americans in our struggle against England for independence," said Grand-father Irwin, as he began to tell me of one of his war experiences. "Tall and slim of stature, his brown hair was thick and curly, and his eyes were black, with such an innocent look in them that you could not help but wonder how he could accustom himself to a life in which death played so strong a hand. Good-natured, he yet had so firm a sense of duty that everybody looked up to him. Bugle calls were heard,

late in the afternoon of a July day, and the cries of orderlies, mingled with the loud orders of the officers, had thrown our quiet camp into a state of uproar.

“‘What does all this mean?’ shouted Francis, as he tightened the girth on his horse.

“‘Don’t know, but we shall soon find out. Come on or you’ll be late for the formation,” I replied, springing into the saddle and trotting down into my place in the line.

“Horses having been saddled, the line was soon formed and we stood at attention while our Colonel inspected us. ‘Why are we called out at so late an hour, can the enemy be near?’ were the thoughts that rapidly passed through our minds. Soon the commands were given, ‘Right by fours! Column right! March!’ and as we slowly passed out of camp we noticed that only part of our regiment was leaving, and that the wagons and the rest of the force remained behind.

“We rode slowly along and as we became very hungry, the conversation soon lagged, the silence being broken only by the steady tramp, tramp of the horses’ feet.

“About three o’clock in the morning our Colonel muttered, ‘No one is to talk. Men,’ he continued, ‘don’t fire until I command, no matter what happens. Fire low and true. Let each man choose his tree, and, above all, no noise. Await the order, then aim well, and fire.’ The men took their positions silently, and for a moment the click of springs could be heard as they examined their rifles; then once more all was still.

“As the first rays of dawn were turning darkness into day, some four hundred yards away, a solitary horseman came into sight—the advance scout of the enemy. On he came, looking from side to side, his gun shining in his hand. How soldierly he looked, and a hundred rifles were probably leveled at him ready to speed the messengers of death on their way!

"Still nearer and nearer the scout slowly came, and we could now see some two hundred men behind him. Now he was abreast of the ambush, and, if he were to see us, all would be lost. The moment for action was fast approaching. Francis was by my side, and the color that came and went from his fair cheeks told me that he was as impatient as I for the fight to begin. My blood rushed to my head as, crouched behind a tree, I aimed and awaited the signal.

"With a steady shuffle, on the troops advanced. Twenty feet away was their commanding officer, his eyes and ears on the alert. Would the order never come?

"'Fire!' suddenly rang the sharp command, and the roar of three hundred rifles, re-echoing through the woods; the shouts of officers and surprised men; the clatter of hoofs and the sharp notes of the bugle mingled together and rent the air, thus throwing the peaceful scene of a moment before into the confusion of noise and battle. The enemy, who gave way at our first volley, now rallied and returned our fire. They formed a square in the middle of which were placed their loaded mules, and it was simply give and take. Soon a rampart was formed, with the carcasses of their dead mules, from behind which the enemy knelt and fired. Finally, we closed in completely surrounding the square.

"Francis and I fought side by side, and through the smoke I saw him firing, his hat off and his cheeks rosy with the excitement. Men went down on all sides, some were killed instantly, while others writhed and groaned in dreadful agony. In the midst, unmindful of his own safety, our Colonel was urging and encouraging his men, and bending now and then to soothe a wounded soldier.

"A shout suddenly went up. Our Colonel had advanced too far; he had been struck in the breast by a bullet. We hesitated and began to yield; we were being seized by a panic, it seemed, and death, of which we had not thought before, now appeared in all its horror. Seeing our condi-

tion, the enemy took courage and poured their deadly volleys into our ranks—the battle was surely turning. Grasping our torn and tattered flag in one hand, his gun in the other, Francis called on us to follow him and dashed headlong into the square. The men obeyed by one common impulse and horrible carnage ensued. In the midst of the square, with the blood running down his face from an ugly cut on his forehead, with his eyes shining the light of bravery, stood the young Frenchman. He still held the flag, for which he was dying, while with his bayonet he kept at bay a burly Englishman, who cut and slashed at him. We fought like wild beasts, for the loss of our Colonel had made us desperate, and the hand struck true as the men gazed on the brave young fellow who was now leading them.

“The enemy could not resist the strong onslaught; they broke and ran. We were saved from defeat and disgrace; the day was won. As I looked around to see what the battle had cost us, I saw Francis standing for a moment amid the dead and the dying, with his pale happy face lighted up by the golden rays of the rising sun as they stole through the smoke.

“Smiling, he slowly sank back with the flag pressed to his bosom. That night, with uncovered heads and moist eyes, we laid him to rest wrapped in the flag for which he had crossed the bar.”

The End

The *beginning of things* has had, throughout all times, a *fascination* for mankind. Men like to delve into the obscure depths of the mysterious past, to grope into the shady borderland of the unknown, and from a few scattered fragments, to weave together a fanciful notion of the things that were. But not only the *creation* appeals to the imagination;

no less interesting is the *fate of the world*, and no less alluring are speculations as to its end. Men have conceived various ways in which the world will be destroyed; poets have vividly portrayed the end; and prophets have come and gone, each predicting the last day to be at hand. But the old earth moves on through space, whirling on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, swinging around the sun covering eighteen miles a second, and with the sun journeying on through unknown space, at the same terrific rate.

What will be the fate of the world? This perplexing riddle has long puzzled both the simple and the wise. The one has *made* his childish speculations, the other has advanced his more pretentious theories, both in the hope of answering a ceaseless question of the human mind. Let us picture this evening some ways in which scientific men have conceived that the earth or life upon it might be destroyed.

Conceive, if you can, the interior of the earth, a hot mass of liquid lava held together by the great weight of its outer crust. Even this is not sufficient always to control its struggles to escape. Often we read the dreadful story of a city, or an entire country, trusting too much in treacherous nature, overwhelmed by a terrible volcanic outburst. Could we project ourselves into the future, we might witness some gigantic eruption whose awful grandeur would be a fitting climax to the earth's sublime history. From a commanding station let us watch the scene.

Here before us stretch forest-covered hills and broad verdant valleys. While away in the distance, by the shimmering sea, stands a magnificent city.

Our reverie is broken by an earthquake shock. A fissure has opened in the plains and vast volumes of vapor rise heavenward. Explosions hurl great rocks into the air, and scatter them broadcast over the land. A roar as of mingled thunder makes the earth vibrate and tremble. The cloud

of dust-laden vapor expands, and covers the whole land in shadow. Lightning flashes tear the dense veil asunder, but the accompanying thunder is lost in the deafening roar of escaping steam, and the crash of countless explosions. The rumbling increases, the fissure widens. It stretches from ocean to ocean, and remains a yawning gulf. The waters of the sea fall into the seething chasm. Instantly converted into steam, they explode with such irresistible violence that they shatter the earth into fragments.

Ages pass, the clouds slowly settle, the sun shining dimly through the surrounding vapors, upon what was the earth, reveals where once was life and beauty, a glassy, barren, blackened scene of desolation.

Another dread inspiring fate pictured by the imagination from scientific facts concerning vast operations in stellar space, is the envelopment of the earth in some great comet's gaseous tail. Imagine yourself on some fatal night watching the growing light of one of the approaching monsters. These celestial vagrants have streaming behind them to the distance of many millions of miles, enormous tails of luminous gas, found by the spectroscope to be composed of carbon dioxide. It comes nearer and nearer; it grows larger and larger. It spreads over the heavens; its glow lights the sky as at dawn; but instead of the welcome glow of morning light, it is like the palor of death. The white phosphorescence increases. Objects look ghastly in its weird light. The earth plunges into its luminous vapor and like the shadow of a cloud falls the enveloping fog and wraps the earth in its misty shroud. The silence of a death-like stillness reigns in this moment of despair. The poisonous gases displace the air, and with one noiseless gasping for breath, all pass into the unconsciousness of suffocation. Days pass; once more the earth emerges into the sunlight, and reveals a scene of gloomy sorrow. The waves beat on upon

forsaken shores, the rivers still flow, but their banks will never again echo to the sound of a human voice.

Some years ago the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, made the startling statement, that the earth in a few years would become unproductive, unless in some way nitrates could be furnished to the soil. In the air is a great store of nitrogen that could be made use of under special conditions.

Let us go into the future and see the result of extracting nitrogen from the atmosphere. The world grows in population; the demand for foodstuff increases; an acre of ground would do double service and nitrogen must come from the air. Great electrical plants are working everywhere furnishing nitrogen to the fields. The proportion of nitrogen in the atmosphere grows less. From four-fifths it sinks to two-fifths—to a fifth, to less. People become feverish and excited. The average length of life drops to twenty-five, and then to twenty years. Fires become common; cities are swept off the face of the earth; the great coal fields of China catch fire, and the whole country is a furnace. The forests of the Rock Mountains burn in a night, and the West is desolate. Scientists see the danger, but their utmost appeal does not check the devastation; the ominous signs are not heeded; the people would as lief burn as starve. The per cent. of nitrogen falls lower and lower, until at last the atmosphere becomes nearly pure oxygen. Activities become more feverish; people live underground or in stone houses; the standing armies of Europe are turned into great fire brigades; the earth catches fire. One sheet of flame sweeps over the earth. The ice caps melt; the ocean boils along the shore; and all life disappears. All is over, not a seed, not a germ, is left. But, black-giving and desolate, she swings on—forever on.

Another peril that fills the mind with horror is a collision with some outlaw planet that shall some day swing into the

orbit of the earth. The earth and the other planets in their appointed order, revolve around the sun, at great velocities. Other bodies also revolve around the sun, but in such an erratic manner as to endanger the earth by their vagaries. See in the star-spangled heavens, a bright and growing star. From a mere speck it continues for weeks with increasing luster, until it comes to outshine Venus. Astronomers eagerly observe the growing disc of this unknown heavenly wanderer. They determine its motion and calculate its path. Its path is found to intersect that of the earth. What if they collide! Two railroad engines clashing together at forty miles an hour, though made of steel, are broken to pieces. Who can tell the consequences of the collisions of two earths moving at the rate of forty miles per second. Night after night the growing sphere sheds its light, and illumines the darkness as if it were the harvest moon. The earth is disturbed in its motion; but so quietly there is no jar or discord. Calmly and surely as fate comes this body, and larger and brighter it grows, until it surpasses the moon in luster, and but for the direful forbodings is most beautiful to behold. On its surface are variegated patches of light and shadows that are due to its mountains and oceans. Men conjure these into the forms of fantastic beings, or into an evil face making grimaces at the world. It daily grows in brightness, turning darkness into day, and day into dreadful suspense. This ever-swelling orb speeds on, it stands out white and vivid and glowering over the earth. Men are overcome with fright and women die in sheer horror. It entangles the earth with its attraction and the earth rushes onward to meet it. One awful moment and they meet; one indescribable moment and two earths crash together. With many times a bullet's speed two earths collide, and the thundering of the collision rolls and reverberates through the immeasurable vaults of space. Then all is quiet. The mighty force of impact converts their mingled fragments to

gas, and it becomes a glowing nebulous mass, moving, a young earth around the sun.

Some scientists say that after a million years or so of slowly wasting, the sun's heat will finally fail. Conceive of the earth under these conditions. Quietly and unnoticed the average temperature falls. The great ice sheet from the poles moves slowly down through the temperate zones. Plant and animal life are driven before its irresistible and frigid front. The tropics become cold and mid-latitudes arctic. Still the great ice creature creeps on. In this ever narrowing zone, whole categories of living things disappear in the fierce struggle for existence, and men perish by nations and races. The weaker fall first and the strong slowly die. The ice cap from the north meets that from the south, and the earth has one long continuous winter. The oceans freeze solid and all water becomes ice. Fuel becomes ever scarcer and is finally consumed. The last fire goes out; the last man disappears. Still the frozen globe, robbed of all its glories, around a dark and frozen sun, swings on.

These are some of the ways that scientific men have conceived might be the fate of the world. There are hundreds of ways in which all might be destroyed in a twinkling. Doubtless astronomers have seen in stars, which, before unknown, flash suddenly into unusual brilliancy, glow for a time and then slowly fade away, truly the death and annihilation of a far away world.

Thus we see that the earth and all things created, has a life history with many other things in common. Like the organic life about us, like a human being, or like the large aggregations of nations, it must also have its birth, its growth, its romance, its death. From the nebulous gases of the embryonic world, we have following the stages of condensation and growth, the romance of the development of organisms and the unfolding of life, then what is more probable, more inevitable, than that after the completion of life,

comes death. Not that we need be immediately alarmed as to the life of the world; for it has been silently pulsating through space for the ages of its period of youthfulness and growth without encountering these dangers, and will probably so continue for years to come. But as with all other created things, after the growth and strength of manhood, comes with the enfeeblement of time, the decrepitude of old age, and finally the dissolution in death. So with the earth, it will still live and move in its appointed way for its season, and after its period of life is ended, after its mission has been accomplished, by some natural cause it will pass back into the nothingness from whence it came; and the earth will be no more.

E. E. P., '05.

Room Mates

"Well, I'm going to Johnstown to-morrow," Hal announced, as he waved a violet-scented letter at Joe Wilson, his room-mate. Joe didn't seem to be at all surprised, and he shouldn't have been; because hardly a week had passed in the last six months that Hal had not made a similar announcement. And it was the frequency of these trips that alarmed Joe. He could easily understand why Hal went to Johnstown so often—Mollie —— was at college there, but what he could not understand was how Mollie could encourage Hal's visits when she knew that his graduation depended upon how well he applied himself. In fact, he could scarcely believe that she would do it. Joe had known her ever since childhood, when they used to wade in the branch together, and even then she had been conscientious in everything she did. He turned a page in his Geology and pretended to read. But he was thinking—thinking of his best friend and his best friend's best girl. He glanced over to where Hal was rereading the ten-pages and asked: "Hal,

aren't you afraid you are thinking more of the future Mrs. Halstead than of the future of Mr. Halstead, A. B.?"

Hal looked at Joe pityingly and mumbled something about "some people worrying about things that don't concern them."

"All right," snorted Joe, "you can just sit around gazing at the stars and singing 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,' but when commencement comes you'll whistle for a diploma, and they don't give 'em here for whistling."

But Joe's advice didn't have the least effect on Hal, except to make him avoid the subject. Spring wore on—Hal spending his Saturdays and Sundays in Johnstown, and Joe studying so as to make a good showing in June. He didn't study merely because there was nothing else he wanted to do. Oh, no! He was in love with the sweetest little girl he ever saw—down home, and he wanted to see her, but he felt that he couldn't spare the time. However, he gave up his Sunday afternoons in order to write to her.

Then June came. The Senior class, with the exception of three men, marched up to receive their diplomas. The expected happened—Joe was in the ranks, but Hal was in the dormitory cursing his luck, his friends, his college—in fact, everything and everybody except those who were to blame—Mollie and himself. Hal watched his old classmates file out—each with his diploma and an armful of flowers. Then he knew that he had been a fool. But he would marry Mollie and go to work—then what difference would it make. But Mollie had her diploma—well, that wouldn't make any difference, either. He decided to go to Johnstown at once and settle the question.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon he arrived in Johnstown, and at 4 he had Mollie in a buggy and was driving toward the country. They were both happy—she, over her graduation; he, through sympathy with her. They had ridden

almost a mile when she suddenly said: "I declare, I almost forgot to congratulate you on being an A. B."

"I wish you had," said Hal, his smile fading, "for I am not an A. B."

"You don't mean you failed?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Hal! How could you!" sadly.

"Oh Moll! How couldn't I!" sarcastically.

"But I thought surely you would pass."

Hal didn't care to continue the conversation, so he turned the horse and drove back to the college. Their speech on the way back was strained, and their farewells distant. Hal had made an engagement with Mollie for that evening, but shortly after reaching home he received a note from her saying that she could not see him. She didn't give a reason, but the truth was that she had always thought of him as a college graduate and wasn't at all sure that she could love him as anything else.

Hal was so downcast and disappointed that he considered this to be a dismissal, and left Johnstown for home at once.

But Joe, after he had taken his degree and had gone home, had no studies to worry him, and devoted the greater part of his time to his intended, with very satisfactory results. Hal was his best man and was the last to shake his hand and wish him every happiness as Joe and his bride boarded the train.

While Joe was on his honeymoon he received this note from Hal:

DEAR OLD JOE: It makes me glad to know that you are so happy, and to know that you deserve it. But I can't forget that if I had realized I was a fool when you told me so, I might have been happy too.

Yours till death,

HAL.

Hal studied law and was admitted to the bar. Besides his name his "shingle" bears this information—"Divorce Cases a Specialty."

A Tramp

One beautiful day, in the early spring, when nature was putting on her summer robe, a tramp was walking leisurely down the road. He seemed out of harmony with his surroundings. The birds were singing their songs of gladness, and occasionally a golden-winged butterfly sailed from flower to flower; in fact, all nature seemed to be putting forth her best efforts to arouse all that is good and noble in man.

To the right lay a beautiful meadow of luxuriant clover, in which cows could be seen grazing or contentedly lying down. On the left was a neat farm house, partially hidden by the green leaves of a young orchard. From a field beyond the house came the melody of a plow boy's song, mingled with the barking of a dog on its lonely hunt. As the tramp approached the house, he heard the cackling of the industrious hens, and the hum of the busy bee; and involuntarily thought of the *drones*.

He decided to ask for something to eat, at the house, more from force of habit than actual hunger. So on reaching the house, he went around to the rear, where he saw the family carriage in the farther end of the buggy shelter, and, on the corn crib near by, plows were hanging, some newly sharpened, others bright from recent use. To the left of the crib was a spacious barn, surrounded by a lot in which a young colt was playfully prancing around, and on approaching the door, he wondered what kind of reception he would receive. He thought of the varied ones of the past and smiled grimly. A lady, beaming with motherly kindness, came to the door, followed by a little child holding a doll in one hand and its mother's dress in the other. The tramp told his tale of woe, and asked for a "bite" to eat.

The lady went back to get him a lunch, but the child stood looking at him in childish wonder, which caused the tramp

to notice it for the first time. It was an odd little figure that he saw, with its curly hair and innocent blue eyes. The little child aroused pleasant memories in the mind of the tramp—memories of a once happy home. He remembered the day he left his wife and child to seek employment, having lost his job from a shut down, and, thinking that it would not be hard to find, he left with a hopeful heart. But work was not easy to find and he finally became a common tramp. Desiring to make friends with the little one, he asked it for the doll. The child put the doll behind its back, seemingly desirous of granting his request, but unwilling to part with its treasure. The child stood looking at him and seemed to be contemplating some question, and presently said: "Is 'oo dot 'er 'ittle dirl?"

Just then the lady returned with the lunch. The tramp took it, thanked her, and started off up the road. He had gone only a short distance, though, when he saw an inviting shade beside the road, under which he sat down to eat his lunch. On every side could be seen evidence of life and prosperity. On the gently sloping hills around, neat farm houses stood sentinel; around the hills the track of the great "Southern" intertwined itself in graceful curves. As the tramp sat there and contemplated these facts, it began to dawn upon his dormant intellect that he was out of harmony with all of his surroundings. He was aroused from his reverie by a blast from a dinner horn. He looked at the house he had just left for a moment and then got up, pulled his hat firmly down upon his head and walked up the road with a determined and resolute stride. There gleamed in his eyes a new hope.

Following the road for a short distance, he came to the track of the Southern, which he decided to follow. So intent was he upon his thoughts that he failed to hear a passenger train approaching him from behind at a terrific speed. The engineer blew the danger signal, which aroused

him to his danger. But too late, for he could not now leave the track before the engine struck him. The engineer stopped the train and part of the crew went back to examine him. They found his body lying beside the track where the engine had knocked him. It did not take them long to decide that his soul had taken its flight. So they tenderly carried his body to the baggage car, and as they passed one of the coaches, a little girl, who was looking out of the window, cried, "Papa." A lady, sitting beside her, arose, looked out at the body of the tramp, gave one low, deep moan, and sank back in her seat in a deep swoon.

His resolution came too late.

FEBEL, '05.

History of the Senior Class

All was astir at the College, for it was Commencement Day. The graduating class was a large one, and each member walked with elastic step to the chapel, where he was to secure his diploma. They had fought, finished their fight, and now they must go, in order to make room for others in the State's training school. The guardian angel of the class looked down upon each man with a smile of satisfaction, then, bowing to Father Time, the keeper of the garden, turned out the noble band of young men, each with the flush of youth upon his brow—turned them out to fight the battles of life, and to win glory and honor among the people of the State. By the going out of this class, there was made a vacant lot in the garden—a place to be filled by the time the leaves begin to fall and the cool autumn winds begin to blow. Father Time, looking about him, saw this, and then he blew a sharp note upon his trumpet, and all was quiet. The halls of the College building was closed, and the barracks looked like great castles, dark and haunted, with not a soul within. All was left to the midnight balls of the ghosts and goblins. Again Father Time lifted his trumpet

to his lips and blew a sweet note that rang out far and wide, and was heard from the mountains to the sea. At this signal there floated out of the tall college tower a beautiful fairy-like form, with a glittering star in her hair and a silver trumpet in her hand. She alighted, gently and gracefully, upon the highest pinnacle of the steeple, lifted the trumpet to her lips, unfurled a pennant from a scroll, bound it with ribbons of old gold and purple to the coils of the trumpet, and allowed it to float gently in the summer breeze. On this banner, in letters of garnet and white, were written,

THE CLASS OF 1905.

She lifted up her eyes and looked towards the east; she lifted up her eyes and looked towards the west; she lifted up her eyes and looked towards the north; she lifted up her eyes and looked towards the south, and prophesied, saying:

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
In this garden I'll plant some seed,
That they may bear more fruit.”

Then off across the State she darted like an arrow, and as she went she blew upon the trumpet; and when she stopped—a great crowd of people would gather to hear what she had to say. She then told them of the garden. Yes, a human garden, in which little plants grew to be large, strong ones, and some even grew to be giants among the people. The place where boys grew to be men; yes, men, who, after being allowed to stay in this garden the required length of time, were ready to take on the armor of life, whereby they could be more able to better themselves and lift to a higher level the common people of their country. Some listened to what she said with great interest, others shook their heads and went their way. Then, from place to place, the little fairy-like form would go, calling out as she sped on,

"Come, for now is the time for planting in the State's training field."

She finished her work of canvassing, darted swiftly back to her hiding place in the College steeple, and waited for the arrival of the seed. Then they came from the country, from every by-path and every road, from the city, from every alley and street, and were duly planted, marking an important epoch in the history of their lives.

Before long there came a period when some had to be taken from the garden, as they were too weak to stand the hot sunshine, and as like periods passed and the number grew smaller and smaller, the guardian, from her hiding place in the tower, looked down with a pitying heart, and often a tear trickled down her cheek, as she was heard to say,

"Alas! what shall the harvest be; yes, what shall it be." She is still watching over this class, guarding it, though its members have grown fewer and fewer as the days have passed. She is still hoping that when June comes, which is only a few short weeks away, she can turn out a band of young men that will make this age a better one by their having lived in it.

Fight on, boys, fight on; the time is near at hand, we hope, when we shall have finished and our guardian shall have turned us out to bring honor or shame upon the class, and then we can say:

"When out into this wide world we go,
With its great works by men contrived,
Then we'll look back to the days at Clemson
And to the Class of nineteen five."



CHARLES PENDLETON BALLENGER.

"The man that has a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he can not win a woman."

"Charlie," or "Charlie Boy" (as he is affectionately called by the girls), was not born at Pendleton, as his name seems to indicate, but was born of strict Presbyterian parents in the "foot hills" of the Blue Ridge. He was born and has since lived at Richland, S. C. He was born on February 22, 1882 (also met the George Washington though born on same day, but they differ in more respects than one). He first went to school to the Richland High School, but was expelled early in his career, and entered Prep. in September, 1900, and joined the civil aggregation.

He has held the position of Secretary, Literary Critic and President of Calhoun Society; Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant and Captain in Corps of Cadets; right end class football team '04 and '05; also member of German Club, Senior Dancing Club, Glee Club; on special Chronicle staff, and is chief rooter for Senior baseball team.

Will build "Green Houses" with "Thatched Roofs."



HENRY WALTER BARRE ("HENRY").

"His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair."

"Henry" was born May 5, 1881, at Lexington, S. C., where he still resides. Received his early education at Palmetto Collegiate Institute, Lexington, S. C. Entered Freshman class in 1900. Left college on account of health in 1902, and came back in 1903. Agricultural course. Has been Corporal, First Sergeant, Drum Major and Captain, Acting Major Second Battalion; Critic, Secretary, Vice-President and President Columbian Society. Won Debater's Medal in '05. Sub on class football team '04. Member Senior Dancing Club and Dixie Tennis Club.

Will plant "Bermuda Grass" at Lexington, S. C.



WALTER SADLER BEATY ("NECK").

"The man that blushes is not quite brute."

"Neck" was born at Deans, S. C., August 13, 1881. There he received his earlier education and still resides. He joined us in Freshman class September, 1901, and soon decided that the hum of factories sounded good to him. In society, he was Sergeant-at-Arms, Censor, Literary Critic, Secretary and President. Also member of Dixie Tennis Club. During his Freshman year he was heard to remark that he would draw the best sword ever drawn at Clemson. He has not gone so high, but succeeded in going near the top, having been Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Sergeant Major, Lieutenant and Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Always having a neat appearance, he will very likely keep the floors of the "Cox Yarn Mill" at Anderson, S. C., clean.



LESTER ERNST BOYKIN ("SENATOR").

"Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropped like heaven's serene snow,
And all was brightness where they fell."

"Senator" would be all right if he would only straighten out a few of his peculiarities. He was born February 21, 1882, at the small hamlet of Lamar, S. C., and early in his career he attended the "Newman Swamp High School," but his inquisitiveness soon led him to seek a larger school, so in September, 1901, his large blue eyes turned in the direction of Clemson. He entered the Freshman class and took farming. He has filled every office of trust in college (with the probable exception of President), some of which are: Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Color Sergeant, Sergeant Major and Captain.

Prosecuting Critic, Reporting Critic, Literary Critic, Sergeant-at-Arms, Secretary and President of Columbian Society; class Chaplain. Won Orator's Medal '04-'05; Secretary Y. M. C. A. and Sunday school; belonged to Senior Dancing Club, President Agric. Society; literary editor of Chronicle '03-'04; editor-in-chief '04-'05; class orator '05; represented College at oratorical contest '05.

"Will be judge of probate and leading lawyer at Lamar, S. C."



JUDSON BRODIE ("PETE").

The best of us seem to be always in quest
Of something that's novel and new,
And the things we are sure we can always do best
Are the things that we don't have to do.

"Pete" was born at Kitchen's Mill, S. C., August 25, 1881, and is now living at Earle, S. C.

Received his early education in Earle county school, entering Freshman class at Clemson in September, 1901.

"Pete" decided in favor of the Textile course. Has held the offices of Reporting Critic in Palmetto Society, and in military department, Sergeant of Co. "F." Half-back class football team 1905, 1904, 1903.

Will spend his life wandering around in the wilds of Aiken in search of "Phosphorous."



JOHN CATHERWOOD LIVINGSTON CALDWELL ("LUCY").

"Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear, and speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair, than I forget my shepherd's wonted love."

Well, well; who would have thought "Lucy" was a Tar Heel? Yes, he was born at Concord, N. C., October 27, 1881. Present address, Due West, S. C. He received his early education at Statesville, N. C., and at Erskine College. He entered the Freshman class in January, 1902; Electrical course. Has been Corporal, first cornet in band, First Sergeant; at present "Honorary Member" of "F" Co. Played second base on 'Varsity '02-'03 and '03-'04. Member of Suburban Tennis Club, Senior Dancing Club and German Club.

Will achieve greatness with Nernst Lamp Company.



FRANK ELMO COPE.

"Men, be men; have back bones."

"Frank" first saw the light at Cope, S. C., August 6, 1883. Somewhere in the "wilds" of Orangeburg, when quite a youth, he attended the Orangeburg county school, but they soon gave up all hope and wearied of their task, and sent him to Clemson, as a last resort, on September 10, 1900. He entered the Freshman class, and, being rather lazily inclined, took the loafing course, which is sometimes called the "Textile" by the uninformed for the sake of "euphony."

He was Literary Critic in Columbian Society; Sergeant, Lieutenant and Captain (by mistake, in the corps). He belonged to the Scrub football team, '03; Track team, '04; Class football team, '03 and '05. He was also President of the Senior Dancing Club; member of German, Minstrel, Glce and Tennis Clubs.

"He will be a Taylor (opal rings as a side line) and order uniforms for the Cadets."



HASELL WILKINSON CROUCH, JR.,

"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

First saw light in the city of Charleston, S. C., September 21, 1880. He received his earlier education under Mr. W. D. McKenny, Charleston, S. C. He has spent the greater part of his life in various Southern colleges, but he calls Mt. Pleasant his present home. He entered Soph. class at Clemson the second of the three times September, 1901. He has successfully mastered the Civil Engineering course. Hasell made us an efficient captain and half-back on the Senior football team; also second base Senior baseball team. Senior Dancing Club. He was Sergeant and Lieutenant. He has always been a prominent character on field's day, having won three-legged race, sack race, Senior relay race, and caught greasy pig.

"Will go to Utah, where he will marry his seven sweethearts."



EVANS BATES DIBBLE ("EDGAR").

"For should you to extortion be inclined,
Your cruel greed will little booty find."

Dibble was born at Charleston, S. C., December 22, 1882, and may still be found in that metropolis. His early education was received at Charleston High School. He entered the Freshman class in '01, pursued the Electrical course. While here he has held the offices of Sergeant and Lieutenant.

Will graduate on the "honor roll" and fire a "Jerk-water" on the "Swamp Rabbit Road."



THOMAS KETCHIN ELLIOTT, JR. ("T. K."—"TEKE").

"Be not deceived; love comes into a life but once, and the woman who is in love with herself can never love another."

"T. K." was born under the shade of the Cornwallis Oak at Winnsboro, S. C., April 22, 1883, and he has never cared to move away from there. His early education was received at Mt. Zion Institute. He entered the Freshman class September '01, taking the Electrical course. Held the offices of Corporal, Sergeant and Lieutenant; member of Senior Dancing Club.

Will withdraw from the (Western) Union, and spend the remainder of his days playing "Solitaire."



ROBERT PENNEL EVANS, JR. ("R. P."—"BOBBIE").

"Of manners gentle, affections mild,
In wit a man; simplicity, a child."

"R. P." was born at Charleston, S. C., December 17, 1885, and still stays near the "Bott'ry," his present address being 70 Ashley avenue, Charleston, S. C. Got his early education at Charleston High School, and entered Freshman class at Clemson in January, '02. Electrical course. Secretary of class. Held the following military offices: Corporal, First Sergeant, Drum Major, Lieutenant and Captain. Member of Senior Dancing Club and German Club.

Chief electrician and general utility man at Stribling's Brick Yard.



ABEL AUGUSTUS GANDY ("A." "YAP").

A budding genius! Can there be
A greater gift the gods bestow?
We only tire of him when he
Stops budding and begins to blow.

Was born at Society Hill, S. C., on or about December 17, 1883, but when the man who owned the land found that he was living there, he had to move. So he now has his "band box" at Sumter, S. C., where a card will find him, provided the postmaster can read. He received his early education at the Darlington Graded Schools, but on account of bad behavior he had to take his slate, pencil and sponge and walk to Clemson. He reached his destination somewhere about September 13, 1901. As Fresh. seemed to suit him best, he took up his labors with that class and pursued the Textile course.

He was a Corporal and Sergeant in the corps, and also a member of the Minstrel and Glee Clubs. He sings a beautiful (?) "nigger" tenor, and therefore,

Will go on the stage on account of his lovely (?) voice.



JOHN CARWILE GOGGANS ("JACK").

"And I pray you, let none of your people disturb me; I have an 'exposition' of sleep come upon me."

"Jack" first saw the light of this world May 31, 1884, at Newberry, S. C., at which place he received his early education and where he still lives. Entered Freshman class September, 1901; Electrical course. Vice-President Callioun Society. In the military line he has been Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant and Lieutenant, Adjutant of First Battalion. Played short-stop on 'Varsity baseball team, '02-'03 and '03-'04; short-stop and captain '04-'05; captain and end class football team, '03-'04; sub quarter 'Varsity football team, '04-'05.

Will be electrician at Newberry, S. C.



ROBERT FLEMING GOODING ("FATTY").

"Man is the merriest species of creation; all above and below him are serious."

"Fatty" was born at Winnsboro, S. C., August 28, 1883, and still clings to the "borough." Received his early education at Mt. Zion Institute, and in September, 1902, entered Sophomore class at Clemson, taking Electrical course.

"Fatty" has held following offices in Calhoun Society: Sergeant-at-Arms, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Critic and President; also President of class of 1905; Vice-President Athletic Association; class orator 1905; member Chronicle staff '03-'04 and '04-'05; chairman special Chronicle committee; Hop committee '04; assistant coach Senior football team; center on Scrub football team '02-'03; left guard on 'Varsity, 1904, winning black "C;" first base Senior baseball team. Member of German Club, Senior Dancing Club, Suburban Tennis Club, Minstrel Club, Glee Club. "Fatty" also held office of Sergeant in '03-'04, but is now one of "Chosen Few," and an honorary member of "F" Company. Won Orator's Medal, Calhoun Society, in 1905.

"Fatty" is one of the "largest men" in class, and one of the jolliest, and will some day make the world's record drinking Coca Cola.



JOHN MITCHELL JENKINS.

"My Lord advances with a majestic mein,
Sent with a mighty pleasure to be seen."

Also known familiarly as "Jenks" or "Matchell," entered this life on the 4th day of January, 1884. The name of his native briar-patch was Adams' Run, in Colleton County. If you should want a postal to reach him now, you would have to turn it loose in the direction of 216 Rutledge avenue, Charleston, S. C.

"Matchell" received his early education at private schools, combined with the never-tiring efforts of the faculty of the Pinopolis Academy. He entered Prep. about September 12, 1900; he probably would have entered lower, but low Prep. had been abolished. His liking for farming and his ability to spell lead him to take Agriculture. Some of his many accomplishments were: Sergeant-at-Arms, Treasurer and President of Calhoun Society; Corporal, First Sergeant and Captain of Company "H;" Treasurer and Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. Scrub team, '03-'04; President Agricultural Society.

"His enthusiasm over 'Everymon' being so great that he will become a 'star' in the 'Bijou.'"



CROSSWELL PEEBLES JOSEY ("MISS JOSEY").

"Blessed is he who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us worthy evidence of the fact."

"Miss Josey" was born at Oats, Darlington county, S. C., and has since moved to Una, Darlington County. He received his early education in public schools of Darlington, entering Clemson in September, 1901, taking Electrical course. He has held the offices of Corporal, Sergeant and Lieutenant.

Will install electrical plant at Oats, S. C.



BELTON O'NEALE KENNEDY.

"He wears the roses of youth upon him."

Kennedy was born June 30, 1885, at Camden, S. C., where he still resides. He got his early schooling at the graded schools of Atlanta and Camden. He entered the Freshman class in '01, taking the Electrical course. He has been Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Sergeant Major and Captain. Was on the class football team, '03-'04 and '04-'05. Track team in '04.

Will adapt "Applied Mechanics" to polo at Camden, S. C.



FRANCIS WILLIAMS LACHICOTTE, JR. ("PICK").

"Hurry not through life, for you will reach the end soon enough."

"Pick" was born at Waverly Mills, S. C., June 22, 1882, and that is still his place of residence. He received his earlier education at private schools and Charleston High School. He is one of the few that entered Prep., having entered that class in 1899 and the misfortune of dropping back a class on account of sickness. "Pick" has chosen electricity for his profession. He was a member of Columbian Society, also Senior Dancing Club, and was Sergeant and Lieutenant in the military organization.

Knowing his peculiarities, we predict that "Pick" will lose his job with the Waverly Telephone Company on account of keeping hands in pocket.



CARL EDWARD ABIAL LATHROP.

"Man has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not relate to his own interest."

Lathrop first saw the light October 6, 1881, at Orangeburg, S. C. There he received his earlier education and still resides. He entered the Freshman class at Clemson September, 1901, where he pursued the Electrical course. He was Sergeant and Lieutenant.

He will become famous by abolishing the use of kha-ki uniforms at Clemson.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LEE.

"Age by degrees invisibly doth creep,
Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep."

"Lee" came into this world not so long after his God-father, for he was born June 1, 1877, at Pelzer, S. C., and that is his present address. He received his earlier education at Pelzer, and came to Clemson in September, 1899. He entered Prep. and missed one year, throwing him back with us. He decided to choose alternating currents as a profession. Belonged to Columbian Society and was Vice-President, Censor and Treasurer of that society. In military lines he was Corporal, Sergeant and Lieutenant.

Although an electrician, he will astound the textile world with his inventions.



CHARLES JAMES LEMMON ("MOTHER NATURE").

"Such men as he be, be never at heart's ease, whilst they behold a greater than themselves."

Was born October 1, 1883, at Mayesville, but has since moved to Magnolia, S. C. His early education (if he got any) was obtained at McDonald's High School. He managed to squeeze into Fresh. (Prep. being full) on September 28, 1901, and, like all other great men, he pursued the Agricultural course. Since entering college he has reaped the following honors: Prosecuting Critic, Vice-President of Columbian Society; Corporal, Sergeant and Captain, in Corps of Cadets. He won declaimer's medal for Columbian Society, '05. He belonged to the class track team, and was instrumental in winning the relay race in '05. He belonged to the Senior Dancing Club. He will never be very great, as he weighs only 135 pounds and measures but 5 feet 7 inches from tip to top. His hair is grey and eyes are of the same color.

He will be a corn doctor and vender of patent medicines.



ROBERT LEE LINK.

"My tender youth was never yet attained
With any passion of enflaming love."

"Bobbie" was born August 21, 1883, in Abbeville County, and that is still his home. He first went to school in the public schools of Abbeville county, but desiring more knowledge of the technical world, he cast his lot with us back in Prep. in the year 1900. He has remained with us and pursued the Electrical course. Bobbie was Reporting Critic, Secretary and President of the Palmetto Society. He held the following offices in the regiment corps: Sergeant, First Sergeant and Lieutenant. He was also a member of the Senior Dancing Club and the Dixie Tennis Club.

He will be city electrician of Lowndesville, S. C.



EVANDER RODERICK McIVER ("RICK").

"What is your sex's earliest latest case, your heart's supreme ambition?
To be fair."

Red-headed "Rick" was born in Darlington County, February 24, 1884, and henceforth and forevermore his address will be Darlington, S. C. Received his earlier education in the Darlington public schools; entered Freshman class at Clemson October, 1901, taking the Agricultural course. He was class poet, and also held the following offices in the military department: Corporal, Color Sergeant, Sergeant Major, and Captain and Adjutant. Played full-back on scrub teams of '02 and '03 and 'Varsity quarter '04. Also a member of track team, winning high jump, broad jump, 100 yard dash and other events, and captain of track team of '05. Member of Senior Dancing Club, Minstrel Club and Glee Club; coach of Senior football team, captain senior baseball team and chairman of hop committee of '04.

Darlington County will be the limit of his explorations, so he will always be "Green."



MARVIN LIVINGSTON MURPH, ST. MATTHEWS, S. C.

"Youth on silent wings has flown,
Graver years come rolling on."

Murph was born in Orangeburg County, S. C., June 16, 1881, and received his early education in public schools. Deciding to enter Clemson in September, 1901, he entered Freshman class and decided in favor of Civil Engineering. Lieutenant '04-'05; President Columbian Society; third quarter '04-'05.

Will be in height of his fame following practical agriculture between plow handles.



CHAPMAN H. NEWMAN ("Q. B." "ROSEBUD").

" 'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming now alone."

"Rosebud" was born at Newman, S. C., October 12, 1879, but he is now hanging out at McBee, Chesterfield county, S. C. Received his early education at public schools of Maple Spring, Mill Branch, Union and Wire Grass. Entered Clemson September, 1901, taking Electrical course. Member Columbian Literary Society.

Will starve to death discussing problems with "Miss Josey."



JAMES GORDON PARKS ("JEEMS").

"In idle wish fools supinely stay;
Be there a will—and wisdom finds a way."

"Jeems" was born near Parksville, S. C., November 21, 1885. He received his earlier education in the Parksville public school, and entered Clemson September, 1901. Having entered the Freshman class, he has spent all of the four years, except the time allowed to stand civil service exams. with us. He pursued the Civil Engineering course. He was President of the Palmetto Society. In the military organization he was Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant and Lieutenant. He played right guard on the class football team, both in Junior and in Senior.

As "Jeems" is one of the never despairing kind, we predict that he will some day be Civil Service Commissioner at Washington, D. C.



EDGAR EUGENE PORTER, BLACKSBURG, S. C.

"Economy is in itself a source of great reverence."

Born at Cherokee, S. C., July 22, 1879. Received his early education in district schools of Cherokee County, and entered Clemson in September, 1901, pursuing the course in Metalurgy. Secretary, Vice-President and President Calhoun Literary Society. Lieutenant "E" Company.

Will discover gold dust that has settled on his bicycle wheels while riding over Blue Ridge Mountains.



JAMES CLARENCE RICHARDSON, JR. ("JAYBIRD").

"Can the leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin?"

"Jaybird" first began to fly November 18, 1886, at Robertville, S. C., and still hails from there. Received his early education at private schools and at Morrison's Prep. Academy, entering Clemson November 25, 1901, joining Freshman class and taking Electrical course. Sergeant '03-'04, Lieutenant '04-'05.

He will soon be one of us, for "He's getting more like the white folks every day."



JOHN WITHERS RUFF, CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice."

Ruff was born on Sullivan's Island, S. C., April 7, 1881, having since moved to Charleston, S. C. Received his early education at public schools of Charleston and Anderson, entering Fresh. class at Clemson in September, 1901, pursuing Electrical course. Held following offices in military department: Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Regimental Staff.

"When the earth has ceased revolving for a decade, he may catch up with the time."



MILES BREWTON SAMS ("M. B").

"Thy words shoot through my heart, melt my resolves and turn me all to love."

"M. B." was born at Limestone, S. C., December 31, 1885, but at present lives at Gaffney, S. C., where he received his early education. Entered Freshman class in 1901, Textile course. He has been a Sergeant and a Lieutenant, and was a member of Dixie Tennis Club and Senior Dancing Club.

Will be floor walker in Gaffney Cotton Mills.



CHARLES CARR SCHIRMER, JR. ("RUNT").

"He is like one of King John's men—
It takes 1,500 to make a 1,000."

"Runt" was born at Charleston, S. C., May 4, 1885, and still holds fort at No. 27 Smith street. He received his early education at public schools of Charleston, S. C., and joined us in September, 1900, entering Sub. Fresh., and as soon as he became "green" he decided to take Electrical course.

"Runt," though small of stature, was unanimously elected member of fighting committee, also Sergeant and Lieutenant in Signal Corps. Member Dixie Tennis Club; Senior Dancing Club; left end class football team, '05.

In passing, we'll say that he has a tendency to roam around a certain brick yard near Clemson, and while over there was wanted by Commandant, and could not be found. Being a great friend of "Doc's," he finds him a great adviser. We predict a bright future for "Runt."

"Will become a millionaire by peddling rice on the 'Batt'ry.' "



JAMES RICHIE SPARKMAN SIAU, JR.

"It is better to be born lucky than rich."

"Richie" was born at Georgetown, June 27, 1884, and has certainly been an honor to the city ever since. He obtained his early education at the Winyah Graded Schools, but got shipped for making "eyes" at the professor's daughter. He ran away and came to Clemson about September 15, 1900, and entered the Freshman class; took Electrical course.

He was a Sergeant, Sergeant Major and Lieutenant in Corps; sub on class football team, '01; member of the German and Senior Dancing Clubs; was President of former; belonged to the noted Salon de Circles, and also to the no less renowned Dramatic Club; member Senior committee for last Chronicle; Junior hop committee, and played right field on the Senior baseball team.

Note—He would not have "made good" had he not honeyfucked the coach.
"He will be general ladies' man at some summer resort."



LARRENCE PATRICK SLATTERY ("SLATS," "NANON," "RUNT").

"Let scribes and heroes both of blasphemy beware,
But if they must rip out an oath, by gad, then let 'em swear."

"Pete," "Mitch" was born March 17, 1885, at the beautiful little town of Greenville, S. C., where he still resides. His early education was received between the Greenville Graded Schools and the back lots, where he often witnessed dog and chicken fights, until it became imbibed in his nature.

He entered the Freshman class in September, 1901, and has become a noted civil engineer. He was Vice-President of the class; chairman of fighting committee; member of German and Senior Dancing Club; Vice-President Athletic Association; played quarter on class football team, '01, and on scrub, '02-'03.

Besides being assistant manager of baseball team '04 and track team '04, he has managed the following: Hop '04, track team '04, football '04, baseball team '05, and has also managed to do less work than any other man in school. He is Lieutenant and Chief Musician in the band.

"Will be a great civil engineer and work for Joe Surreine."



SIMON SORENTTRUE ("SIMON").

"Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?"

"Simon" was born August 28, 1885, at Orangeburg, S. C., where he received his early education, and which place he still calls his "briar patch." Simon entered Clemson in September, 1901; Freshman class, and took the Electrical course. Has been Corporal, Sergeant and Lieutenant. Scrub catcher baseball '03-'04-'05, Senior football team '05. Member of Dixie Tennis Club and Senior Dancing Club.

Will be a lamp dimmer in Orangeburg Theater.



ARTHUR JACKSON SPEER ("ARTHUR").

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that
Nature might stand up
And say to all the world,
This is a man."

"Arthur" was born at Monterey, S. C., June 24, 1881, but his present address is Abbeville, S. C. Received his early education at the Monterey Public School and Lowndesville High School. Entered the Freshman class at Clemson in September, 1901; Electrical course. Literary Critic, Secretary, Vice-President and President of the Palmetto Society; Class Historian; member of the "Oconeean" staff '04; Class Orator '05; Secretary South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association '04-'05; assistant manager Chronicle '03-'04, and manager '04-'05; President Y. M. C. A. '03-'04 and '04-'05; left guard class football team '04, and Corporal, Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant and Captain. Also has won society's Declaimer's and Orator's medals, and the Trustees' medal in '04. Was head waiter in mess hall '04-'05, and exchange clerk in '04-'05.

Will "pull the throttle" on '97."



DE ARCY BROOKS SWYGERT ("DOC").

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

"Doc" first saw the light of day upon the only peak in South Carolina, August 21, 1884, having moved since then to Laurens, S. C., which is his present address. After attending Peak High School, Newberry Graded School and College, he finally decided he would go to Clemson, and joined us in September, 1901, entering Freshman class, and took a trolley, as he thought that would be the quickest way to fame. "Doc's" only peculiarities are his size and his being unable to get his knees together. His arguments with "Runt" will some day make him famous. Member Dixie Tennis Club, Sergeant "B" Co. 'C3-'C4, and is now one of the chosen few, being a Senior "Private."

"Will reach the pinnacle of his fame on a telephone pole, as he seems to be built for climbing."



WYLLYS HARD TAYLOR.

"The charms of poetry our souls bewitch;
The curse of writing is an endless itch."

Was born in the historic town of Pendleton, S. C., September 30, 1884. There he got his first schooling, but he has since moved to Clemson College, where he entered the Freshman class in September, 1901, and prepared himself for a civil engineer's life. Wyllys was Literary Critic and Vice-President of the Calhoun Society. During the greater part of his college days, he being a "D. D. C.," he has held only one military office, that being Lieutenant. He was Class Treasurer and also Exchange Clerk; was sub quarter-back on class football team in Junior, and played scrub football '04-'05. He was an energetic member of the track teams of '04-'05. He also belonged to the Dixie Tennis Club, Senior Dancing Club and German Club. He was society declaimer of '05.

He will survey the Blue Ridge Mountains in search of scenery which will inspire his poetic genius.



WILLIAM STEVENSON WESTON.

"Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute."

Weston discovered this world July 27, 1883, at Congaree, S. C. He received his preparatory education at Weston Public School. He entered the Freshman class at Clemson in September, 1901, where he has pursued the Electrical course. In the military line he was Corporal and Sergeant.

Will establish the Weston Hay Press Company (of which he is inventor), at Congaree, S. C.



WILLIAM HERMAN WISE ("OLD MAN").

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

"Old Man" was born February 27, 1880, at Aiken, S. C. Received his early education at Williston Graded School, at which town he now lives. Entered Freshman class in September, 1901; Civil course. Sub on class football team '04-'05.

Will build brick chimneys on locomotive engines at Pole Cat, S. C., investing his earnings at compound interest, which interest he will spend on "Hair Restorer."



FREDERICK CALHOUN WYSE ("ROOK").

"He claimed his privilege, and says 'tis fit,
Nothing should be the judge of nit, but nit."

"Rook" came into this life at the little town of Prosperity, about August 30, 1883. The only reason his birth caused any comment was that he had a chew of tobacco in his mouth on the same day, which broke all records up to that time. His people have since moved to Columbia, so as to have him near the asylum. He first went to school at the Prosperity Graded School, and later the Columbia High School. He entered college in September, 1900; started in Fresh. and took Civil Engineering. He has had honor upon honor heaped upon him. Those which he accepted best were: Corporal and Sergeant in Corps; Secretary, Literary Critic, Vice-President and President of Columbian Society; was presiding officer at their celebration. He managed the class football team '05, track team '05, Minstrel Club '05, Senior class baseball team '05, and special edition of Chronicle.

Will manage everything he comes in contact with, except Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wyse.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

L. E. BOYKIN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

A Retrospect

Time, in its onward flight, incessantly displaces some and makes openings into which others may be ushered. Such openings always occur at the expiration of a college session. Those who have proven themselves efficient and have had to bear the burdens and share the honors of the student body, must needs pass out and give place to others equally ambitious of

winning worthy recognition at the hands of their fellow-students. Thus it is in part with us of this year's CHRONICLE staff. With the rapid approach of commencement, comes the expiration of our term of service for THE CHRONICLE, and the time when we must bequeath to our successors in this capacity all the labors, all the displeasures, and all the responsibilities incident to the duties imposed thereby. We leave it for the fair-minded critic to decide for himself as to how much of credit or discredit we deserve for the way in which we have discharged our duties in this capacity. But before criticising us too severely on those points wherein we have fallen short of what was expected of us, forget not that in our labors we had to overcome numerous difficulties which would seem insurmountable to those so inexperienced as we.

However, our work is done. We have done our best. We have finished our course, and the very difficulties which we have met have endeared THE CHRONICLE to us in a way that will prevent our ever forgetting it. For our successors, we bespeak that success which we have striven so hard to attain, and hope for them stronger support from the student body than we were fortunate enough to have tendered us.

**This Issue of
the Chronicle**

In this issue of THE CHRONICLE, is a picture and a brief sketch of each member of the Senior Class. The class decided, that in view of the difficulties to be met with in getting out a Clemson Annual, not having been able to start it at an early enough date, it would not attempt to get out one. So, on promise of being allowed to use this issue of THE CHRONICLE in the way mentioned above, a committee of five was elected by the class to perform the work of getting up this special feature of this issue. This committee has labored faithfully in the performance of its duties in this connection, and has endeavored to present the class with something deserving

of high appreciation, and which will be a worthy remembrance of the different members of the class of nineteen hundred and five.

**The Southern
Students'
Conference**

It is useless to present any phase of the Southern Students' Conference at Asheville to those who have been so fortunate as to attend one of these conferences. To describe this conference, would be an undertaking too great for this space, but not even the half need be told, in order that those who have not been there may be inspired with a desire to go.

This conference is, indeed, a great thing. It is a great spiritual school, inspired by religious zeal, fostered by Christian workers, and pervaded with an atmosphere of purity and holiness. To attend this conference, after the close of the college session, results in a revival of spirituality and a purging away of all accumulations of dross incident upon spending nine months under environments not altogether morally healthy. It is very desirable that Clemson should have a large delegation attend this summer, and every effort should be exerted to induce a goodly number to go. No trip right after college closes, can possibly afford more genuine honest pleasure and at the same time be the source of as much real benefit as this one, and no one who goes will ever have occasion to regret it.

**The Work
for the Alumni**

With the fast approach of commencement, there comes the exhilarating thought to every member of the Senior Class that he is soon to be an alumnus of the college at which he has spent four years, and such hard years, too, of toil and study. We have a full month more to span, and so, as yet, we have not a vague idea of the feelings of satisfaction and triumph that must stir in the breast of every real alumnus. But whatever those feelings are, we hope they will be shared by each and

every member of the Senior Class, when his graduation day is ended, and one of the great events of his life has crowned him with the right to be called by that sweet word—alumnus.

The thought that we are soon to become alumni, brings up reflection upon the duties we are to have in that relation. Are we then to sever our connection with the college forever? Or must we still remain bound to it by the force of obligations yet to be performed? As loyal sons of our alma mater, we must answer the first query in the negative, and the latter in the affirmative. From the day we entered this institution, we made ourselves a part and parcel of it, and such we must continue to the end, or acknowledge ourselves faithless to a trust confidingly placed in our hands. When our status as students, therefore, has ceased, and our status as alumni has begun, our duties as alumni will also begin, even as our duties as students have ceased.

That there is a work for the alumni of Clemson to perform, goes without saying. Clemson College, although a pride to the State of South Carolina, is not without her enemies—enemies that will seek every opportunity to take from her prestige, belittle her glory, and narrow her chances for usefulness. The work for the alumni is to beat back the advance of these enemies. For Clemson to continue in the great work of enriching the State with a sturdy and industrious citizenship, she must be protected from the machinations of hostile contrivers. To give this protection is the work of the alumni. Clemson arms them for the conflict; she girds up their loins, sends them forth to do battle in her cause, and in the words of a great general, “she expects every man to do his duty.”



C. W. MACK }
R. F. GOODING }

EDITORS

With this issue, we take our leave of the college public, and bequeath our position as "that cold-blooded, hard-hearted exchange editor," to our more worthy successors.

Much has been said in this magazine which was by no means complimentary to the exchanges criticized. Some of it may have seemed uncalled for, unduly harsh, or unjust. But through it all we have striven to do our duty, as we saw it. Laying aside any predilection we might have had for any one college, we have done our utmost to be unbiased in all our criticisms. "*Justice to all*" has been our motto, and if we have failed to give justice to each and every one, we can only say, "The spirit indeed was willing, but the *flesh* was feeble."

We wish to thank our exchanges, one and all, for their criticisms. While some of them, as we said of ours, have not been complimentary, still we believe that they were just, and we are not like the Irishman, who told the Judge, "Begorra, your honor, and justice is just what I'm afraid of."

In conclusion, we trust we have made no enemies during the year, but if we have, we have no apologies to make for any criticisms which we may have written. So, all we can do now is to wish each and every one of our exchanges a successful and prosperous future.

"Pansies for Thoughts," the opening poem of the *Converse Concept*, is very good. "A School-girl's Vow" has a unique plot and is well written. "The Proxy" is interesting, the writer handling her subject in a forcible manner. "What Electricity Has Meant to the Nineteenth Century" naturally appeals to students of a technical school, especially if the one reading it happens to be taking that course. "The Greater of Two Evils" carries us back to the days when brother fought against brother. It happens in this case, however, that these two brothers were striving against each other in two causes, and, of course, we were glad the "man in gray" won. The editorials are very good. So, too, are the exchanges, except for the clippings, which are very aged, to say the least. On the whole, however, the *Concept* is very good.

The Emory Phoenix is taken up almost exclusively by the Senior Class, their history, etc. The cover is very appropriate, and the different speeches very good. The editorials and locals are very well written. The exchanges are full and explicit. The whole paper serves as a fitting climax to the year's work of the *Phoenix*, which has always been good.

The fiction in the last issue of *The Georgetown College Journal* is unusually good, and, better still, there is very little heavy matter in the *Journal*. "The Obligation of the J. W. G." is well written, having an altogether new plot. The athletic department is very well gotten up, containing full accounts of all the games.

We are always glad to see the *Hollins Quarterly* on our table. But it is so very seldom that it appears that we almost forget when to look for the treat. The April number is very good indeed, only the stories are too short and simple. The opening poem is passing fair, and we believe to be the

best poem that has reached us this month. The essay on the life of Prof. Charles Lewis Cocke is the best thing in the essay line. It should be of special interest to those that claim Hollins Institute as their Alma Mater. Among the best stories are "Juan," "The Peace of This World," and "The Degeneration of Aunt," the last of which is the same old story of a devout Christian being won over to theater-going. It is of a simple plot, but the writer makes it somewhat interesting. The different departments are well written.

The Transylvanian for April contains two essays and one story and several pieces of poetry. The poetry is certainly the redeeming feature of this issue. Chief among these are "The Anglo-Saxon," "The Hatchet" and "Love Incomprehensible." The essay, "Pelican Island," is very good, and it would be a good study for any one interested in birds. On the other hand, the story, "The Independence of Betty," is as simple and old as the hills, and the writer did not try to work out new ideas. Among the departments, the locals stand out as the best.

The Red and White is not up to its usual standard in the April number, although it has several very good things in it. Among them are "Hope," "A Memory" and "Gabriel's Reveille." All three are poems that deserve more thorough criticisms than we have time to make. Among the stories that we consider of interest are "The Bandit Joe" and "Which Won?" "Under the Mistletoe" is the same simple story—a young woman asleep, a man, a bunch of mistletoe, and a dream. It does not add materially to the make-up of this issue. Athletics seems to occupy too much of the space. An interesting account of several games is given, with the batting average of A. & M.'s team. The other departments are also well written.

It is with real pleasure that we read the *University of Texas Magazine*. We find many things in it that are well worth a good review. "The Style of Tennyson, as Shown in 'The Princess,'" is interesting to those that are fond of Tennyson. The writer takes "The Princess," and in a clear, emphatic way makes comments upon the most difficult passages. It closes with comments on Tennyson's style as a whole, and from our knowledge of his works, the writer is very just. The "Ballad of Manilla Bay" is good, and being, we consider, far beyond the other poem, "To A. M. Z." But these two poems go a long way in making up this issue. "The Adobe House" is a well written article. The plot is simple, but of such a peculiar nature that we can't help but say that it is good. A man traveling in Texas is driven by a storm to an untenanted house, where he has to remain all night. He is disturbed during the night by a child's cries and shrieks. He follows the ghostly apparition to a pool of water, where it disappears, and at the same time an old ring that he had found and placed on his finger, burned the finger nearly off. He finally learns that it is Emperor Maximilian's ring. The two continued stories, "The East and the West" and "The Outlaw," are very good, and it is a pity that the whole series can't be had at one time. The different departments are not as well edited as would be expected, but probably this was one of the bad months for the department topics.

As Others See Us

It might of interest the corps of cadets to know how THE CHRONICLE stands with other magazines. Below we give several criticisms by some of our leading exchanges:

A noticeable and commendable feature of THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE is the number of its short stories. In our judgment, the best three are, "Moonlight on the Hudson," "Con-

signed to Bachelorhood," and "My First Call." "Moonlight on the Hudson" is particularly good. "A Mountain Tragedy" would be an excellent story, but for one thing—the climax is too sudden, and takes the reader unawares. If Poe had been writing it, he would have thrown an atmosphere of mystery about the whole relation and prepared one for the tragic ending. "A Soldier's Experience" and "Love, Even Unto Death," are familiar to every exchange editor. The latter is the same old tale which has rent so many hearts, of a soldier's bidding his sweetheart farewell, going off to the war, and getting shot. The corpse is brought home and the young lady dies of grief at sight of it. Poetry in this number is scarce and of a rather inferior quality. Nevertheless, the editors have succeeded in producing an interesting magazine, and its standard is steadily improving.—*Carolinian*.

"Horse Shoe Robinson," in the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE, is interesting as a character sketch of a patriot of Revolutionary days, and is valuable from the historical point of view. The novel, based upon the exploits of this early South Carolinian, must make pleasant reading, if it at all approaches in style and content, as is claimed for it, the Waverley series. The stories of THE CHRONICLE are slight in plot, and not particularly novel, but satisfy the function of the writer, who has something to tell and tells it well. "In Lover's Lane" is a gentle and subdued treatment of the love theme, and is quite free from that striving after effect which often destroys the artistic value of work of this kind. "A Crime" is the most ambitious of the stories. The method of arrangement employed has advantages, but it would be an improvement if the events were narrated in their natural order. A great deal of family history is recounted, which might better have been worked in indirectly. Of the poems of the issue, "The Violet" is trite, but "The Twilight" and

"The Shadows" are pleasing in rhythm and attain to some degree of poetic beauty and insight. The various departments are each given a proper share of attention.—*Mercurian*.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE is something of a contradiction. Its unusual cover led us to believe its contents were unusual. But though it has an excellent paper on "The Race Problem," and several other good essays, the short stories are so far below the standard that they are unique. "Why Edward is Still a Bachelor," besides being very sentimental, shows a deplorable ignorance of woman's nature, for the hero of the story says to the girl he loves: "I thought you would rather marry me to-morrow afternoon than to risk losing me." The other of the two stories in the magazine, "An Illusion," is in reality only a sketch, and written in an abrupt style. However, the editorials were good and the exchange department promising.

There are some wholesome criticisms in the exchange department of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE. Too bad that some of our exchange editors can't "speak out."—*The Spectrum*.

A notable article in the CLEMSON CHRONICLE is "South Carolina Heroines in the Revolution," concluded in the December number.

The "Athens of the South" is a splendid sketch of Lexington in its relation to Jackson and Lee. The motto of the students of Washington and Lee, quoted therein, would be an inspiration to any one:

"Ye will not walk ignoble ways,
Ye dare not seek unearthly aims,
Ye cannot do a deed that shames
Those heroes of our holiest days!
Your oath a Roman oath must be,
Sworn with a faith that will not yield—
Sworn on the doubly sacred shield
Of Washington and Lee."

"Love Even Unto Death" is a story of a type very prevalent at the time of the Cuban war—it can scarcely be called original. "Curing a Somnambulist" is too gruesome.—*Ga. Tech.*

We are again glad to welcome the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE, from South Carolina. The CHRONICLE is one of the best college publications that comes to our desk, and the November number is up to the usual high standard.—*William Woods College Record.*

We cannot fail to mention the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE. Though space forbids more lengthy comment, we are pleased to say that its bright pages readily remind us of the leading periodicals of the South.—*Prep. Record.*

The CLEMSON CHRONICLE comes to us a message of prosperity at Clemson. At least, the cadets are prosperous enough to fill the CHRONICLE with readable matter. The staff was very fortunate in securing for publication a valuable article on the life of "Horse Shoe Robinson." Of course, it is very fitting that the magazine of the college in Oconee County should have the benefit of such an article on the life of such a son of Oconee County as was Robinson. The yellow-jacket story is a rather ingenuous working out of a school day joke, but is somewhat lacking in literary touch. "A Midnight Peril" shows ingenuity in plotting and system in the working out of it. It is made rather unnatural by too much planning to meet the special occasion. An article on lakes and their life is a geologic treatment on a small scale. It has no special literary value, but contains helpful information for those interested in lakes. "A College Friendship," by an alumnus, presents a real insight into human nature. The idea of friendship is worked out with real literary power. "In 'Lover's Lane' " is the same little story that we read over and over again in college magazines; but this writer partially

redeems himself by the use of a certain amount of originality in manner of treatment. "A Crime" is a treatment of natural human life with remorse for mistreatment of fellow-creatures. The crime of the story is committed by the young people's parents, and not by their murderers. Of the three poems, only one, "The Twilight," has a real poetic conception. "The Violet" is a fanciful expression. "The Shadows" lacks poetic unity. "The Twilight" is an optimistic conception of life, the unity of which is brought out in the last two lines.—*Wofford College Journal*.

We agree with the editor of the CLEMSON CHRONICLE that the market is flooded with cotton, and that the crop should be regulated, but what is to be done? If the men who farm form a union and apportion the amount for each man to plant, some of them will think the price will be good and no one will know, so they will plant a surplus and make a pile of money for themselves. If men could be relied upon, a solution could easily be had, but the trouble is American greed, which even tramples down honor in many cases. If farming men were all educated, and could understand the supply and demand curve, there might be a probability of getting them to plant intelligently. But as the CHRONICLE tells us, the bulls are seen at planting time and the bears at the harvest, and the poor man at the plow labors on and gives all the blame to those who speculate, and none to himself, where most blame lies.—*Limestone Star*.

We are very glad to see that the CLEMSON CHRONICLE exchange editors have taken such an interest in *The Concept*. Both the February and March numbers of the CHRONICLE contain a careful review of *The Concept*. It encourages us to think that our *Concept* is worthy of so much space in the CHRONICLE and of so much of the exchange editor's time. We find much that is interesting and instructive in the CHRONICLE. "The Fort Hill Mansion" is a very instructive

article. We can gather from it many interesting facts concerning Mr. Calhoun, and also Mr. Clemson, and we feel that the old home is well worth visiting. This, the March number, contains two very good poems, "The Triumphant" and "Longings." "Education, the Foundation of the Republic," and "The Sign of the Red Cross" are the only essays that we find in this issue. We notice that all the departments are well kept up.

The best thing in the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE is the poem, "The Twilight." With its quiet and meditative tone and rhythmical flow of expressive words, it is altogether a good poem. Notice its beauty:

"Seems to me the tender twilight hangs so graceful and so sweet,

That the angels must be trysting in the skies."

"Horse Shoe Robinson" is a good appreciation and biographical sketch of one of our sister State's heroes in the Civil War. "A Crime" is an interesting article crying out upon parents "who exiled their own flesh and blood from their homes." We shall welcome some more good poetry in the CHRONICLE.—*Trinity Archive.*

Are the Clemson boys so very unfortunate in affairs of the heart as the fiction of the CHRONICLE seems to indicate, or is it because you are so far off by yourselves that you have become morbid and forgotten your experiences of the summer, which were surely not all the heart-breaking kind. Will you allow us a word of advice? Get the best looking man in college to give a series of lectures on the said experiences, and be sure to let the contributors to the CHRONICLE take notes and use in their stories. The magazine for December is positively reeking with woe. In "Moonlight on the Hudson," when the hero declares, "I'll love you forever," Bessie is ready for him with this delightfully original remark, "This is all so sudden." Bessie is the veriest flirt that ever

was. She marries the "other fellow," and the wretched hero's heart is broken. But like the noble octopus, this man is such a funny cuss. Although his life is ruined, in the first moments of his great grief he makes a *pun* on the lady's name, and here the story ends. A "Mountain Tragedy" is very simply and effectively told. The author has escaped the ridiculous, which is so often the result of young writers "tackling" tragedy. In "Consigned to Bachelorhood," we cannot but congratulate some young woman that the fate mentioned in the title is that of the hero, and that she has, therefore, escaped a very "wishy-washy" lifemate. "Love, Even Unto Death," is full of ludicrous horror. The hero leaves his "siren" sweetheart, May, who bids him be prepared to meet her in that happy beyond, and goes off to the war. He is shot; writes a pathetic letter to the "siren," and dies. The scene which May makes at the funeral is violent and demonstrative in the extreme. She probably burst a blood vessel; at any rate, she, too, suddenly dies. A Southerner always enjoys good negro dialect, and there is some in "Reidville Gossip." "Curing a Somnambulist" is another tragedy, and we hurry by it to "My First Call," a humorous tale of what happened to a lad who was too precocious in Dan Cupid's school. As you may imagine, it is an interesting story. If the CHRONICLE is off in fiction this month, there is more than compensation in other ways. The idea of giving sketches of the deeds of "South Carolina Heroines in the American Revolution" is a happy one, and the well told stories of Dicey Langston, Kate Dillard and the others would be read with interest by any one, and by a South Carolinian with the warmest pride. The "Athens of the South" is a short sketch about Lexington and the heroes whose home it was. Again our patriotism is touched; this time by Southern men, as it was by Southern women, in the first article of the CHRONICLE. Real interest in a subject is usually productive of good results, and no one can read the

article on the "Problem of Lynching" without feeling the interest of the author. He has given the question careful consideration, it is evident, and we doubt if the opinion of the best thinkers does not coincide with everything that is expressed in this article. Its brevity only is to be regretted.—*The Palmetto.*

Clippings

We will never buy your dry goods,
We don't like you any more,
You'll be sorry when you see us
Trading at some other store.
You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hands, and other fads,
We will never trade at your store
If you don't give us your "ads."—*Ex.*

Amen! says our manager.

Nor clothes nor riches makes the man,
'Tis more than this that makes him;
But whatsoe'er it be, we know
'Tis woman fair that breaks him.

Visitor: Why are you crying so, Bobby?

Bobbie: Boo-hoo! 'Cause de Russians an' Japs are havin' a war.

Visitor: What a kind-hearted little boy!

Bobby: An—boo-hoo—some day I'll have ter study about it in school.—*Judge.*

"Johnnie, can you name a bird that is now extinct?" questioned the teacher.

"Our canary; the cat extincted him," was Johnnie's answer.—*Selected.*

WHAT WOULD BE LEFT?

A school director was examining a class in a country school. As an arithmetic test, he put the following question to one of the classes: "If I had a mince pie and should give two-fifths to John, two-fifths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take one-half of the pie for myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the boys, but finally one lad held up his hand. "Well, my boy, speak up loud, so that all may hear," said the director. "The plate," shouted the hopeful young fellow."—*Selected.*

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his friends, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue,
We'll all have to sit on the air!"—*Ex.*

THE PIRATE'S EPITAPH.

I was the pirate Hermus,
And I sailed upon the sea;
And they slit my epidermis,
And let daylight into me.
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Why is the sick list getting to be like the drill?
Ans.—Because everybody's down on it.

THE NEIGHBORING COLLEGES.

Tune: "Sing a Song of Cities."
Sing a song of colleges,
I'll tell you where to go:
Emory for preachers,
Clemson to learn to hoe.
Georgia Tech for engineer,
Mercer for A. B.,
Auburn for sporty men,
For swell head, U. of G.—*Ga. Tech.*

If thirty-two
Is required for freezing,
Isn't "two in the shade"
Sufficient for squeezing?

Here's to lying lips we meet,
For truthful lips are bores,
And lying lips are very sweet
When lying next to yours.—*Ex.*

Here's some food for thought,
I heard at a recent ball:
'Tis better to be kissed and caught,
Than never to be kissed at all.

REASONABLE REQUEST.

The Maid:

"I do not want your kisses, sir,
And will always spurn them."

The Man:

"Then if my kisses you don't want,
Will you kindly return them?"

A SONG AT TWILIGHT.

Veiled in the mists of the twilight time,
When the crescent moon is low,
Dim as the dream of a fleeting rhyme,
Come visions of long ago—
And voices, faint as a distant chime,
That peals in the after-glow,
Call through the dusk, and they bring to me
The fields of the river shore,
Where the iris flung its fragrance free
The dew-bedecked meadows o'er,
When I wander again, dear heart, with thee,
Through the days that are no more.

Dear little maiden, the day is done,
And the swallow seeks its nest ;
The lengthening shadows, one by one,
Stretch far from the darkening West ;
But dreams fade not with the fading sun,
Nor die when the world's at rest.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

E. H. JONES }
L. S. HORTON }

EDITORS

The Board of Visitors were here recently on their annual inspection. They were delighted with the progress of the college in all departments. They took dinner in the mess hall with the boys.

Mr. Gay Lewis, a former Clemson student, is visiting his parents on the campus.

Messrs. Cleveland, Wright, Shockley and Webb attended the May Festival in Spartanburg.

Mr. Owen McKinney was a recent visitor here.

Quite a number of cadets attended the oratorical contest at Greenwood. Every one who heard the Clemson band at the contest praised it in the highest terms.

Col. Newman has gone to Charleston to attend to some business relating to the South Carolina Experiment Station.

Mr. A. J. Speer, Mr. J. G. Parks and Mr. W. H. Thomas went to Greenville some time ago to stand the civil service examination.

Messrs. T. E. Stokes and F. H. Winters stood the Annapolis examination recently. They have not heard the result so far.

Miss Bates, of Chicora College, has been visiting on the campus.

Mr. A. E. Holman, class '04, has secured a position with the Stanley Electric Co.

All of the plaster walls in the halls of the old barracks have been torn down, to be replaced by wainscoting.

The events and winners in the field day exercises were as follows:

100 yard dash—McIver, first, 10 2-5 seconds; Hickling, second.

Shot put—Camp, first, 33.3 feet; Furtick, second.

Half-mile race—Cannon, first, 3 minutes, 15 seconds; Moore, second.

Low hurdles—McIver, first, 26 4-5 seconds; Cannon, second.

Broad jump—McIver, first, 19.5 feet; Furtick, second.

220 yard dash—Hickling, first, 25 1-3 seconds; Balew, second.

Hammer throw—Furtick, first, 80.9 feet; McIver, second.

High jump—McIver, first, 5 feet, 5 inches; Spratt, second.

Mile race—Alford, first, 5 minutes, 36 2-5 seconds; Moore, second.

Three-legged race—Crouch-Brunson, first; Carter-Hollis, second.

High hurdles—McIver, first, 16 4-5 seconds; Taylor, second.

440 yard dash—Cannon, first, 58 1-2 seconds; Hickling, second.

Shoe race—Banks, first; Peurifoy, second.

Mile relay of classes—Seniors, first; Juniors, second.

Pole vault—Furtick, first, 9 feet; Whiteside, second.

The game of ball between the faculty and Seniors resulted in a victory for the Seniors by a score of 20 to 10.

The line-up:

Faculty.	Position.	Seniors.
Griswold	C	McIver
Earle	1B	Gooding
Chambliss	2B	Crouch
Calhoun	3B	Brodie
Poats	SS	Lemmon
Burgess	RF	Siau
Howard	LF	Kennedy
Houston	CF	Swygert
Hanvey	P	Cope

Messrs. Ellison and Jones will represent one of the leading clothing houses in the State at Clemson next year, and will keep a complete line of gents' furnishings.

In spite of the inclement weather, one of the pleasantest dances of the season was given at the Agricultural Hall, Friday night, May the fifth, by the Senior Dancing Club. Music was furnished by the Clemson Orchestra.

The chaperones were: Mesdames Klien, Benton, Lee and Bryan; while the couples were: Miss Annie Prevost, of Anderson, with Prof. D. H. Henry; Miss Ella Reed, of Walhalla, with Mr. R. F. Gooding; Miss Eubanks Taylor, of Anderson, with Mr. C. P. Ballinger; Miss Lucy Brown, of Anderson, with Mr. J. R. Siau; Miss Ella Sloan, of Pendleton, with Mr. W. H. Taylor; Miss Sue Crawford, of Pendleton, with Mr. H. W. Crouch; Miss Sue Sloan, with Mr.

E. H. Jones; Miss Helen Bradford, with Mr. H. W. Barre; Miss Lila Stribling, with Mr. M. B. Sams; Miss Elizabeth Stribling, with Mr. R. P. Evans; Miss Nella Sloan, with Mr. S. Sorentrue; Messrs. C. C. Shirmer, R. L. Link, F. E. Cope, D. H. Hill, J. N. Gelzer, J. Woodruff, E. T. Heyward, C. Cole, E. R. McIver, E. M. Kaminer.

The Junior Class has issued neat invitations to the Commencement Hop, which is to take place at the Agricultural Hall, Tuesday evening, June the sixth.

The following is the programme for the commencement exercises:

Sunday, June 4th, 11 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Jas. A. B. Scherer, Ph. D., LL. D.

8 P. M.—Closing exercises Y. M. C. A., Rev. R. B. Turnipseed, Aiken, S. C.

Monday, June 5th, 11 A. M.—Literary society exercises, D. H. Hill, Palmetto; A. P. DuBose, Calhoun; T. E. Stokes, Columbian.

8 P. M.—Alumni Address, M. E. Zeigler, Washington, D. C.

Tuesday, June 6th, 11 A. M.—Commencement exercises. Address to graduating class, Henry Nelson Snyder, Litt. D., LL. D.

Senior Class speakers—A. J. Speer, R. F. Gooding, L. E. Boykin.

Delivery of diplomas. Awarding of Trustees' medal.

Marshals: L. R. Hoyt, C. Cole, E. H. Jones, F. M. Routh, T. R. Ellison.

Professors McLucas and Daniel were among the number from Clemson who attended the educational conference in Columbia.

The Clemson College Minstrel Club gave an entertainment in the Memorial Hall, on the evening of May 1st. The entertainment was highly enjoyed by the immense crowd that attended. A neat sum was realized, which will go to the June issue of the CHRONICLE. Manager Malkie expects to take the club to Anderson, and probably to Winthrop College.

A number of cadets will attend the summer conference school, which is to be held at White Sulphur Springs, near Asheville, the latter part of June.

The Junior Class has decided to cut out under classmen from attending the Commencement Hop this year. The hop is to be held in the Agricultural Hall, Tuesday evening, June the sixth.

Messrs. L. R. Hoyt, T. R. Ellison, F. M. Routh, C. Cole and E. H. Jones have been elected marshals to serve during commencement.

Mr. A. Lomax, of Abbeville, was on campus recently, taking pictures for the faculty and students. Mr. Lomax came after other photographers had failed to give satisfaction. His work was highly satisfactory, and it is probable that he will do the Annual work next year.

On Friday night, the twenty-eighth of April, the Clemson College Science Club celebrated its ninth anniversary with lectures on scientific subjects. Owing to sickness at home, Dr. L. O. Howard, of Washington, D. C., the principal speaker, was not present. The following programme was arranged to fill the hour set apart for his speech: "Advancement of Scientific Education," Hon. H. W. Hays, of Washington, D. C.; "The Mercury Vapor Lamp," Prof. W. M. Riggs; "The Dust of Mont Pelee," Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun; "Rhinoceros Beetle," Prof. C. E. Chambliss.

Immediately after the speaking, the guests assembled at the Agricultural Hall, where a most elaborate banquet was held.

For the benefit of those attending the State Summer School, the cadet exchange will be open and managed by E. H. Jones.

The baseball season of 1905 will soon be over, much to the regret of the cadets. Coach McMakin had to report for duty with the Atlanta team on May 1st. His coaching was in every way satisfactory, and we hope that he will come back next year to coach the ball team. Mr. Philip Sitton, of last year's team, who was debarred on account of summer ball, has been elected coach for the remaining part of the season. Clemson has made a good record, considering only one odd man on the team.

The following is the personel of the team: J. C. Goggans, Captain; J. G. Holland, A. G. Ellison, T. G. Robertson, W. E. Cheatham, F. M. Routh, A. B. Means, J. H. Barksdale, W. H. Gibbs, O. H. Bissell, T. Bissell. Substitute, Ellis, P. B.

The following is the record of games:

April 1—Clemson, 2; University of Ga., 3.

April 8—Clemson, 8; Erskine, 3.

April 12—Clemson, 4; Trinity, 3.

April 14—Clemson, 0; Mercer, 2.

April 15—Clemson, 6; Mercer, 1.

April 21—Clemson, 4; Tech., 5.

April 22—Clemson, 5; Tech., 3.

April 26—Clemson *vs.* Wofford (rain).

April 29—Clemson, 1; Newberry, 3.

May 3—Clemson, 10; Wofford, 4.

May 5—Clemson, 1; Furman, 8.

May 6—Clemson, 10; Erskine, 5.

May 10—Clemson, 8; Furman, 1.

May 13—Clemson, 5; Univ. of Ga., 2.

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